FLOTSAM & JETSAM

BY

HENRY BUTTON

nia

THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

NORTH-WEST LAUNCESTON AND SUBURB OF TREVALLYN.

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

FLOATING FRAGMENTS OF LIFE IN ENGLAND AND TASMANIA

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

WITH AN OUTLINE OF THE INTRODUCTION OF

RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT

BY

HENRY BUTTON

TASMANIA

A. W. BIRCHALL & SONS, LAUNCESTON

J. WALCH & SONS, HOBART

LONDON

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., LTD.

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

DU
452
B96A2
1909

To

THE HALLOWED MEMORY OF A BELOVED WIFE

AND TO OUR DEAR CHILDREN

THIS BOOK IS

AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

1179880

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/flotsamjetsamflo00buttiala

PREFACE

THESE notes were suggested by my daughters in the hope that their preparation would divert my thoughts from an overwhelming sorrow; and friends whose patience in perusing them before completion must have been heroic, deemed them of sufficient interest to be acceptable to the public, to whom with much diffidence they are now offered. Originally designed exclusively for family perusal, the style was discursive and familiar, and it had to be modified to some extent when a wider field was contemplated. May I venture to hope that these exceptional circumstances will be a sufficient explanation for any departure from what is usual in ordinary autobiography?

The principle upon which I started, though not rigidly adhered to, was to bring the results of my personal observations up to a period when contemporary events would probably be more familiar to a younger generation than to myself.

After the death of my dear wife we found a package containing the letters of our courting days. Thinking that they would be valued by our children and immediate relations, I printed a few copies for private distribution, the letters being accompanied by some explanatory and other notes, of which I have availed myself in preparing the present volume.

I have not assumed the rôle of historian, but simply that of a narrator of incidents with most of which I was

in some degree associated. It is thus peculiarly a personal narrative, and in that guise it may be more generally acceptable; at the same time it may enable readers in some measure to realise the dangers and difficulties of the early colonists. As far as possible I have given dates of occurrences, and have spared no trouble in endeavoring to verify quotations from the testimony of others. The exactness thus secured, combined with a very copious index, I trust will render the book both interesting and useful. It is not the result of any preconceived plan. In the main it follows chronological order, and has been written at odd moments often separated by wide intervals. Indeed on more than one occasion it has been laid aside as completed, when memory has revived some long forgotten incident, or an event has occurred which it seemed to me might be recorded with advantage. Thus it may be truly described as "a thing of shreds and patches."

The name of Van Diemen's Land was changed by statute to Tasmania in November, 1855; and Hobart Town to Hobart from 1st January, 1881. I have adhered to these later designations throughout. Paterson-street, Launceston, was named after Lieut.-Colonel Paterson, the founder of the northern settlement; in this case I have retained the original spelling.

Two short articles which I contributed to the *Examiner* have been reproduced as appropriate and interesting—one referring to the arrival in the Tamar of the first vessel direct from England; the other to the centenary of Launceston. A sketch (with a few emendations and additions) has been appended of early Tasmanian political history written by me for the same journal for the Jubilee of Responsible Government, which was celebrated at the close of 1906. It seems to furnish a fitting sequel to the more personal narrative of which, indeed, it may be regarded as a continuation in a special direction, seeing that from the time

of Sir Eardley Wilmot's Administration I was an active participator in the struggle for freedom.

Very gratefully I acknowledge help from friends whom I consulted, and from my son, Mr. Stanley Button, in connection with the numerous illustrations.

H. BUTTON.

"HILL CREST," LORD-STREET,
LAUNCESTON, TASMANIA.
July, 1909.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER I

My parents—my father's apprenticeship—his gallantry—a girl's presence of mind—my birth at Sudbury—removal to Long Melford—caging the devil—my parents emigrate to Tasmania—life at Ipswich—meet Rev. T. Q. Stow—narrow escape—dosing the gipsies—collect eggs—natural history—about to leave England—preparations—my grandmother's emotion—leave Ipswich—go to Sudbury—at London—adventures there—the *Andromeda*—ready for sea—accession of Queen Victoria . pp. 1–26

CHAPTER II

First night afloat—climbing—anatomical demonstrations—amusements—"Jim Crow"—aerial castles—disagreeable French woman—at Santiago—landing through surf—Government garden—kindness of negress—chillies—a pirate—crossing the Line—a strange fish—Simon's Bay—runaway bullocks—teaching a Hottentot—"Land O"—first glimpse of Tasmania—at Hobart—mourning for the King—Rev. F. Miller—a chain gang—overland to Launceston—Anti-transportation League—Perth bridge—"Gibbet Hill"—"Home"—disappointment and grief—at work—domestic and outdoor servants—an innocent—Britain's Draconic laws—effect of transportation . . . . . pp. 27–49

CHAPTER III

Domesticated—a dear loaf—at Rev. Charles Price's school—his arrival and experiences—a good teacher—goats in the gorge—"Lob's Hole"—the "cranky man"—the "washerman" at the Basin—Revs. J. West and A. Morison—new church formed—Frederick-street Chapel—what Mr. West did for Launceston—Sydney bank lottery—editor *Sydney Morning Herald*—is succeeded by Rev. W. Law—Christ Church—histories of Tasmania—early burial grounds in Launceston . . . pp. 50–63

CHAPTER IV

At Mr. Kelly's school—my library—working at home—experience with bullocks—we move to a new house—bark stripping at the Forth—*Wallace* wrecked—my first visit to the north coast—revival of shipboard day-dreams—angling in the Cataract—toadfish—attempt at smuggling—horse races—regattas—Cup-day at Flemington—arrival of Mr. Joseph Waddell and family . . . . . pp. 64–75

CHAPTER V

Shooting—Robinson Crusoe's gun—shoot a steer—canine sagacity—Mr. Rea's balloon—want to be a sailor—am a stationer—at the Brewery—boating—baldcoot—death of Morrissons—an execution—droll characters . pp. 76–87

CHAPTER VI

A mysterious load—*Launceston Examiner* started—letters to the editor—teetotalism—the *Loch-na-gar*—boot-closing—become a printer—critical period—arrival of Revs. Barff and Mills—letter from Livingstone—his death—Lieut. M. C. Friend—a teetotal pun—bottle-nose whale—duties as apprentice—press work—wooden press—*Launceston Advertiser*—*Cornwall Chronicle*—their style of warfare—other early papers—modern appliances—droll companions . . . . . pp. 88–104

CHAPTER VII

Starting a newspaper—J. P. Fawkner and W. Monds go to Hobart for materials—return journey—an unexpected rival—ingenious expedients—*Cornwall Press*—F. A. Wales—prize essays—Charles Curr—am reporter—reporting rivalry—war with Russia—newspaper piracy—"man-traps"—Bible class—portraits—Chartists—Jewish synagogue—ships built—"Raven flew away with the Swan"—an awkward compliment—murder of Zimraim Youram . . . . . pp. 105–118

CHAPTER VIII

John Glover, artist—gold medal presented by Louis XVIII.—arrival in Tasmania—Patterdale—ascends Ben Lomond—last interview with him—his wife—death of both—children and grandchildren—my "sweetheart"—loyal poetry—become "engaged"—William Buckley—Sammy Cox . . . . . pp. 119–130

CHAPTER IX

Primitive Launceston—Tamar-street bridge—wharf—launch of brig *William*—signal stations—shipping of fifty years ago—a record trip across the Strait—fogs—Invalid Asylum grounds—the *Kaines*—reclamation of mud-flat—Fishermen's Creek—a canal—Cameron's garden—his murder—assault on Neville—Swan River Cottage—water supply—improvements—present system—G. J. Yates—novel baptism—social awakening—*Philip Oakden* wrecked—*Clarence* bought—steam companies—Chamber of Commerce—City Mission—Dr. Pugh—Dr. Haygarth—action for malicious prosecution—St. John's Church—Archdeacon Browne—fatal accident to Rev. J. Fereday—Wesleyan Chapel—Roman Catholic Church—Trinity Church—Infant School—Courthouse—Watchhouse—St. Andrew's Church—Police-office—stocks—Treadmill—Penitentiary—Post-office—Custom House—banks—public-houses—theatres—Prince's Square—election row, Dry and Douglas . . . . . pp. 131–162

CHAPTER X

Primitive Launceston, continued—Prince's Square fountain—other fountains—Duke of Edinburgh arrives—receptions—plants oaks, and turns first sod Launceston and Western Railway—death of the Duke—City Park—Horticultural Society—collection of animals—bushrangers at Bifrons murder of Miles Careless—the Nile gang—Dalton and Kelly—military—tattoo—Aborigines—origin—cruel treatment—reprisals—Mrs. Beckford saved by Brady—the "Black War"—second attempt at capture—G. A. Robinson succeeds—sent to Flinders Island—the last family—remnant brought to Oyster Cove—death of King Billy and Lallah Rookh pp. 163–180

CHAPTER XI

Personal narrative resumed—visits to the Nile—adventures in the bush—a moonlight encounter—a spill—its effects—join the church—a "visitation"—first communion—go to Sydney—wreck of *White Squall*—letter from Sydney—visit Mr. Allport—illness—an *Andromeda* shipmate—return home—on *Examiner* again—"off to the diggings"—a meteor—"Black Thursday"—diggings diary—disappointed—return to Launceston—shipping reminiscences—*City of Melbourne* stranded on King Island—Buoy-boat—"short" passage from Melbourne—*Cleopatra* and *Adelaide* come here for repairs—*Clarence*—*City of Launceston*—wreck of *George Marshall*, *Creole*, *Cataraqui*, and *Mary* . . . . pp. 181–201

CHAPTER XII

Compositor—assist my father—wedding day fixed—do duty for Wales—heavy floods—in a snow-storm—14th August—"my wife"—take charge of *Colonial Times*—Mrs. Macdougall—wedding presents—a happy home—join Collins-street church—lively times—Mr. A. W. Birchall—arrival of Mrs. Glover and the baby—T. S. N. Company—their first ships—another change—return to Launceston—an Irish girl's fun—visit Greenwood—new land regulations—go to the west coast—letter to my wife from the Forth—Macquarie Harbor—my diary—river Gordon—dense vegetation—Marble Cliffs—opossum mouse—marsupial wolf—Settlement Island—black swan caught—obtain supplies—God's mercy—crossing the bar—return to the Don—home again—narrow escape—novel treatment of a festered finger—ruined buildings—badgers—large barracouta—Macquarie Harbor described—a "lower deep"—abandoned . . . . pp. 202–235

CHAPTER XIII

Join the *Examiner* again—Bible Society deputation—immigration—arrival of Rev. B. Drake—Launceston Immigration Society—Mr. Drake goes to England to select emigrants—returns in *Whirlwind*—second visit to England—arrival of *Southern Eagle* and Rev. W. Mathison—appointed to N.W. Coast—removal to Sydney, and death—Mr. Drake appointed to Cullenswood and Falmouth—removal to New Zealand, and death—excellent class of immigrants—ships arriving—jubilee of *Whirlwind* shipmates—my father's mill burnt—build house on Cox's Hill—conduct service

in St. John Square Chapel—*Examiner* printed by steam—published in the morning—a daily paper—dinner to Dr. Kenworthy—wreck of *Dunbar*—illness and death of Mr. Waddell—succeed him in business—a convert to homœopathy—measles—my wife's double bereavement—photography—first portrait of my child—stereoscopic pictures sent to Lady Young—microscopy—discover worm in flathead—Tasmanian devil—an enquiring cow—King's bridge—Parliamentary injustice . . . pp. 236–256

CHAPTER XIV

L. and W. Railway a necessity—railway bazaar—Company formed—first sod turned by Duke of Edinburgh—Parliamentary perfidy—line surrendered to the Government—Main Line Railway—railway riots—libel action against the *Examiner*—Deloraine and Mersey Tramway Company—L. and W. Company demand repayment—Parliament offers ten shillings in the pound !—Company dissolved—acclimatisation of salmon and trout—correspondence with W. Ramsbottom—beaver-rat—introduction of partridge—Sir James A. Youl—reporting incident—Launceston Mechanics' Institute . . . . . pp. 257–278

CHAPTER XV

Sir Richard Dry—Irish exiles—Home life in Paterson-street—trawling experiment—sunset glows—Krakatoa eruption—Town Hall built pp. 279–288

CHAPTER XVI

Electric telegraph—submarine cable—congratulatory messages of Governors—electric communication with Europe—first direct message in *Examiner*—Pacific cable—inroads by death and their effect—Launceston Hospital . . . . . pp. 289–295

CHAPTER XVII

Mineral discoveries—gold—E. H. Hargreaves—first crushing plant at Mathinna—Tasmania Gold Mining Company—tin—James Smith—Mount Bischoff Company—copper, lead, silver, iron, coal—Port Arthur coal—Mersey Coal Company—Thomas Hainsworth—Mole Creek Prospecting Association—discovery of cannel coal—Marsupial wolf . pp. 296–312

CHAPTER XVIII

Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society—Alexander Duthie—social to Mr. Cowper—branch of Royal Society—Museum started in Mechanics' Institute—Victoria Museum and Art Gallery—tender memories—first portrait of my wife—her devotion and sympathy—child saved from drowning—railway disturbances—*Little Nell* destroyed—holiday excursions—adventure at the Styx—Patterdale neglected—Silver wedding—our children's present—birthday verses . . . . pp. 313–326

CHAPTER XIX

Municipal government—assessment rolls—elected an Alderman—Public Health Act—control of police—progress of Launceston—collection of indigenous animals—municipal fête at Sydney—"Boosey" joke—trip to Brisbane—a magistrate of the territory—Licensing Bench—Launceston a city—Tasmanian Agricultural and Pastoral Association—St. Patrick's River weir—Tasmanian International Exhibition—centenaries: colony, Hobart, and Launceston . . . . . pp. 327–344

CHAPTER XX

Cataract Gorge—the Zigzag—Launceston City and Suburban Improvement Association—path to the Basin—works taken over by City Council—suspension bridge—path continued to Generating Station—land given by Mrs. Barnes—electric lighting—coercive legislation—tunnel—contract by Siemens Bros. & Co.—works completed—cost . . . pp. 345–355

CHAPTER XXI

Typhoid fever—a "pious fraud"—a lost cork—convalescent—irritability—"Good-night"—at George Town, then Melbourne—thoughts on death—picnic at Beams's Ford—family re-union—visit Brisbane—maritime strike—Poimena—*Examiner's* jubilee—Congregational Union delegates entertained—Salvation Army . . . . pp. 356–371

CHAPTER XXII

My wife's illness and death—"My Quiet Moments Note-book"—my wife's birthday—Providential leadings—what *might* have been—a dream—birthday salutation—Patterdale re-visited—religious privileges—Sunday school work—Bible class—deacon—member of Northern Committee Congregational Union—secretary—chairman of Union—attend triennial meeting at Melbourne—Christ Church erected—earth tremors—retirement and death of Rev. W. Law—succeeded by Rev. Mearns Massie, and he by Rev. S. J. Baker—Rev. James Chalmers—visits Launceston—death of Mrs. Chalmers—massacre of Mr. Chalmers . . . pp. 372–387

CHAPTER XXIII

Sovereigns and their representatives under whom I have lived—Australasian Federation and of the British Empire—pioneers pp. 388–391

CHAPTER XXIV

First ship in the Tamar direct from England . . pp. 392–398

CHAPTER XXV

One hundred years ago: Launceston then and now . pp. 399–404

CHAPTER XXVI

Bushrangers at Braemar—Britton's party—Brady and Jeffries—Cash, Kavanagh, and Jones—Jeffs and Conway—Priest—Rocky Whelan—Dido and King—John Quigley . . . . . pp. 405–421

CHAPTER XXVII

Physical features—area, climate, rain-fall, vegetable productions, wild animals—mammals, birds, fish, insects, reptiles—minerals . pp. 422–435

CHAPTER XXVIII

Last words. Death of Queen Victoria and accession of Edward VII.—first Federal elections—death of President M'Kinley—Sir Arthur Havelock—termination South African War—King's coronation—Sir Adye Douglas—Sir Gerald Strickland—arrival of Governor-General—New Zealand a "Dominion"—departure of Governor Strickland on leave—departure of Lord Northcote and arrival of Earl Dudley—return of Governor Strickland . . . . . pp. 436–440

JUBILEE OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT IN TASMANIA pp. 441–471

INDEX . . . . . pp. 473–479

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

N.W. Launceston and Suburb of Trevallyn. (*Author*) *Frontispiece*

PAGE

My Father and Mother. (*Author*) 5

First Basin: Giant's Grave and Lob's Hole in Foreground. (*Author*) 53

Rev. John West. (*Freeman*) 57

Rev. W. Law. (*Konrad*) 62

David Livingstone. (*Unknown*) 93

John Glover. Drawn by a pupil at Appleby about 1786. (*Copy crayon*) 122

William Buckley. (*Unknown*) 127

"Sammy Cox." (*F. S. Browne*) 129

Victoria Bridge, Launceston. (*Spurling*) 133

Cataract Mill. (*Author*) 141

Prince's Square. (*Author*) 165

King Billy. (*C. Woolley*) 178

Tasmanian Aborigines. (*Spurling*) 179

Hobart from Sandy Bay. (*Beattie*) 207

Sir John Falls. (*Spurling*) 221

Black Swan. (*Spurling*) 223

Wombat. (*Unknown*) 231

Wife and Self, 1854. (*Dr. E. Clarke*) 234

Public Buildings, Launceston. (*Author*) 247

St. Patrick's River. (*Author*) 249

Tasmanian Devils. ("*Beaumaris*") 251

King's Bridge, Launceston. (*Spurling*) 255

Beaver-rat. (*Unknown*) 267

Sir Richard Dry, and Autograph. (*C. Woolley*) 285

PAGE

Marsupial Wolf. ("*Beaumaris*") 311

My Wife and Self, about 1872. (*O'Shannessy, Cawston*) . . 319

Mr. W. S. Button. (*Cawston*) 328

Generating Station. (*Spurling*) 353

My Wife, about 1887. (*Nicholas*) 357

Family Picnic, Beams's Ford. (*O. E. Button*) 365

Family Group, Poimena. (*Whitelaw*) 367

Facsimile First Page of First Number "Launceston Examiner," 1842. (*Stanley Button*) 371

River Nile. (*Stanley Button*) 379

The Author, 1903. (*Burrows*) 383

Rev. J. and Mrs. Chalmers. (*H. King*) . . . 386

Head Scales of Tasmanian Snakes 434

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM

CHAPTER I

My parents—my father's apprenticeship—his gallantry—a girl's presence of mind—my birth at Sudbury—removal to Long Melford—caging the devil—my parents emigrate to Tasmania—life at Ipswich—meet Rev. T. Q. Stow—narrow escape—dosing the gipsies—collect eggs—natural history—about to leave England—preparations—my grandmother's emotion—leave Ipswich—go to Sudbury—at London—adventures there—the *Andromeda*—ready for sea—accession of Queen Victoria.

For many generations our ancestors were distinguished for their warm attachment to Christian truth, their firm adherence to Congregational polity, and as a corollary of these, for their uncompromising resistance to all forms of wrong and oppression. My father, Thomas Button, was the son of Nathaniel Boosey and Hannah Button. He was born at Nayland, in the county of Suffolk, on 11th September, 1794, and on 26th October following was baptised by Rev. William Hickman. Of his boyhood I know but little. He often told us fragments of his youthful experiences, but most of them have slipped from my memory. I do, however, recollect hearing him speak of a school he attended the master of which possessed several accomplishments, not the least being the skill with which he manipulated the cane. I think the name of this gentleman was Goymer; though considered a good teacher, the boys stood in dread of him. His method of inflicting punishment was to place the culprit on the back of another lad who held his hands, so that the cane could play upon the

exposed part without any obstruction. It seems to have been a somewhat cowardly proceeding, calculated to have a demoralising effect on all concerned; but schoolmasters and others were not very particular about such matters in those days. On one occasion a new scholar made his appearance who was of a timid and effeminate disposition. He had not been long at school before he had done something for which the only atonement was the regulation flogging. The lad was terrified, and fled round the room, crying out as he ran—"O, don't, Sir; please don't, Sir; I'll give you some cake, Sir. What would my poor mother say if she knew it?" And when at last he was caught and tricd up as mentioned, the poor fellow's fear had so overmastered and paralysed him that the punishment had to be abruptly shortened in consequence.

Later, my father was apprenticed to his uncle, and then by transfer to a Mr. Webb, to learn the trade of a tanner and currier. He has told us many amusing incidents of that period, though nearly all have been forgotten. On a winter's morning his father would call the boys while it was yet dark, and as an inducement to get them out of bed promptly, would say that "General Frost was reviewing his troops." Of course such an expedient could not often be employed effectively. From long habit, I suppose, my father was always an early riser. Six o'clock rarely found him in bed, and when the days were long he was up before that hour, and was in the yard when the men came to work. I always had a great objection to getting up by candle-light, yet in winter it was unavoidable, for the elder boys had their duties in the tanyard. But being necessary did not make it agreeable, and I can recall the feeling of vexation that would sometimes arise at hearing my father's voice as he started on his round to awaken his boys. Half dressed and carrying a candle he went from room to room singing in rousing strains, "Come, arouse thee, arouse thee, my merry Swiss boy;" or he would adjure us to "Arise, ye sons of Jupiter, and snuff the moon;" or it might be, quoting his revered Milton, he would bid us "Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen." But whatever the method

of his coming, in the dark mornings it was invariably accompanied with the glimmering of a candle, and one was left lighted in our respective rooms, that we might dress more expeditiously—if we did not take another nap!

When an apprentice, my father lived with his master, and was always ready to do little acts of gallantry for the ladies of the house. One dark evening some of the latter were alarmed by a shadow thrown upon the window of the room in which they were sitting, and which was supposed to be that of a would-be burglar. The valiant apprentice was promptly summoned, and nerved by the thought that the lives of all depended on him, he rushed out and with herculean blow laid the interloper in the dust. The offender turned out to be a sunflower that innocently nodded its head in front of the window. In commemoration of this daring act some member of the household composed a martial poem of which I can recall only the first line, "Tommy the tanner high lifted his banner." Amongst other diversions of the apprenticeship period, my father occasionally acted as amanuensis to one of the female servants in the family by writing letters to her sweetheart who had emigrated to America. Some of these were very funny, and it was often a difficult matter to maintain befitting gravity. One of these effusions afforded my father special amusement by its high-falutin style, and the self-glorification of the lady. She had been bewailing her lover's long exile and her own consequent loneliness, and having rounded off her threnody by a quotation from the Psalmist slightly altered to suit the occasion, "I hang my harp upon the dreary willows," she turned exultant and beaming to my father with "Now, ain't that beautiful, Sir?" These are, of course, only a very few of the incidents that my father entertained us with now and then, and that hold their place in one's memory, like the lingering leaves of autumn, when their "lovely companions are faded and gone."

My mother's maiden name was Harriett Lloyd. She was born in Botolph Lane, London, 21st July, 1801. Not

long after this event her father died, and the widow having subsequently married a Mr. Clarke, her cousin, they resided at Ipswich, in the county of Suffolk. When my grandmother Clarke was a girl, probably between eight and ten years of age, she had a truly sensational and even alarming experience. One morning she was left in the house with a female servant who was liable to occasional fits of insanity. One of these recurred at this juncture. The little girl was in her bedroom upstairs when, in a state of great excitement, the woman entered with a table knife in her hand, and declared her intention to cut off the other's head. With remarkable presence of mind—for no help was available—the child seemed to acquiesce in the woman's mood, and without manifesting any fear, she said—"Very well, only that knife is not large enough: I'll get the carving knife." At the same instant she brushed past the woman, who did not attempt to stop her, ran down stairs, and out into the street, where she obtained assistance. It was indeed an exhibition of heroic self-command very rarely witnessed, and my mother used to relate the incident with justifiable pride and admiration.

Probably it was the removal to Ipswich that was the means of introducing my father and mother to each other, and led in due course to their marriage, which took place on 17th March, 1825. I believe the young couple took up their abode at Sudbury, and there the first three of ten children were born—Thomas, Barnard, and myself; two others came later, probably at Long Melford, to which place our parents had removed—these were Frederick and Fanny. After reaching Tasmania, five more children came into the family—Harriett, Edward, Susan, Alfred, and Helen. Fanny was only nine months old when she left England. Poor Alfred died at the early age of seventeen, from an affection of the heart, the result of outgrowing his strength. Harriett died on 12th June, 1904, and Barnard on 28th September, 1905. With the exception of Edward and Susan, all my brothers and myself are widowers, and all my sisters are widows. But we hope to meet by and by.

And now I may take up my own individual history, though naturally it intertwines with that of others. I was born at Sudbury, a small town on the river Stour, in Suffolk, on 22nd March, 1829. My father was then in business there as a tanner; but shortly afterwards removed to Long Melford, a picturesque village about three miles from Sudbury, and there my earliest recollections begin. I remember some circumstances that occurred when I was between three and four years old. I can fix the age with exactness, as I was only four years old when my parents

MY FATHER AND MOTHER.*

left England. When my eldest sister was an infant my mother was washing and dressing her one morning before the fire whilst I was looking on at her feet. I had taken out of the basket a little twisted glass toy that in those dark days served the purpose of the more scientific if equally unsatisfactory "comfort" of this enlightened period, when, alas, I had the misfortune to drop it on the hearthstone and it broke; and O, how I grieved! Another morning, we boys were eating our breakfast of bread and milk, when

* These portraits were taken by me about the year 1862. My father and mother had been to our house on a visit, and quite unexpectedly I asked them to sit to my camera, with an excellent result, as is often the case under such conditions.

a wasp flew in at the window, and after careering round the room two or three times, darted into one of my ears and stung me as only wasps know how: doubtless renewing my grief! On another occasion my elder brothers Thomas and Barnard induced Fred and myself to stand on a heap of ground bark that had just been wheeled into a tanpit, and whilst we were there they pumped water on us. We were quickly rescued, but it was a mistake on the part of our persecutors, for they were instantly packed off to bed. To intensify their punishment they knew that a neighbor had sent some strawberries which they were not permitted to taste. In a house adjoining ours lived some girls of whom we invariably spoke as the "nasty girls," because they annoyed us by calling to us from an upper window, but I don't know that they indulged any more profligate practices. Once my eldest brother Thomas had been on a visit to Ipswich, and on his return, amongst other acquisitions, he brought home a child's wheelbarrow. On his arrival of course I went to assist to bring in the spoils. The barrow was entrusted to me; and whether it was that I had forgotten him, or shall I say owing to an innate sense of politeness (?), I carefully wheeled in the vehicle and then handed it over to its rightful owner, gravely remarking to him as I did so—"Your barrow, Sir." I remember attending school kept by a Mrs. Ray, who enforced discipline in extreme cases by tying the delinquent's leg to the chair on which she sat. I also went to the school of a Miss Frewer, but I am not clear whether that was at Melford or Sudbury. Young as I then was, I derived great pleasure from the illustrations in a two-volume edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," which on rare occasions we were permitted to look at. The picture of "Passion and Patience," showing the fierce excitement of one of the children and the meek placidity of the other, made a lasting impression on me. One of my sisters had these books until a few years ago when they, with other goods, were destroyed by a fire in a building in Sydney where they had been stored. Trifling as these incidents may now appear, something connected with them seems to have stamped them indelibly upon my

memory; and as all or most of them occurred at Long Melford, it is evident that at the date of the latest I was not more than four years old.

Nearly all the old country towns and villages of England have special legends or relics of which they are proud and jealous. Sudbury can fairly claim a moderate antiquity, and therefore it has something whereof, on that ground, it may boast, though it might be prudent not to push investigation too far. On one of the churches dating back to the fourteenth century there is a painting of one "Master John Schorne" who was the rector of North Marston, in Buckinghamshire, in 1290. He came of a good family, as goodness was then understood, but he seems to have been an unmitigated impostor. He announced that he had overcome the devil, not by prayer and faith, but by conjuring him into a knee boot, and he gave exhibitions of his achievement whenever he desired to impose upon his credulous parishioners. He carried out his trick by means of a small figure attached to a spring at the bottom of the boot, on pressing which from the outside the figure would jump up, to the surprise and dismay of the observers; and when the pressure was removed, the figure would drop down again. With this very crude contrivance the reverend mountebank fooled many of his confiding flock, and it really was the instigator of the toy with which modern children are familiar under the name of "Jack-in-the-box."

In 1833 some of our family decided upon emigrating to Tasmania, an antipodean colony that was at the moment engaging a good deal of public attention. For prudential reasons a pioneer party set out in advance, consisting of my father, mother, two elder brothers, and infant sister; my father's brother (Mr. W. S. Button), wife, and infant son Henry; and Mr. J. S. Waddell (my father's half-brother). To lessen the anxiety and lighten the labors of the emigrants, the two younger boys of our family, Fred and myself, and uncle William's eldest son Charles, were left behind until homes could be secured in the other hemisphere. I went to Ipswich to stay with my grandmother Clarke;

whilst Fred and cousin Charles were left in charge of my father's mother and sisters at Sudbury. (To save explanations further on let me here state that my father's mother married twice, her second husband being the Rev. James Waddell.)

The house at Ipswich was a large two-storey building fronting on Falcoln-street, and was bounded on one side by a lane that connected the street with what was called the Butter Market. On the other side was Bowman's brewery. At the rear of the house was an extensive garden, in the centre of which was a pond containing golden carp ; and at the extreme end was a large conservatory. The household consisted of my grandmother, her husband, three sons, and three daughters. All but one son had attained their majority. There were three servants—cook, housemaid, and butler. Once a fortnight two "washing ladies" came to do the laundry work ; and every October a brewer was employed to prepare the ensuing year's supply of ale and table beer, so that altogether it was a fairly extensive establishment. The eldest son, William Barnard Clarke, and the youngest, Edward, were studying medicine. The latter, about seventeen years after I left, came to Tasmania and practised for several years in Launceston, subsequently going to Melbourne where he prosecuted his profession, and died there on 23rd March, 1897. I can easily imagine that the advent of a four-year-old into such a family would upset the usual order of things, but all treated me with great kindness. My aunts were specially charged with my upbringing, and I am sure they discharged their duty very lovingly. Sometimes I got into scrapes, and of course had to pay the penalty. One or other listened while I said my morning and evening prayers and hymns, and on Sunday afternoons I repeated some of Dr. Watts's catechism and hymns for children (Divine and Moral Songs). The hymns said after prayers on week-days were those commencing thus—morning, "My God who makes the sun to know ;" evening, "And now another day is gone." On Sundays the morning hymn was, "This is the day that Christ arose ;" and evening, "Lord, how delightful 'tis to see." Taking

them altogether, those hymns of Watts are very beautiful and suitable for children, and it is very much to be regretted that of late years they have been completely laid aside: I am sure that they have not been replaced by anything better. My aunts also attended to my general education until I was old enough to go to school. But of this later on.

My parents left England, as already stated, in the summer of 1833, probably June, in a small barque named the *Forth*. She was old, unseaworthy, and badly equipped, the outcome of which meant unspeakable discomfort to the passengers. My mother was a great sufferer throughout the voyage, and my brothers retained a very vivid recollection of often fearing that they would starve. But in God's good providence the miserable passage at length came to a conclusion. The barque arrived at Circular Head, where she had to discharge a considerable quantity of eargo for the Van Diemen's Land Company. This occupied two or three weeks, and then she resumed her voyage to Launceston, which she reached about the end of the year. I cannot relate from personal experience the events that immediately followed the landing of both families, but from what I have heard I know that they encountered many hardships, disappointments, and vicissitudes. At a very early period I believe all went to Longford, a small town about fifteen miles from Launceston, which they thought offered better inducements than the latter place. But soon discovering their error, they returned to Launceston and started in business—my father as a tanner, my uncles as brewers. Being a thorough master of his trade, my father soon acquired a reputation for his excellent leather, which was considered the best in the colony; indeed his fame extended a little later to Sydney, Melbourne, and Adelaide, where his dressed kangaroo skins were always in demand and commanded highest prices. His business grew rapidly, but he had great disadvantages to contend with. Perhaps the most formidable of these was the unfavorable situation of the premises. Being in the most low-lying part of the town, between Bathurst and Margaret streets (then

known as "the Brickfields," in consequence of prisoners being there employed in making bricks for the Government), the tanyard was liable to be flooded after heavy rains, and much loss resulted. Frequently hides and skins have been washed out of the pits, and the contents of lime and tan-pits provokingly mingled. To diminish this risk as much as possible, my father set about raising the yard some four feet by carting in earth from the Cataract Hill, near by, and from excavations for buildings in the neighborhood. This went on for many years, absorbing a large proportion of the profits yielded by the business, and always keeping my father straitened for capital. In addition to this, he was of a peculiarly sanguine temperament, and though gifted with remarkable foresight, he was inclined to be impulsive, and many of his speculations, from various causes, turned out disastrously. He never amassed a fortune, and perhaps never would have done so under any ordinary conditions, and yet his was not by any means a wasted life. He was a humble and sincere Christian, an affectionate husband and father, a considerate employer, and a good citizen. By his workmen he was especially revered, and I have met with some of them thirty years after his death who still retained a grateful recollection of his kindness. What his fellow townsmen thought of him may be inferred from the fact that when Launceston undertook municipal government in 1853, he was elected at the head of the poll. My father died on 19th February, 1865, aged seventy-one years ; and my mother on 6th September, 1871, aged seventy years.

But I must not forget that I have been requested to write a sketch of my own life, and I must be pardoned if what follows should seem to savor of egotism. What becomes of autobiography if the Ego is excluded ?

When I went to Ipswich—a town rich in historic incident—my step-grandfather Clarke was an invalid. He had long been a martyr to gout, and I remember him only as sitting in an easy chair before the fire, muffled up, and one leg extended on a T-shaped rest. Under the old *régime* he had been for many years Portman and Bailiff of Ipswich.

In those days a fair was held annually at Ipswich ; it was a great event for the young folks and working classes especially. All kinds of amusements were indulged in, and commodities the most incongruous and marvellous were displayed by mirthful stall-keepers. One of these fairs was held shortly after my arrival, and Mr. Clarke kindly equipped me for a visit by giving me eighteen pence, with which I purchased a small green watering-pot and a large cockerel made of gingerbread, with bright red eyes and a gorgeous gilt comb. Very soon after this Mr. Clarke died, and the day of his funeral I was sent to a Mrs. Kilbin's house which was just across the lane previously mentioned.

Seeing that I had completed my fourth year only two or three months prior to going to Ipswich, it is not to be expected that I can recall much of what occurred just then ; but it may be assumed that life passed with me much as with other children in a similar position. At first, doubtless, I felt lonely and unhappy, but this would soon wear off under the attentions that would be bestowed upon me, together with the novelty of my new surroundings. I was able to read simple lessons under the tuition of my aunts for a time, and then I went to a school near by kept by a Mrs. Clamp, whose little daughter Anna and myself soon became attached playmates. Poor child, she died a year or two after I left England. All the Clarkes except aunt Susan used to attend St. Nicholas (Anglican) church, of which the Rev. Mr. Edgar was minister. Aunt Susan was a member of the Congregational church in Tacket-street, under the pastorate of the Rev. William Notcutt. She was very regular in her attendance at the morning and evening services, and frequently at that in the afternoon ; in the mornings I usually accompanied her. My bedtime was eight o'clock, and I slept in her room. After returning from church on Sunday evening, it was her custom to retire to her room for private devotion. Occasionally I was awake, and remaining perfectly quiet, I was the unsuspected observer of her actions which made a lasting impression upon me. In this connection I may mention that early in

1837 the Rev. Thomas Quinton Stow, a Congregational minister, was appointed by the Colonial Missionary Society to proceed to the newly founded colony of South Australia. Mr. Stow had been pastor of a church at Halstead, in Essex, a county adjoining Suffolk, and before sailing for the antipodes he went to Ipswich to conduct a farewell service. He preached at Tacket-street church one evening, and after the service aunt Susan took me with her into the vestry, and had an interview with Mr. Stow, shaking hands with him very heartily as she bade him good-by. It is more than likely that she at the same time introduced me to Mr. Stow as one about to follow very much in his track, and doubtless this increased my interest in the event, and tended to fix it upon my memory. Something like seventeen years subsequently I had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Stow again. He arrived in Launceston by the s. *Clarence* on Wednesday, 30th November, 1853. At the church meeting (St. John Square) on the following Friday evening, 2nd December, he offered prayer, and the Rev. B. Drake gave an address. Mr. Stow had come to Launceston for a little rest, and stayed at the house of my father, where I saw him and referred to our Ipswich interview. But how different the circumstances in which we now met. *Then*, I was a child: *now*, I was a man, married, and a father! Such changes do the years bring.

The foregoing incident reminds me that in the year 1859 the Rev. Thomas Binney came to Tasmania on a health tour, and I met him several times. We had attended on his ministry at the Weighhouse Chapel whilst we were in London. Mr. Binney came to Launceston in the s. *Royal Shepherd*, on 16th February. After staying a few days, during which he preached in Tamar-street and St. John Square chapels, also in the Wesleyan Chapel, he proceeded to Hobart, and was present at the annual meeting of the Congregational Union held early in March. He also attended the annual meeting of the Colonial Missionary Society, an off-shoot of the Union, on 21st March. In moving the first resolution, enforcing the claims of the Society, he gave a very touching narrative of the admission into his

church of Mr. William Hone, his daughter and her husband, and two unmarried daughters. On that occasion he read to the church a paper written by Mr. Hone, showing how mercifully God had dealt with him in leading him to know the truth he had done so much to injure. Mr. Binney said when he had finished reading the paper there was scarcely a dry eye in the assembly. Mr. Joseph Hone, an old and respected public servant, and brother to William Hone, rose and asked permission to support the resolution, which he did with much earnestness and pathos.

Returning to my Ipswich experiences, from which I am so frequently diverted by side issues. On Sunday evenings I was generally left under the care of the two female servants, and it was my delight to read to them from the Bible. During one of these evenings I took a fancy to write a letter to my mother, which I addressed to "my Mamma in Van Diemen's Land," and I waited in vain for a reply! The servants were very good to me, and I dare say I often presumed upon their kindness. One instance of this nature is very distinctly before me now. Candles being in general use, I had been sent to the kitchen for a fresh one for the parlor. A candle had been given to me by one of the girls, and as I passed out of the kitchen behind the chair of the other she threw back her head with a hearty yawn. On the spur of the moment I popped one end of the candle into her mouth, exclaiming as I did so—"Gape wide, dear." Her teeth instantly closed on the intruder, and I left it there and decamped without asking permission! It is right to add as in some sort an excuse for such rudeness, that only a short time before the same girl had narrated in my hearing a somewhat similar performance of her own, only the article employed was not a candle!

Notwithstanding all the care that was lavished upon me, I once met with an accident that might have been attended with serious results, and rendered these memoirs impossible. But where shall be found on earth a spot so sheltered that danger in one or other of its Protean forms may not lurk? It was winter, and at breakfast

the severe frost was the topic of conversation. One of my uncles remarked that when a boy he had prepared a track of ice by over-night pouring water on the ground which froze, and he had been enabled to slide on it by the help of a pair of wooden clogs. I took it all in without remark, made my plans mentally, and when breakfast was over proceeded to carry them out. I have spoken of a fishpond that was in the centre of the garden: this I knew to be frozen over, and thither I went, taking with me a pair of clogs always kept in the washhouse. On reaching the pond I put on the clogs, and with a stick in my hand to steady me, with some misgiving I adventured upon the pond. Alas, for my want of experience in such matters: I did not test the strength of the ice before committing myself to it. No sooner was my weight upon it than it collapsed *en masse*, and I souced under the water! How I got out I do not know. Probably the pond was not more than thirty inches deep, and by God's mercy I was able to scramble out. Afraid to return to the house, I went dripping to an arbor a few yards away. Here I stood shivering and crying until a servant casually coming into the garden, found me in a miserable plight, and carried me into the house. Immediately I was stripped, rubbed all over with flannel, put to bed, made to drink some hot negus, and left to sleep. When I awoke, as far as I know, I was none the worse for the immersion, but it was really a very narrow escape. I never repeated the sliding experiment!

One incident recurs to me of a rather ludicrous character. One of my aunts got a notion that she needed a course of medicine, and that jalap would meet the case. To render the medicine less objectionable, she hit upon the ingenious expedient of disguising it in a batch of ginger nuts. By some error of calculation, however, she introduced too large a quantity of the energetic drug, and she stood in dread of her own production. What was to be done? She did not like to destroy the nuts, but to eat them was out of the question. A bright idea struck her, and seizing a favorable opportunity when the coast was

clear, she tossed them out of an upper window into the lane of which I have spoken. A few minutes afterwards a gipsy woman came along, and seeing a goodly number of the tempting little cakes on the path she deftly gathered them up and carried them off triumphantly, eating some of them as she walked! For several days the gipsy's windfall was the subject of much amusement to my aunts, and they frequently speculated as to the effect those innocent looking ginger nuts would produce in the nomad camp, for doubtless the whole tribe shared in the luxury!

Both my medical uncles were fond of carpentering, and they had a turning lathe in the use of which they were very skilful. As I grew older I became interested in their pursuits, and for hours I have watched them in their workshop engaged in all sorts of mechanical labor, such as making trolling rods, trawl net, electrical and galvanic machines, splints for broken limbs, and the numberless odds and ends that a "handy man" can find to do about a house. Behind the workshop door hung two or three discarded hoops four or five feet in diameter, with which a few years previously fashionable dames were wont to distend their ample skirts. I used sometimes to accompany one or other of my uncles on a brief shooting or fishing excursion. They usually employed the ordinary percussion fowling piece, but occasionally it was a "gunstick," a short weapon resembling a stout walking stick. When not cocked, the hammer fitted neatly into the barrel and was almost invisible. It was effective only at short range, and I believe these guns have gone out of fashion for many years. Both gentlemen were diligent students of natural history in which they delighted, and they were always on the alert to add to their collections of birds, fishes, mammals, insects, fossils, &c. To such an extent did uncle William indulge this taste that eventually he abandoned his profession, and was appointed curator of the Ipswich Museum, the duties of which office he discharged with rare efficiency for many years. He died 20th March, 1894, aged eighty-seven. Sometime in 1850 I received from him a copy of a book entitled "The Wreck of the *Favorite*,"

which had just been published under his editorship. On a dredging expedition at Harwich in connection with the Ipswich Museum he had met with John Nunn, who had been engaged in the South Sea whale and seal fisheries many years previously, and he related his adventures at Kerguelen's Land, on which he had been cast away. Dr. Clarke being much interested, undertook to prepare a narrative for publication in Nunn's behalf, and this book was the result. It reads very much like what might have been expected had a scientific Robinson Crusoe been wrecked on an ice-bound island instead of an equatorial Paradise, and by means of the natural history explanations supplied by the editor, it is as instructive as it is entertaining. The book is illustrated by a large number of wood engravings, all of which were executed by the editor's brother, Dr. Edward Clarke, who afterwards came to Tasmania, as I have mentioned elsewhere.

It is sometimes assumed that children fail to detect inconsistencies in the action of their elders, but that is a huge mistake arising from the absence of careful and sympathetic observation. Let me give an illustration of my meaning. When I was perhaps five or six years of age and insensibly assimilating the tastes of my uncles, it occurred to me to make a collection of birds' eggs, and what so convenient to start with as an egg from the poultry yard? Finding one in a nest, I pierced a hole at each end, and applying my mouth to one I blew out the contents through the other. Though proud of my achievement I was rather uncomfortable as to the light in which the act of depredation would be viewed by my aunts, and for protection I fell back upon falsehood, forgetful of what good Dr. Watts had said and I had learnt and often repeated,—

> He who does one fault at first,
> And lies to hide it, makes it two.

It was necessary to account for the egg, and I persisted that I had not robbed a nest, but had found it in the yard. My statement was received with distrust, but there was

not a particle of evidence to disprove it, and it would have passed but for the treachery of the cook, who, a day or two after the occurrence, wheedled from me a confession of the truth after repeated assurances that she would not tell my aunts. My confidence, however, was betrayed and I underwent punishment, but what I felt keenly at the time was that cook's duplicity and mendacity were condoned. What in me, a child, was unpardonable, was in her allowed to pass, so far as I knew, without reproof or remonstrance—possibly even with commendation on the baleful plea that it is lawful to do evil that good may come. Casuists may be able to distinguish between the quality of the two classes of action, but it was a performance that baffled my childish powers of reasoning, and I may add that wider experience and maturer judgment have left the problem still unsolved. In truth children are extremely sensitive as to what they deem to be unfair, and a feeling of wrong sustained through injustice wrankles long and deeply. How often are children punished for doing or repeating what they may have seen or heard their parents do or say frequently before, but which some transient mood on the part of the latter has suddenly revealed its enormity. Thus we pass laws forbidding youths under a certain age to smoke because smoking is injurious, and we make it penal to supply them with tobacco or cigars. I have no objection to that, and personally would do all in my power to check, and if possible to eradicate, what I consider to be un undesirable habit. But I have some respect for common sense, and I think that if those who make, administer, and applaud such legislation would themselves abstain from smoking, the result would be more successful. In such cases example is infinitely more powerful than precept or even law.

Having been brought, at a very impressionable age, into constant contact with men of the stamp described, it would have been surprising indeed if I had not been, to some extent at least, inspired with their spirit and tastes; and it is to this early training I ascribe the strong bent of my own mind to natural history and scientific

subjects generally. Even at this distance of time I can recall memories of many delightful outings with one or other of my uncles—principally the elder, William. Sometimes we followed the towing-path along the bank of the Gipping, past Dalton's mill, in the direction of Stowmarket; and once I was put on a barge to make the descent of the lock. On one of these expeditions we went as far as a little village named Sproughton, where we visited a roadside inn, and had some bread and cheese and beer. On another occasion uncle William shot a heron as it rose from the edge of the river; he took it home and stuffed it. Sometimes we would take an opposite course and go down stream, below the locks, where the river becomes tidal, and takes the name of Orwell. But more frequently we used to go to a miniature forest known as Waller's Grove, where some shooting was to be had. Once when we had gone to Waller's farm to ask permission to stroll through the grove, we reached the homestead at noon, just as all hands had assembled for the midday meal. Family and farm hands had gathered in the huge kitchen, and nothing would do but uncle William and myself must join the party. In one of our ramblings through the grove uncle William rested his gun against the stump of an old tree which he climbed in the expectation of finding the nest of some particular bird, when suddenly a hare broke from its "form" and scuttled away. He dropped down instantly, but before he could recover his gun the animal had escaped. Occasionally on winter evenings uncle William would read aloud whilst the ladies plied their needles. In this way I heard a good deal of Mungo Park's travels in Africa, and Cooper's thrilling novel, "The Last of the Mohicans," in both of which I was deeply interested. Another reminiscence of those winter nights is less agreeable. I slept in aunt Ann's bed, and one night when about to retire to rest, she brought up the warming-pan. This was inserted as usual at the foot of the bed, and as it playfully meandered about it suddenly came in contact with one of my legs, which led to an immediate and unequivocal reminder of my presence.

When our people had been about three years in Tasmania, and were getting tolerably comfortable homes around them, they began to think of sending for the children and other relatives who had been left behind. Much time was occupied in making the necessary preparations, for in those days postal facilities were very imperfect. But at last all preliminaries were arranged, and we were to leave England in the summer of 1837. My outfit for the voyage occupied the thoughts and energies of my kind Ipswich friends for several weeks. Books and other little keepsakes came in from various quarters, and when all these were put together, uncle William made a box in which to pack them, not omitting a large plum cake manufactured by one of my aunts—one of the earliest applications of carbonate of soda for such purposes. The latter was intended for early consumption, but unfortunately too long a period was allowed to elapse before the box was opened, and then the cake was covered with mould. I suppose this fact did not materially lessen the pleasure of eating it, except that it was attended with a small amount of waste. Amongst my most treasured books was a Natural History, which I went with uncle William to purchase before leaving. It was an excellent book in its way, and had an illustration of almost every animal of which it treated. The frontispiece is now before my mental vision quite distinctly. It represented a female figure personifying Wisdom holding in one hand a key with which she was about to unlock the Temple of Knowledge, whilst around her were clustered as many mammals, birds, reptiles, and insects as the artist could crowd into his picture. A small section at the end of the book was devoted to fabulous creatures. Under the drawing of each animal was an appropriate poetic quotation, several of which I remember wholly or in part. Thus under the lion were eight or ten lines the first two of which were in this strain :—

> What if the lion in his rage I meet ?
> Oft in the sand I see his printed feet.

The eagle was thus apostrophised :—

> Bird of the broad and sweeping wing,
> Thy home is high in heaven,
> Where wide the storms their banners fling,
> And the tempest clouds are driven.
>
> Thy throne is on the mountain top,
> Thy fields the boundless air ;
> And hoary peaks that proudly prop
> The skies, thy dwellings are.

To the cuckoo were assigned four verses of Logan's sweet little poem—

> Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove !
> Thou messenger of spring !
> Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
> And woods thy welcome sing.
>
> What time the daisy decks the green,
> Thy certain voice we hear ;
> Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
> Or mark the rolling year ?
>
> Delightful visitant ! with thee
> I hail the time of flowers,
> And hear the sound of music sweet
> From birds among the bowers.
>
> The schoolboy wandering through the wood
> To pull the primrose gay,
> Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
> And imitates thy lay.

To the whale was assigned a quotation from Falconer's "Shipwreck," in which he speaks of sailors who pursue "In Hyperborean seas the slumbering whale." The dolphin was introduced by another quotation from Falconer—

> Beneath the lofty vessel's stern
> A shoal of sportive dolphins they discern.

The book was a demy octavo, bound in green cloth, with gold lettering, and it is before my mind's eye now as vividly as if I could touch it with my hand. Another book that I very much prized was "The Angler's Guide," given to me by uncle Edward. Here was a brief description of most

of the English freshwater fish, where they were most likely to be found, and the best method of catching them. It opened with a little poem highly laudatory of the art of fishing, and showing how the youthful angler might equip himself inexpensively with the necessary tackle. I can recall two lines of one verse in which the angler is supposed to felicitate himself on the possession of

> A hazel rod with whalebone top,
> My playmates to outshine.

Each verse terminated with the refrain—

> And thus the little angler,
> With rod, and line, and hook,
> Would shun each noisy wrangler
> To fish the murmuring brook.

"Bible Stories," in two small volumes, were great favorites. They comprised brief narratives from the Old and New Testaments, put into the simplest language for children; but perhaps the feature that gave special charm was the pictures. At the head of each tale was a tiny illustration, probably not more than an inch and a half long by an inch deep, yet they were as honey to bread. They were woodcuts, and are noteworthy now as being the precursors of the magnificently illustrated books with which both young and old of later generations have been favored. Amongst the illustrations I remember Daniel in the den of lions, the burning of the roll in the presence of King Jehoiakim, Jonah being forcibly ejected on to the shore by a gormand whale, the massacre of the children in Bethlehem by order of Herod, and the end of the world —the sun setting for the last time, which oppressed me with a feeling of sadness. Amongst other small volumes was one entitled "Hieroglyphics," in which scriptural incidents were recorded by symbols, connected by a word here and there, which the reader had to interpret. A small crown or foolscap octavo volume bound in green cloth I well remember: it was the "History of Poland," the principal figure in which was the celebrated patriot John Sobieski. The frontispiece was a fine steel engraving representing a rider-

less horse madly galloping through a forest pursued by a pack of ravenous wolves; and the title-page bore as a motto a passage from 2 Cor. 4 c. vv. 8–9, "Troubled on every side, yet not distressed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Another favorite was an epitomised but illustrated edition of "Robinson Crusoe," dear to the heart of every boy whose good fortune it has been to read it. Then there was "Todd's Lectures for Children," in one of which occurred these lines which I quote from memory:—

> I wandered forth, 'twas summer's eve,
> And balmy was the air,
> I saw a sight that made me grieve,
> And yet that sight was fair:
> Within a little coffin lay
> Two lifeless babes as sweet as may.

In another lecture was introduced the story of a lad who had been sent by his sick father to a chemist for medicine. The shop was rather distant and the boy was idle, and did not want to go; so after allowing a sufficient interval he went into his father's room and said the chemist had not got the drug that was wanted. The poor man sorrowfully realised the true state of the case, but did not upbraid his son; he merely said, "My little boy will see his father suffer great pain from want of that medicine." Conscience-stricken, the lad now ran off and got the medicine, but it was too late: when he returned his father was dead. Then there was a "Life of George III." or IV., I forget which: it was given to me by a great-uncle, Mr. George Conder, under circumstances that I well remember. A farewell party was given just before I left to enable my young friends to say good-bye, but there were also a few present who were well advanced in years—amongst them was Mr. Conder. Part of the evening's entertainment consisted of a magic lantern exhibition, and he sat just behind me. When the room had been darkened for the lantern pictures, he leaned forward, touched my shoulder and, presenting a large apple in one hand and a book in the other, asked me which I would have. I do not remember what reply I made, but

the upshot was that I got both. That was the book in question, and I gave it many years ago to assist in starting a public library at Carrick. Two other volumes also given to me on the occasion of leaving England, entitled "The Repository of Anecdote and Wit," I presented to the library of the Launceston Mechanics' Institute on its formation in 1842; and I had the gratification of seeing printed in the list of first donors to that excellent institution the name of "Master Henry Button." But chief among my literary treasures, though it is doubtful if I so regarded it at the time, is a pearl 24mo edition of the Bible given to me by my grandmother. It bears the following inscription:—"For dear Henry: a parting gift from his grandmamma Clarke. May 3rd, 1837." I have that book before me now. It is the only one left of all that I brought from England, but what a wealth of love it represents. I remember how on the morning that I went away, she led me into her bedroom and with sobs and tears commended me to the care and grace of the All-present Father; for in parting with me she would be reminded of the daughter in a land far away whom she was never more to see in the flesh. Dear old grandmother! I did love her very much, though I fear I often caused her grief. She has long been at rest, rejoined by her dear ones as they passed from earth, and she has made the acquaintance of others no less dear though they were unknown during her pilgrimage.

Well do I recollect the morning that I set out from Ipswich to join my future shipmates at Sudbury. The carrier had to call for my luggage, but uncle William and I walked on along the road a considerable distance, as though he wished to postpone the final parting until the last moment. At length the carrier overtook us, I was confided to his care, and we drove away. That was my last glimpse of Ipswich and its people, with the exception of uncle Edward who came to Tasmania in 1854, as medical officer of the s. *City of Hobart*, and subsequently resided in Melbourne, as previously stated. My journey to Sudbury is quite a blank: I know that we got there safely, and I renewed acquaintance with my brother Fred and cousin Charles,

who were there waiting for me, the others having gone on to London. Passages were secured in the *Andromeda*, a barque of 500 tons, under the command of Captain Jacks. Our party consisted of my grandmother Waddell (formerly Button); my two aunts Ann Button and Hannah Waddell (in Tasmania for convenience both assumed the latter name); my great-uncle Thomas Stammers and his wife Margaret; my brother Fred, cousin Charles, and myself. A Mrs. French came with us, her fare having been paid by my aunts in consideration of the help she was to give during the passage. Mrs. French had been left at Sudbury with Charles and Fred to wait for me, and then, with the remaining luggage, we were all to go on to London. We spent only a few days at Sudbury, and then proceeded to the metropolis by coach. On our way we saw a body of navvies at work on a railway—one of the earliest constructed in England. I have since thought it might have been the Great Eastern line.

Memory does not permit of any connected narrative of my London experiences; they recur to me only in fragments. We had lodgings at the house of Mr. Wilkinson, a chemist, in the Minories, awaiting the sailing of the *Andromeda*, which was loading in the St. Katharine Dock for Hobart and Launceston. Advantage was taken by my aunts of the brief pause for sight-seeing on a moderate scale. We went to the Tower, St. Paul's Cathedral, the Weighhouse Chapel (Rev. T. Binney's), the Monument, and a few other places that I do not now remember. How long we remained in London I do not know, but I fancy it was three or four weeks, and for the elder portion of our company they were fairly busy weeks.

Amongst our London adventures I recall two or three that were rather sensational. One evening aunt Nancy (Ann) visited a friend, I think named Bligh. Whilst she was waiting for admission a man stepped to her side as though he also wished to enter. There was some delay in answering the bell, at which he expressed annoyance, and from something in his manner my aunt regarded him with suspicion. When at length the door was opened, my aunt

darted in. The man tried to follow, but my aunt was too quick for him, and she and the servant closed the door, though they could not latch it, as the fellow had pushed in the end of a stick. They managed, however, to put the chain on, and then one of them ran upstairs, and opening a front window, called out "Police!" when the man decamped. On another occasion the same aunt went to a friend's house near by, and having gone upstairs, as she passed a bedroom, the door of which was open, she saw in a mirror opposite the body of a man disappearing under a bed. I have forgotten the *dénouement*. Once when several of us were riding in a hackney coach, suddenly we came to a halt, and on looking out of the window we saw that we were entangled in a mass of vehicles locked one into another, and some minutes elapsed before we got free. This was almost of daily occurrence in some parts of London, before the era of trams.

At length the barque was ready for sea, and we went on board. It was a scene of wildest confusion, and to me it seemed impossible that order could ever be restored. But the effect of a few hours' hard work and the frantic bullying of officers was marvellous. Odds and ends of cargo were stowed here and there, hatches closed, running gear coiled down, passengers' equipments sent below; and next morning the deck was comparatively clear. The officers were very loud and fussy: of course that was part of their duty, and they demonstrated their zeal by the liberal use of "extra-judicial and unnecessary oaths." During the first afternoon poor Mrs. French was threatened by the chief mate that if she did not instantly take below some boxes or tubs of ours that were lying on deck, he would "pull every hair out of her head;" but I think I was more alarmed than the good woman was. The officers were Captain Jacks; first mate, Mr. Keeble; second mate, Mr. Broderick; third mate, Mr. Smith. Dr. Anderson was medical officer. Captain Jacks was accompanied by his wife with an infant, a son about our age, and his wife's sister, Miss Watson, who was a pitiable invalid during the whole voyage; beside, we had a full complement of passengers—

saloon, intermediate, and steerage. Probably it was the 18th or 19th of June, 1837, that we hauled out of dock; a tugboat then got hold of us and towed us down to Gravesend, and next day to Portsmouth. Here we anchored for the night, and the tug returned. Early next morning, 21st June, a light breeze from shore brought the sound of bells tolling, and later of guns firing; and when the pilot came off to take us down Channel he told us that William IV. was dead, and that Victoria had ascended the throne. It was an important announcement, pregnant with momentous results to the nation and the world, though we boys, and probably many others, did not quite realise its significance. Beside the Captain's son, there was another lad of about our own age, and two or three verging towards manhood; but very soon we all got chummy.

CHAPTER II

First night afloat—climbing—anatomical demonstrations—amusements—" Jim Crow "—aerial castles—disagreeable French woman—at Santiago—landing through surf—Government garden—kindness of negress—chillies—a pirate—crossing the Line—a strange fish—Simon's Bay—runaway bullocks—teaching a Hottentot—" Land O "—first glimpse of Tasmania—at Hobart—mourning for the King—Rev. F. Miller—a chain gang—overland to Launceston—Anti-transportation League—Perth bridge—" Gibbet Hill "—" Home "—disappointment and grief—at work—domestic and outdoor servants—an innocent—Britain's Draconic laws—effect of transportation.

WELL do I remember the first night we passed afloat : how the strange sights and sounds, especially the lippering of the wavelets against the ship's sides, banished sleep until nature was fairly tired out. Before going to bed we boys were entertained with supper—an extravagance never afterwards repeated. On this occasion, however, it consisted of an ordinary ship biscuit coated on one surface with molasses. This was a delicacy beyond my appreciation, so I diligently licked off the treacle and dropped the biscuit behind a large chest on which we were seated, where I have no doubt it was soon found and devoured by rats. But O, those biscuits : what language can fittingly describe them ? As brown and as hard as cedar, with a flavor such as sawdust of the same material might impart, and alive with weevil in every stage of development—these specimens of the baker's art were something to be remembered. Yet they were served to the steerage passengers and crew throughout the voyage, and to the intermediate passengers at starting, though after getting to sea the latter were promoted to " captain's " biscuits, a whiter and much better article. Of the quality of our rations generally I cannot offer an opinion, though I suppose it was equal to

what then prevailed—perhaps a trifle better, when ships' stores were said to circumnavigate the globe many times. There was only one thing that I could not endure—the so-called pea soup. This stuff was made so thick that a spoon would stand in it, and even its smell was so repulsive to me that often I had to leave the table and take my dinner on deck. A savoury and not uncommon dish to which I was rather partial was a concoction of scraps of salt beef and pork, soaked biscuit, potatoes or rice, onion, and spice, with a covering of mashed potato. When baked, this was "sea pie;" when stewed, it was "lobscouse;" but however presented it was not "half bad." But my favorite dish was boiled rice with molasses, which was issued two or three times a week, and on those days I took care to make up leeway with other food.

The weather was remarkably fine: seldom was there anything approaching a storm; the company was tolerably genial, and as sea-going was understood in those days we had little cause to grumble. We boys were not long in making ourselves at home, and I think we were endured with something more than resignation by our senior fellow voyagers. From the tastes and habits I had acquired by my Ipswich training I came to be regarded as leader in most of our sports and enterprises. I was a good climber, and in some of our contests I got as high as the maintop. Once when I had nearly reached that coveted altitude, the cabin boy started up after me with a piece of spunyarn in his teeth, intending to tie me to the rigging, a customary but uncomfortable joke practised on over-venturesome passengers. Perhaps warning was given, at any rate I saw the boy and guessed his object. I immediately commenced to descend, and by slipping from one rope to another round the mast I succeeded in eluding my pursuer, and regained the deck in triumph, amidst the plaudits of the amused spectators. Sometimes I would give to my young companions demonstrations in anatomy, using for the purpose the eye or some other organ of a sheep that had just been killed for the saloon, and filling my auditors with amaze-

ment at my familiarity with a few technical terms learnt from companionship with my uncles.

> And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
> That one small head could carry all he knew.

Catching Cape pigeons and albatrosses with hook and line, or watching passengers fishing for dolphin, provided pleasurable excitement; and this was sometimes accentuated by the capture of a large shark, which would be hoisted on to the deck, when its stomach would be opened to disclose its last meal—probably an albatross that had been dragged under while sleeping on the water. I had picked up a few of the songs I had heard at Ipswich, and being then credited with the possession of an agreeable voice, I was frequently called upon to sing for the entertainment of the passengers gathered on deck. I think the song that was most in favor was "Jim Crow," which I used to give in character, and always secured unstinted applause. This reminds me that one evening, some little time before I left Ipswich, uncle Henry brought two or three friends home, one of them, I think, being his sweetheart, and nothing would do but he must take me out of bed, carry me downstairs, and placing me on the dining table, compel me to sing "Jim Crow," which I could scarcely get through for sleep. Another song of which I was very fond was the "Stormy Petrel," by Barry Cornwall, though this was a difficult one to sing, owing to the frequent occurrence of accidentals.

Our aunts had brought what seemed to us an inexhaustible stock of booklets, issued, I fancy, by the Religious Tract Society. They were in colored paper wrappers embellished on the front page with a small woodcut, and on the back page with a few verses of poetry. They were in packets of a dozen, and each one started with an anecdote to arrest the reader's attention, and then it pressed upon him some important religious truth. On Sundays especially we revelled in these booklets, which were great favorites not only with us boys but also with many others who borrowed them. But perhaps we spent

most time and deliberation in arranging numerous exploring expeditions that we intended to enter upon after our arrival in Tasmania; and we already enjoyed by anticipation the applause and gratitude that awaited the discoveries we were certain of making. Amongst the cabin passengers was a Captain Taylor, who had previously been to Tasmania, and from him we learnt sufficient of the place to assure us that there was a wide field open to us as naturalists. He told us of the Cataract Gorge and its unfathomed depths; and we had no manner of doubt that in its abysses were hidden varieties of fish of which mankind had been in total ignorance. He also spoke of many neighboring islands (the Furneaux Group), and we decided to build a little vessel in which to visit these almost mythical places, and lay bare their wonders and riches to an admiring and grateful world. Purposes so vast and beneficent naturally demanded much earnest thought, and certainly this was given. It was an unending and untiring theme, and its absorbing interest increased as the passing weeks brought us nearer to the time when we were to enter upon our enterprises.

There was monotony in our sea life, but even to that we got accustomed, for it was relieved by the anticipated exploits that awaited us when we reached our destination. One part of the day's programme was invariably distasteful and to be evaded whenever possible. When deck washing commenced early in the morning, we boys had to go up and get bathed in the tub forward into which the sea water was pumped for the deck; but after a little experience we compromised the matter by getting the men to throw a bucket-full of water over us while we held on to a belaying-pin or something equally firm. Occasionally, too, for pathological reasons beyond even my medical attainments to comprehend, we were invited to drink about a gill of sea water before breakfast, because "it was good for us." Curiously enough this exhilarating beverage was efficacious only in the case of children: it possessed no virtue for adults! Amongst the cabin passengers was a French woman: I should like to describe her as a lady,

but regard for truth forbids it. She was selfish, passionate, and even violent, and we boys took a most improper delight in annoying her. My grandmother had an arm-chair lashed on deck for her special use: it was her own property, but of this the French woman almost invariably took possession. My aunts did not like to remonstrate, but we were not restrained by any such feeling of delicacy. Sometimes we secretly unfastened the lashings, and were delighted to see her alarm when the chair moved obedient to the lurching of the ship. On one occasion I spread a little pitch on the seat and dusted it over that it might not be noticed. The effect exceeded my anticipations. The lady stuck to the chair, and when she disengaged herself there was a splodge of pitch on her silk dress! For what reason I cannot tell, she attributed this piece of mischief to Charles, and she "went for him." Away ran Charles, "Frenchy" following but of course a good way behind, and carrying a tumbler of water in one hand. She was in a terrible passion, and threatening "Char-lees" with all sorts of horrible penalties. At length, conscious of the hopelessness of the chase, when both parties were abreast of each other, with the galley between them, she stopped and threw the water over Charles, and returned victorious to her chair. On another occasion, during the hot weather of the tropics, the chief officer had been painting three or four buckets and small tubs, and had placed them on one side of the cabin skylight to dry. It was dinner time, and Madame wanted both sides of the skylight to be open; so she went upstairs, moved the tubs, and opened the cover. Mr. Keeble closed the top and replaced the tubs, when the lady rushed on deck again and hurled one of them at his head, on which it inflicted a nasty cut. Poor woman: she was detested by all on board, and I am sure she was wretched. After our arrival at Hobart I lost sight of her entirely.

On Sunday mornings divine service was conducted by the Captain on the quarter-deck, which was usually enclosed for the occasion with flags. If the weather was unfavorable for this, the service was held in the saloon.

Teetotalism had not yet come to the front, and I am pretty sure there were none of that persuasion in our ship. Not long after we had been out a little act of kindness was started by the Captain and continued to the end of the voyage. We were "intermediate" passengers, and every Saturday night he used to send three tumblers of hot brandy and water for the three old folks of our party, who shared it with the other adults, for it was strong enough to stand considerable dilution. It was thoughtful and kind of the Captain, for it was a stimulant to which he was extremely partial.

Our long voyage was pleasantly broken by calling at the Cape Verde Islands and the Cape of Good Hope. At the former we anchored under the lee of Santiago (then called St. Jago), an open roadstead, and we lay there two or three days. This is one of a group of small islands belonging to Portugal, about 350 miles west of Cape Verde. Many of the passengers went on shore, we boys amongst the number. The ship lay off, I think, about a mile, and we went in her boats, which were anchored a few yards from the beach just outside the surf. From this point the ladies and youngsters were carried to the land by the seamen, or negroes who waded out for that purpose. During this part of the performance I watched the surprise and alarm of my aunts with keen enjoyment on which neither affection nor reverence could impose a limit. Having safely passed through this painful ordeal, our party walked up to the settlement. Most of the people were negroes or mulattoes, and many were in actual slavery, though within the last thirty or forty years the latter odious condition has been abolished. Our destination was the garden of the Portuguese Governor in which was a well of fresh water, the only one, we were told, in the island. Over the well was a large wheel on the periphery of which buckets were attached; as the wheel revolved these buckets dipped into the water, came up full, and emptied it on the opposite side. Hither came considerable numbers of women and girls to draw water for household use, and they carried it in calabashes, jars, and skins. Here we saw

growing cocoa-nuts, dates, bananas, and sugar cane, and we took back with us specimens of all these. Outside the hovels of some of the negroes women were boiling cane juice in large iron pots to make a coarse kind of sugar, and they were eager for us to sample their manufacture. On our way to the garden we had to ascend a rather long and steep hill, ankle deep in hot black sand that looked like gunpowder; and my brother Fred, I suppose, manifesting symptoms of weariness, a powerful negress, who was followed by three or four of her own naked "pickaninnies," snapped him up on to her shoulder with the kind intention of giving him assistance. But Fred did not see it in that light: he bellowed and struggled so furiously that the good woman was fain to put down her burden in a hurry, remarking with laughter as she did so that she "wouldn't hurt de leel pickaninny." Tramping about for three or four hours in the tropical heat and on broiling sand, made us weary and thirsty, and on our way back to the ship we were very glad to find a hotel at which we stayed a short time for rest and refreshment. It was a wooden building with a wide verandah all round, which made it cool and subdued the light. We had some Portuguese wine, dark and acid, mingled with water from a jar of porous earthenware (a "water monkey"), and I thought I had never tasted anything so delicious. During our ramble the breeze had freshened, and the surf had increased so much in consequence that the boat in which we had come off had broken from her moorings, and was lying on the beach with part of her bottom stove in, and we had to wait until another could come for us. We were put into the boat in the afternoon in exactly the same way in which we had left one in the morning. Next day the carpenter went ashore and repaired the injured boat sufficiently to enable her to regain the ship, when her renovation was completed. I am not sure whether we replenished our water casks at Santiago or not, but remembering the difficulty of obtaining water there, it is more than likely that we did not; but I know that the Captain took in a good supply of fruit—cocoa-nuts, bananas, oranges, limes, pumpkins, &c.;

and most of these were deposited in the gig, which hung in davits on the starboard quarter. Something else was obtained at Santiago which I had cause to remember. A few chillies had been brought on board by some of the passengers, and a small quantity coming into my possession, I took them below to our people. Probably I carried them loosely in my hand, with which directly afterwards I thoughtlessly rubbed my eyes. One such experience is enough to fix it on the memory very firmly. The effect was as if burning coals had been put into my eyes; the agony was so intense that the surgeon's aid had to be called in, and it was some days before I quite recovered from the occurrence.

Just about this time—whether before or after leaving Santiago I do not recollect—an incident took place that created considerable excitement, and was the subject of animated discussion for several days. One morning a sail was observed on our port bow many miles distant. She came down on us with a leading wind, and as she approached she was carefully scrutinised by our Captain. He evidently did not like her appearance, for after a brief consultation with the first and second mates, he gave orders for all the muskets and cutlasses in the cabin to be brought up and put in readiness, and also that all the passengers should muster on deck, to make, with the crew, as imposing a display as possible. And then we had a couple of 12-pounders amidship—one on each side—which were expected to exert a marvellous influence on possible foes. On came the stranger—a long, low, black fore-and-aft schooner of seventy or eighty tons, with raking masts, and an immense spread of canvas. When within speaking distance she rounded to, and the usual salutations were exchanged. I don't remember whether she gave her name, but we noticed that for so small a craft she had a very large crew, of whom many were black, and all appeared to be foreigners. The master of the schooner enquired if we could let him have some potatoes, but he was told we had none to spare; and after a few commonplaces, he filled away in the direction whence he had come. Next

day he was still hanging about, but before night he had finally disappeared. That Captain Jacks was uneasy as to the character of the stranger there could be no doubt, and he afterwards expressed the opinion that she was a pirate, but that she had been deterred from attacking us by seeing the number of hands we had. Amongst our crew was a powerful young fellow who was called Jack; he had seen service in a man-of-war, and we boys derived great comfort from this fact. We were certain that no pirate—not even the merciless Salee rover with whom Robinson Crusoe had made us familiar—could possibly be a mateh for a British man-of-war's man.

After leaving Santiago we continued our course southwards, erossing the Equator in perhaps ten days or a fortnight. Here the customary visit of Neptune took place, in order that his oceanic majesty might be introduced to any gentleman who had not before travelled so far on his dominion. Of such there were several on board the *Andromeda*, and in consequence the preparations for the ceremony were of an imposing character. A large tarpaulin was suspended by its four corners in the main rigging elear of the deck, and the receptacle so formed was partly filled with sea water. A tub of cook's slush (dirty greasy water from the galley) was placed handy, together with a piece of hoop-iron for a razor. One of the crew secretly dressed himself to represent the sea god. His outer garment was a woolly sheepskin, and in his hand he held a trident improvised for the occasion. Just after dusk he slipped over the ship's side into the sea, holding on by a rope. When all was ready, at an agreed signal, he clambered up over the rail, and standing dripping close by the tarpaulin, announced his austere presence. Old veterans, of course, knew what was coming, and affected becoming reverence for his majesty, but tyros had rather a rough time. They were suddenly captured, their faces smeared with slush, scraped with the razor, and then they were tossed into the tarpaulin, and left to struggle out as best they could. I am not sure, but I think the marine deity was not insensible to gifts, and that the severe treat-

ment here described might be mitigated or entirely averted by a liberal distribution of grog. By the time the performance was ended, darkness had come on, and Neptune took his departure. An empty tar barrel, with a torch in the centre, had been prepared and was lashed alongside. Having bid his friends adieu, Neptune got over the rail down on to the chain-plate where he could light the torch; he then cut the cask adrift, pulled off his sheepskin, and regained the deck some distance from where he had left it, so seeming to confirm the fiction that he had sailed away in his yacht which was illuminated by his presence. We boys had timidly watched the ceremony from the companion ladder, and we—and others beside!—were heartily glad when it was over. For many years past I believe this filthy and barbarous custom has been abandoned or greatly changed.

Much ingenuity was displayed in devising methods for relieving the tedium of the voyage, and though of necessity they were often trifling, I believe they were always harmless. On one occasion when, at dinner, conversation turned upon the fish that were obtainable far out at sea, several varieties of the denizens of the deep were mentioned, including the flying-fish, dolphin, and bonito. A Mr. Ford, one of our company, remarked that the tail of a shark was sometimes eaten, and really was not bad. Aunt Stammers was greatly horrified at the bare idea of such a thing, and declared that nothing could induce her to eat it. A few days afterwards a large shark was caught, and after evisceration was thrown overboard, but not before Mr. Ford had quietly secured a piece of flesh from the tail, which next morning he brought into our cabin. Placing it smoking hot on the breakfast table he invited any one who wished to taste bonito to try it, and he specially pressed it upon the attention of aunt Stammers. I am not quite sure, but I think the deception was successful, though I am certain that when she knew the truth it would not ruffle the habitual placidity of her temper. One morning during a protracted calm in the vicinity of the Equator, it was reported that a strange fish could be seen

about midship on the starboard side. The passengers gathered quickly, and looking over the rail a remarkable object was visible at a considerable depth. It had the appearance of a square-shouldered homocercal globe-fish, but what was very unusual, the lobes of its tail were longer than the body, and somewhat out of proportion. The creature was in an inclined position, its tail directed upwards, and on the side turned to the ship there was a brilliant eye near the edge of the head or body, for these were not distinguishable. At first, and indeed for some little time, a good deal of curiosity was awakened as to what it could be, for in the still clear depth of a sun-lit sea it looked like a thing of life. But after watching it for several minutes it was noticed that it never altered its attitude, and that its only movement was gradually downward. At last some one suggested that our too confiding passengers had been hoaxed, which proved to be true. Either by design or accident a sailor had dropped overboard an old pair of canvas trousers. The waistband being fastened, as the garment slowly sank, it became inflated, the distended legs forming the tail, whilst a metal button did duty as an eye. Altogether the illusion was exceedingly good, and it was not only amusing at the moment, but what in our circumstances was of no less value, it furnished a topic for conversation for some time afterwards.

Three weeks or a month after leaving Santiago Captain Jacks intimated that he intended to put in at the Cape of Good Hope to procure fresh provisions and water. Our course was shaped accordingly, but when we approached Table Bay, the summit of Table Mountain was enveloped in cloud (known to sailors as the "Devil's table cloth"), a certain indication of a coming storm, and in consequence he altered our destination to Simon's Bay, a smaller but more secure harbor a few miles further eastward. Here we arrived safely, and almost immediately afterwards a gale occurred which did much damage to vessels lying in Table Bay, some of which had to put to sea, and with others more or less disabled, including an American man-of-war, came into Simon's Bay a day or two afterwards.

On the Sunday morning after our arrival my two aunts, with one or two others of our party, went overland to Cape Town, attending divine service there, and visiting a Sunday school in the afternoon. They were greatly pleased with their outing, and on their return in the evening had much to tell. They were especially impressed with what they saw at the school, where black and white children mingled in the same classes, and in closing sang together the well known hymn, "We all love one another."

Our stay at Simon's Bay must have been at least a week. We refilled our water casks and replenished our stores, including some sheep, but the latter were not provided with small wagons to carry their tails, as we had been led to expect! Whilst this was going on the passengers went on shore frequently, and made excursions into the adjacent country. During one of these rambles, whilst we were strolling up a very narrow and rather steep lane, we heard a great noise behind us, and on looking round we were dismayed at seeing a bullock cart tearing up the lane after us. There was a "span" of twelve or fourteen oxen, and they seemed to have bolted, for they were galloping at full speed. The Hottentot driver was in the dray making a tremendous noise, and we concluded that he was drunk. Fortunately there was an opening in the hedge on one side of the lane, through which we scrambled until our pursuers had got past. Hottentots and others came off to the ship to sell fruit, vegetables, poultry, and various kinds of produce. One day my aunts introduced the subject of religion to a Hottentot from whom they had bought some fruit. I came upon them thus engaged: they had one of the tracts of which I have spoken, and they were earnestly trying to make the man understand it. The tract was headed "Ye must be born again"—a truth too deep for a first lesson, the difficulty of explaining it being aggravated by the inability of teachers and taught to converse except in a few words of broken English. Nevertheless the discussion was carried on in an excellent spirit: the little black man smiled over the whole extent of his flat face, and left the ship evidently proud in the

possession of the tract in question, and some others that my aunts gave him. Perhaps they were helpful to him or some one else: God knows, and a revealing time would come. It was casting bread upon the waters, to be found after many days. The seed was under the eye of the Husbandman—the Universal Father. My recollection of Simon's Town is that of a small settlement built around the base of a rather high hill springing up almost from the sea. On the bay side of this hill we boys used to roam, catching the small land tortoises that were very numerous, and of which we took several to show our friends on the barque.

After leaving Simon's Bay I do not remember the occurrence of anything unusual until we sighted St. Paul's and Amsterdam, between which we passed. The monotony would doubtless be relieved by occasionally seeing, and less frequently speaking, other vessels, by capturing a shark or albatross, or flying-fish that leaped on to the chain-plates to escape from hungry dolphin, or even by a calm. At sea small excitements are welcome; but whatever happened or did not happen, we boys did not suffer from *ennui*: our castle-building never relaxed. Week followed week, just as billow succeeded billow, and all the time we were steadily drawing nearer to our destination. At length the welcome cry was heard, for the last time with us—"Land O," and there away on the north-eastern horizon appeared in hazy outline the southern extremity of Tasmania's western mountain ranges. It is not easy to realise the exultation that is felt by passengers who for nearly six months have been imprisoned in a comparatively small vessel at sea. All past discomforts were now forgotten in the near prospect of reaching the unknown land which fancy had filled with riches and romance. Happily for us, as for all men, the future was enveloped in a mist as impenetrable as that which enwrapt the coast we were approaching, and like that, too, it could be removed only by patient waiting. We entered the Derwent through Storm Bay, and anchored out in the stream abreast of Hobart. This was on 13th of November, 1837. The

barque *Susan*, 572 tons, with 293 prisoners, and a guard of 28 rank and file of the 80th Regiment, arrived on 21st November, and anchored near to us. Whilst we were lying there, a violent southerly gale sprang up: the two vessels dragged their anchors, and swinging around each other, their cables fouled, and for a considerable time both were in peril. A small schooner actually broke adrift, and went on shore in the vicinity of the Old Wharf.

Although William IV. died as we were going down Channel, we did not bring the news here. We were anticipated by something like three weeks by the ship *Artemise*, 312 tons, which arrived at Launceston towards the end of October, 1837, and the intelligence was transmitted to Hobart by express next day. It was published in the *Courier* of 27th October, which was put into mourning with turned column rules throughout; 72 minute guns were fired from Mulgrave Battery, St. David's bell was tolled for an hour, and the principal officials, from the Governor downwards, were resworn.

The *Andromeda* had cargo for Launceston, for which port she sailed on 15th December, arriving there on 18th, whence she cleared out for Valparaiso on 2nd February, 1838. We, however, did not wait for her, but came overland. Postal communication between the two places was very imperfect in those days. It was maintained by a light chaise cart that gave accommodation to only the driver and one passenger, if any wished to go. I believe the journey each way occupied two days, and in consequence there was one mail a week. A little later, Mr. Cox, proprietor of the Cornwall Hotel, at Launceston, put on a four-horse coach, which required part of two days for each journey; but as the road improved (and ultimately its excellence became proverbial throughout Australasia) the coach ran through in one day, returning the next. After the death of Mr. Cox, his widow continued the service, and a few years afterwards the same enterprising lady added a night coach to carry the mails. But to return to my narrative. Several days necessarily elapsed before our arrival at Hobart was known to our friends in the

north, who had then to arrange for our conveyance thither. During the interval we sometimes went on shore, and on Sunday we were taken to the Brisbane-street Congregational Chapel in which the Rev. Frederick Miller preached. It may be mentioned that Mr. Miller was the first Congregational minister located in Australasia. In January, 1829, Mr. Henry Hopkins, a merchant in Hobart, wrote to the directors of the L. M. Society, requesting them to send a Congregational minister or missionary to Tasmania. The letter was laid before the students of Highbury College, and Mr. Miller expressed his willingness to accept the call. Having completed his College course, Mr. Miller was forthwith ordained, and sailed for Hobart, where he arrived in September, 1830. Religious services were commenced in a room in Elizabeth-street, the congregation consisting of about thirty persons. During the following May, Brisbane-street Chapel was commenced, and eleven months after, in April, 1832, it was opened for public worship. Meanwhile a church had been formed numbering nine persons, all of whom had been members of churches of that order in Great Britain. Mr. Miller thus became the first pastor of the first Congregational Church in Australasia.

In one of our rambles in the town we met a chain-gang—a number of convicts, perhaps forty or fifty, dressed in coarse cloth of black and yellow, and each wearing a small peaked leather cap. They marched in a line two abreast, every man having a chain about three feet long attached to his legs just above the ankle, and suspended in the middle by a small strap to a belt around his body; and along the centre of the line ran another chain to which each man was secured, and thus all were fastened together. These men were going to their work under the control of a warder armed with a musket. That was my introduction to a convict settlement, and young as I was the sight produced in me a feeling of revulsion, and I was greatly shocked. Alas, I soon became accustomed to the sickening sight, but though its physical effect diminished, my moral nature always recoiled from it with abhorrence. Years afterwards I was privileged to take an active part in the

great effort put forth by Australasia, and which was successful, for the abolition of transportation. I had thought of giving a sketch of the measures adopted by the colonists of Tasmania for accomplishing this object, but it would encroach too much upon my limited space. West's History supplies most of the details up to the date of publication (1852). The results of the system were awful, and the colonists resolved that it should be discontinued. An agitation for this purpose commenced about 1845, and the neighboring colonies soon made common cause. In January, 1851, the Anti-transportation League was formed, the delegates who drew it up declaring—"For our part it only remains for us to pronounce the unchangeable resolve of the Australasian people, that they will not suffer the setting up of European gaols within their bounds, or wear fetters imposed by foreign hands." The discovery of gold in New South Wales and Victoria in 1850–1, gave a marvellous impetus to the movement which terminated triumphantly, as already stated, in 1853. The welcome fact was communicated in a despatch from the Duke of Newcastle dated 22nd February of that year. With that movement I was more or less closely associated in some capacity from its inception. I was one of the earliest members of the League; and I obtained for our eldest child, an infant at the time, one of the medals struck to commemorate its bloodless victory. A great demonstration to celebrate the event was held throughout the island on 10th August, 1853. Twelve months later, 11th August, 1854, was observed as a day of humiliation and prayer on account of the war with Russia. Laughter and tears are sometimes closely associated.

In due course uncle J. S. Waddell went to Hobart to meet and welcome us. I remember his coming on board just after breakfast one morning, but what followed is not clear. I suppose two or three days would be required to make preparations for the overland journey to Launceston. Mr. Waddell engaged the "Fly," a four-wheeled vehicle, and pair of horses for the purpose, and it took as many as could be crammed into it, including the three

boys, the others going round in the ship. Twelve miles from Hobart we crossed the Derwent in a punt, the bridge and causeway at Bridgewater not having been completed. When two or three days later we reached Perth, we should have crossed the South Esk in a similar way—by a punt. The bridge there was in course of construction, and our driver nearly got into trouble through persisting to cross it though it was not ready for traffic. A number of prisoners were at work on it, and the overseer ran after us in a terrible passion, threatening what he would do on the driver's return; but as often happens under such conditions, in our case at any rate, there was no catastrophe! The journey occupied three or four days, but the only other incidents connected with it that I recollect are that one of the hotels at which we stayed was "stuck up" by bushrangers only a day or two before or after our visit; at another we were put into a bed deliciously soft and warm, but disgustingly redolent of mutton-bird feathers; whilst to my repeated enquiries as to where we were, uncle Waddell's invariable answer was, "in the bush," a phrase that to me was at the time utterly incomprehensible. I have since ascertained its meaning!

Just after passing Perth the road wound round a hill on which stood a gibbet, with a blackened body ornamented with chains hanging from it, and swinging as it was moved by the wind. The malefactor had been executed for a foul and deliberate murder. I believe the circumstances were as follows:—A person (whose name I have forgotten) had just arrived at Launceston from Sydney, and was to proceed to Hobart carrying with him a large sum of money. He secured a seat in the mail cart, which had room for only one passenger beside the driver, and he was to start the same evening. At the last moment, however, something occurred to delay him, and another person was glad of the opportunity to take his place. The first arrangement was known but not its alteration; and when the mail cart reached the bend in the road at the foot of the hill mentioned, the passenger was shot: but it was the wrong man. A woman was concerned in the crime. The murderer

was captured and executed, and his mummy-like body was exposed on the hill-top in the vain belief that it would deter others from similar crimes. The ghastly object was still suspended when we passed in November, 1837, and remained there for some time afterwards, hence the locality has since been known as "Gibbet Hill."

Our arrival in Launceston had been calculated with remarkable precision, for my father had sent his clerk, David Cleburne, to meet our carriage at the corner of Wellington and Frederick streets, he following a few minutes later. There Fred and myself left the others to go on to the brewery, where my uncles lived, whilst we walked home. But how shall I describe the shock I received on reaching home? *Home!* a miserable little four-roomed wooden cottage in Bathurst-street, still standing. Was it for this I had left the comforts and elegance of the large house at Ipswich, and sailed sixteen thousand miles across the ocean? Where was the three-storey house I had been told my father had built, and which I had been so eager to see? (It may be stated here that some of the letters that reached England before I left conveyed the intelligence to which I have adverted; but the building in question was merely a large shed in connection with the tannery, a bark mill and beam house occupying the ground floor, whilst the second and third storeys were assigned to the curriers!) My father had come out to meet us, and his joy at again seeing his two little boys was very touching. He led us into the house and introduced us to a meanly clad and fragile looking woman whom he spoke of as our "mother." It was too much for me: the strain and disappointment were too acute, and I burst into tears. Of course I did not recognise either: both were absolute strangers to me, and this was the second experience of the kind that I had met with in the last five months. After tea my father took us down to the brewery for general greetings, but my mother was too unwell to accompany us. When the time came for separating for the evening, my grief again exceeded my power of control: I broke into a paroxysm of weeping, and entreated that I might be permitted to remain with the

aunts with whom I had been living for the previous five or six months, and to whom, therefore, I had become accustomed. I am sure my behaviour on that occasion, though quite natural under the circumstances, must nevertheless have appeared very cruel. Here were eager parents just getting back a child they had not seen for nearly five years, and expecting their own yearning love to be as ardently reciprocated ; instead of which they were repelled with bitter tears and entreaties for permission to leave them ! I suppose they understood the case, and that my hostility was not of long duration, for Fred was with me and my two elder brothers ; I had numerous opportunities also of seeing my late shipmates, and so I gradually became accustomed to the altered circumstances. Fortunately it is not in the nature of childhood to dwell on the dark side of things.

Quite a new phase of existence opened upon me now : I had to make personal acquaintance with hard work. In those days servants of all kinds, domestic or outdoor, were prisoners ; indeed it was almost impossible to obtain others. One of the men in my father's employ, John Shore, I fear was a sad rascal, but being rather handy, sometimes assisted in house work. He was always addressed as Jack. Soon after my arrival, and whilst very verdant in such matters, I asked Jack, as delicately as I could approach such a subject, what he had been transported for. He did not seem the least annoyed or disconcerted by the question, but replied with the sweetest *naïveté* that he had been "sent out for setting fire to a fishpond, and bringing hay to put it out." Probably it was not intended as a rebuke, but I regarded it in that light, for I think I never afterwards interrogated man or woman in the same way. Another incident I recall to show the childlike simplicity—or was it consummate impudence ?—of this man. On one of the occasions when he was engaged in house work, he was desired to boil an egg. That the operation might be performed with exactitude in regard to time, a three-minute sandglass was handed

to him with the correct use of which he professed to be quite familiar. After an interval much longer than the operation needed, an enquiry was made as to whether the egg was ready. There came a negative reply, and after waiting a few more minutes, my mother went into the kitchen to ascertain the cause of the delay. There was Jack standing at the fire watching a saucepan boiling impetuously, and he vindicated his own assiduity by declaring that "the thing hadn't riz yet." He had put egg and glass into the saucepan simultaneously, believing, or affecting to believe, that when the egg was cooked the glass would rise to the surface! Whatever might have been the behaviour of similar glasses in Jack's experience, it is certain that in this instance the expected effect could not have occurred had the boiling process continued until now, for the heat had melted the sealing-wax with which the aperture at one end of the glass had been closed, and water had filled the bulbs designed only for sand. A female servant we had a little later may be mentioned as affording a companion picture to Jack. She was Irish—an immense woman, tall, stout, powerful, dirty. My mother was preparing a round of beef for boiling, and wanted some additional string for the purpose. Holding the meat in position she looked round for the needed article, when Mary, without a moment's hesitation or the slightest idea of impropriety, whipped off one of her garters and presented it as "a lovely bit of tape that would do well!" One of my father's men used to say that he did not mind robbing other people, but he would never rob his master nor allow others to do so. Low as is such a code of morality, I fear it is higher than many of his class would have affected, and I should not have liked to vouch for even his own loyalty to it if opportunity had offered her hand. I will mention only one other of these men, Joseph Fairclough—"Little Joe," we used to call him. Though a very small man he was very skilful at his trade (a "beam man"), but he was also an incorrigible drunkard. It is hard to say what he would not have done or attempted for a glass of rum. I have seen him, under the influence of drink,

marching like a soldier, up and down Elizabeth-street, with a crowbar on his shoulder for a musket. Or he would sit astride a post at the corner of Elizabeth and Bathurst streets, and allow men and boys to try to knock him off with sacks and door mats. Once when intoxicated, and having been refused some money, he threatened to shoot my father, and chased him about the yard with an old blunderbuss. My father knew that the poor sot was harmless, but my eldest brother Thomas was terribly alarmed. He followed closely behind Joe and tried to get the gun from him, and when at last he succeeded, it was found to be loaded with dry filth! On another occasion Joe was dared to descend a chimney of the Crown Inn (only a one-storey building then), at the corner of the two streets already named, of which he was an *habitué*. Accepting the challenge, he climbed on to the roof and commenced descent of the chimney. When about halfway down, a sudden contraction or bend in the flue stopped further progress, and his efforts to overcome the obstacle only held him more securely. He could not move either way. Not knowing what had happened, and doubtless in pursuance of a premeditated plan, Joe's challengers poured a bucket-full of water down the chimney, by which he was nearly drowned; and it was necessary to take down part of the masonry before he could be extricated. A lady in Hobart engaged a female convict as cook. She was exceedingly clever in her calling, but she could not endure any interference on the part of her mistress, much less her presence in the kitchen. Several times she had resented the latter most unequivocally but ineffectually, for on one occasion when the lady had gone into the kitchen to give some directions, the cook was up in arms, declaring that she "wouldn't have any mistress trapesing into her kitchen, and she *had been sent out for killing a man!*" After a hint so delicately conveyed, the lady thought it time to part company, which was done immediately.

I mention these cases to show the class of men and women with whom the young people of Tasmania's early days had very largely to associate; and yet many of them had not

originally been vicious. The criminal law of Great Britain was Draconic. Property was held as sacred as life—perhaps rather more so. The stealing of a horse or sheep was followed with the same penalty as murder; whilst if a man knocked down a rabbit or pheasant, he might be sentenced to seven years' transportation. Thus thousands of men were expatriated for offences that now would be punished by a slight fine, a few hours' imprisonment, or only an admonition. Too often through mischance or malice innocent persons were exiled, and stung by a sense of injustice they became reckless, and brutal treatment made them demons. The triangles and gallows were in constant—almost daily—requisition; human life and suffering evoked but little respect or sympathy. On 14th May, 1830, seven men were executed at Hobart for sheep stealing, robbery from the person, &c. Twenty-one had been sentenced to death, but the reporter announced that fourteen had been reprieved. This was found to be a mistake, for three days later two more were executed, and then another. In recording the last one the paper professed "the greatest satisfaction in adding that with this unfortunate man the work of death has ceased *for the present!*" The history of transportation to this island, with all its attendant horrors, is a record of awful crimes, shared perhaps equally by the prisoners and many of the officers charged with their control.

The stigma of convictism was encountered in every department of social life. It was the daily custom to march gangs of prisoners to their labor at road making, or some kind of similar work; even the police were prisoners, and the more cunning and least scrupulous obtained the most rapid advancement. When residing in Hobart, my wife and I were returning one evening from a visit. Our friends accompanied us part of the way, and meeting a constable one of them remarked—"There is one of the men I am always so glad when I have passed." Prisoners in private service were not allowed to be in the streets after eight o'clock at night without a "pass" from the employer, which had to be exhibited to any constable who might

demand to see it. Indeed some of the more officious of these gentry would stop free men on pretence that they were suspected probationers: occasionally they got more than they expected though not more than they deserved. Convicts in private service were required to "muster" every quarter, that is, they had to assemble at the barracks or police office on the morning of the Sunday notified for the purpose, and answer when their names were called; and there was a more minute annual muster. Crime of every degree was prevalent, and the cost to the colony of police, gaols, administration of justice, hospitals, and paupers was enormous.* One of the most humiliating effects of the transportation system was the regulation that required all outgoing ships to be searched by the police, to see that no convicts were endeavouring to escape. Vessels leaving Launceston had to bring up at George Town, and when the officials came on board all the passengers and crew had to range up and undergo inspection. As an element of prison discipline I suppose this was a necessary proceeding, but it was very galling to the free community. Nor was it entirely successful, for many prisoners got away notwithstanding, and the free colonists made no effort to prevent them! This obnoxious practice was not wholly discontinued until transportation had been abolished. A glorious deliverance it was for Tasmania and Australia when the accursed system was brought to a close.

* On 31st October, 1845, there were in the Launceston Gaol forty-two persons awaiting trial, of whom only one had not previously received a sentence of transportation.

CHAPTER III

Domesticated—a dear loaf—at Rev. Charles Price's school—his arrival and experiences—a good teacher—goats in the gorge—"Lob's Hole"—the "cranky man"—the "washerman" at the Basin—Revs. J. West and A. Morison—new church formed—Frederick-street Chapel—what Mr. West did for Launceston—Sydney bank lottery—editor *Sydney Morning Herald*—is succeeded by Rev. W. Law—Christ Church—histories of Tasmania—early burial grounds in Launceston.

In the circumstances under which our folks came to Tasmania, there was no place for idleness, and as soon as we boys were able, we had to lend a hand in providing for the necessities of the family. My two elder brothers had light work found for them in the tanyard, whilst Fred and I had to help our mother in the house and look after the younger children. In this way I became "domesticated," and not infrequently I was entrusted with the culinary arrangements for the day. About that time, 1839, bread was selling at from 2*s*. 6*d*. to 3*s*. the four-pound loaf; in August of that year wheat was selling in Launceston at 30*s*. a bushel. With such prices ruling it was necessary to economise the consumption of bread, and numerous expedients were resorted to for that purpose. Fortunately potatoes were abundant, and there was a good supply of Java rice which was fairly cheap, and in preparing this for the table I took considerable pride, treating it in a variety of marvellous fashions devised by juvenile ingenuity, but which did not always meet with anticipated admiration! Much of the butter (Cork "Rose") was imported from Ireland, also salt pork in barrels. Probably all the cheese consumed here in those days was imported from England.

Some little time after our arrival, perhaps a few months, Thomas, Barnard, Charles, and myself were sent to the school of the Rev. Charles Price, pastor of the Congrega-

tional Church in Tamar-street. Mr. and Mrs. Price had come to Tasmania in the *Princess Royal*, with free female emigrants, sailing on 3rd April, 1832. After knocking about Storm Bay for a week in the teeth of a head wind which increased to a gale, the ship lost her sails and went ashore on the sand in Frederic Henry Bay, on 23rd August. There was no loss of life, and ultimately the ship and cargo were saved. From Pittwater Mr. and Mrs. Price proceeded in a bullock cart to Kangaroo Point, whence they crossed in a boat to Hobart. Finding that anticipated preparation had not been made for his settlement there, Mr. Price was advised to go to Launceston and endeavour to establish a church. He remained about four months during which he was busily engaged in social and religious work, but before definite arrangements could be made, he was invited to Sydney to the Pitt-street Congregational Chapel, which had been recently built but was still unoccupied, though an application for a minister had been sent to England. With some reluctance Mr. Price complied, but he had been in Sydney only a few weeks when the minister (whose coming had been despaired of) arrived from England, and Mr. Price again moved on to Port Stephens. After nearly three years spent at the latter place without any prospect of forming a Congregational church, Mr. Price resolved to return to Launceston, where he arrived on 29th April, 1836. In the interval between his first and second visits, our people had arrived and settled, and on his return steps were immediately taken to form a Congregational church, and to erect a building for divine service. The chapel was opened for public worship on 6th September, 1837, rather more than two months before my arrival. The builder was Mr. William Morrisson, who emigrated to the colony in the *Amelia Thompson* the previous year, and whose wife's sister, Miss Ann Cross, married Mr. Waddell on 28th September, about three weeks after the opening of the church. The minister's house was at the end of the chapel, and the basement was used for Sunday and week-day schools.

Going to a " man's school " was a new experience for me, and there I mingled with lads who afterwards occupied

prominent positions in various walks of life. As the school was about a mile from our house, we usually took something for lunch, or we would call at a baker's shop and buy a bun or an Abernethy biscuit for each, taking a regular dinner when we got home. When fortune favored the extravagance, we occasionally indulged in the luxury of a Bath bun (at twopence each !) made by Lassetter, whose shop was at the S.E. corner of Charles and Brisbane streets. Those buns were not to be forgotten. They were large and liberally studded with lumps of loaf sugar which partially dissolving left *nidi* of luscious nectar. I have never tasted their equals since. Mr. Price was a good teacher, and as he had a large school it became necessary to employ an assistant : while we were there, this position was filled by a Mr. Rocheford. Discipline was strictly enforced, and every afternoon at closing time the boys had to range up in line, sing the first verse of the Evening Hymn to flute accompaniment by learners, then march round the room past the master's desk, and so out. On one occasion a boy who had nearly reached the door, gave a loud and jubilant whistle. Mr. Price heard it, ordered an instant halt, and demanded to be informed who had done it. No one could tell, for the actual offender and those immediately near him—the only ones who could know—had probably got outside. But Mr. Price was inexorable. He had the door shut, and he made the imprisoned boys march round and round the room, and as each passed his desk he received a cut with the cane. This went on for some minutes, the more wide-awake and venturesome lads occasionally dodging under the desks and joining the march on the other side, thus avoiding the irate master and his cane. But the game was too lively to be continued indefinitely, and so, fatigued and baffled, Mr. Price had to give it up, but he kept the boys in until during his absence Mrs. Price let them out. The real offender and his accomplices had, of course, escaped entirely. Mr. Price died 4th August, 1891, aged eighty-four ; he had been pastor of Tamar-street Church fifty-five years.

For some little time at this period our household was

FIRST BASIN: GIANT'S GRAVE AND LOE'S HOLE IN FOREGROUND.

supplied with goats' milk. We had a flock ranging from three or four to double that number, and it was the duty of us boys to look after them. After milking in the morning they were turned out to feed on the Cataract Hill, and with the instinct of their species they always chose the wildest and least accessible (for human beings) part of the Gorge. In the afternoon one of us had to bring them home, and I have often been appalled on subsequent visits to see the dangerous places that we lightly traversed in pursuit of the truant goats. On one occasion I found a cave that had been formed by immense blocks of greenstone that had fallen together. There was an opening about four feet high, and as I entered, a large yellow owl flew out brushing my face with its wings. This bird (*Strix castanops*) stands about twenty inches high, and is rather scarce.

Persons well acquainted with the upper part of the Cataract Gorge will remember that it bifurcates a short distance below the mill dam. A branch, known as "Lob's Hole," turns southerly and runs westerly to the Basin, being separated from the river on the northern side by a very steep hill known as "The Giant's Grave." Long ages ago this hill was an island, a portion of the river flowing on each side. All the rock in the vicinity is basaltic, but a well defined dike of greenstone cuts through the Cataract Hill on the southern side of the river, and appears on the surface at the mouth of Lob's Hole close to the Basin. This rock is of much finer texture than that which surrounds it, and it occurs in horizontal beds. On the other, or northern, side of the Giant's Grave the rock is columnar, and in consequence much more easily acted upon by the river. In process of time, therefore, the northern channel became so deep that the other was left dry and remained so. That is the obvious history of Lob's Hole, and I refer to it here not as a geological contribution, but to make clear to the reader the locality of what follows. At the lower or eastern end of Lob's Hole, just where the gully turns to join the river, there is a cave formed by immense blocks of diorite that have fallen together from the cliffs above.

This cave was the abode of a singular being at the time I am speaking of. He was known as "the cranky man," and he was the terror of boys who frequented that part of the hill. In my mind's eye I can see him now most distinctly. He invariably wore a long top coat, very old and patched with all kinds of material; it was always open, and his other garments were of a similar character. He carried a formidable stick, and never was without one or two dogs. Though leading this wild kind of life, I never heard him accused of crime, but he used to chase boys who ventured near his den, and provoked him by calling names and throwing stones. Occasionally, too, he would surprise and alarm ladies crossing the hill to the Basin. How he lived no one could imagine. He came into town almost every day and went to the Wharf, where he sometimes got a job on the river or coasting vessels. As far as my memory serves me he disappeared with befitting mystery. Since then I have frequently visited his cave, which certainly could not be truthfully described as being "replete with every convenience." In our pursuit of the goats we often saw "the cranky man," and we took all sorts of care that neither he nor his dogs should see us.

One circumstance awakens memories of others: I am now reminded of another droll character who for several years lived almost a solitary life at the Basin. His name was Wagstaff, but he was known as "the washerman." He used to come into town and collect clothes from various persons and take them to wash at the Basin. Latterly he had a pony with a pack saddle for his purpose. His hut was near to the Basin, a little to the left of the road, and when the river was unusually flooded the water drove him out.

We did not attend Mr. Price's school very long, probably not more than a year. In 1838 the Colonial Missionary Society (London), formed only two years previously, sent out two Congregational ministers to assist in providing for the spiritual wants of the colony. They arrived at the close of the year, and were the Revs. John West and

Alexander Morison. The latter was located on the southern side; whilst the former, with his family, came north.* Mr. West was a man of rare intellectual power, genial, and warm-hearted, and he quickly secured admirers who developed into attached and lasting friends. Immediately after his arrival (end of December, 1838) he preached a few times in Tamar-street Chapel, the text on the first occasion probably being suggested by the new experiences that he and his loved ones were just entering upon. In a far-off land, and surrounded by strangers, would it be surprising if, in some degree however slight, "they feared as they entered into the cloud?" (Luke 9 c. 34 v.) On the second occasion his text was taken from Deuteronomy 32 c. vv. 9–12:—"For the Lord's portion is his people: Jacob is the lot of his inheritance. He found him in a desert place, and in the waste-howling wilderness; he led him about, he instructed him, he kept him as the apple of his eye. As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings; so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange God with him." Doubtless the same thought would be present to his mind on both occasions, and it would find fitting expression in the noble song of Moses before he was lost amidst the solitudes of Nebo. Of that particular text I have the most vivid recollection. These first sermons made a profound impression as did also those that followed, and thoughtful hearers saw at once that the preacher was not an ordinary man—certainly not one to be relegated to the bush. An unpleasant division of opinion (which has long since been healed) arose in the little church in consequence, "and the contention was so sharp between them that they departed asunder one from the other"—as we read had occurred even in apostolic experience. More than half the members left the Tamar-street church, and formed themselves into another of which Mr. West was invited to become the pastor. It was on 12th June, 1840, that the new fellowship was formally

* Mr. Morison had previously been a resident of Hobart, and had gone to England to study for the ministry.

inaugurated: it commenced with seventeen members, the latest survivor of whom, Mrs. Fairthorne, sen., died towards the close of 1897. At first the Infant School-room, in Frederick-street, was appropriately used by the infant church for preaching purposes; but very soon a piece of land fronting on the same street, midway between Wellington and Charles streets, (where the Primitive Methodist Church now stands), was leased, and a wooden building was purchased and converted into a chapel. This building had been erected in a different part of the town, and was dragged through the streets to its new site by a team of bullocks. I have only a very indistinct recollection of the opening ceremony; but soon afterwards we heard of the massacre of the Rev. John Williams and Mr. Harris by the natives of Erromanga, on 20th November, 1839. It is probable that the mournful intelligence did not reach this island until early in 1840, and the little chapel was then open, for I remember it was crowded when Mr. West preached on the subject, his text being, "Be still and know that I am God: I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted in the earth" (Psalm 46, v. 10). John Williams had visited Hobart in 1818, and conducted an open air service there—the first service ever held in Hobart unconnected with the Convict Department.

REV. JOHN WEST.

A Sunday school was established of which for a time my father was the superintendent (he had held a similar position at Tamar-street), and amongst the male teachers were Mr. John Perkins (Perkins & Bennett, drapers and grocers; they started business at the close of 1838, at corner of Brisbane and St. John streets, where Barclay's buildings are now) and Mr. Thomas Alcock, who died at Perth a few

years ago. Mr. Perkins had the senior class of boys, of whom I was one. He adopted what I consider a very wise course with young people: he encouraged us to commit to memory large portions of the Scriptures. On one occasion he rewarded me with a book of which I was proud at the time, but maturer judgment has convinced me it was quite unsuitable for a boy ten or eleven years old, viz., "Owen on Indwelling Sin." It was presented to me one Sunday afternoon, and in the evening I proposed to read a sample passage to my mother, which she declined! With all my first enthusiasm I think I never ventured beyond the first chapter: it was strong meat ill adapted for babes in Christ. Here, too, my father "gave out" the hymns and set the tunes, as he continued to do for some years after the larger church (now Milton Hall) was built. I may mention that when the rupture occurred at Tamar-street, and we boys left Mr. Price's school, Mr. West very kindly invited us to go to his house two or three days a week, when he assisted us to keep up our Latin and other studies until another school could be provided. In this way we got to know his habits and modes of thought very intimately—information which a few years later was of considerable value to me.

Before long increased accommodation was required, and then it was resolved to erect a larger and more substantial building. A site was purchased a little higher up the same street facing the Square, and the chapel was built. A portion of the required money was raised on a mortgage for which fifteen per cent. interest was paid. It is now known as Milton Hall, but when first erected it was St. John Square Congregational Chapel. The foundation stone was laid on Thursday, 2nd September, 1841, by Rev. Henry Dowling (Baptist). The contractor was Mr. George Gould.* The dedication service was held on Friday evening, 12th August, 1842; and on the following Sunday three services were held, the preachers being—morning, Rev. H. Dowling; afternoon, Rev. Joseph Beazley (Congregational,

* Mr. Gould died many years ago, and his widow on 30th March, 1902, at the extreme age of ninety-two years.

of Green Ponds); evening, Rev. James Garrett (Presbyterian). Somewhere about the same time, perhaps an early anniversary of church or school, the Rev. Robert Russell (Presbyterian, of Evandale) preached; he made an impression upon me by his reading of the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come," &c. Some years later I was brought into closer intercourse with Mr. Russell, and became much attached to him.* With the new chapel it became necessary to start the nucleus of a choir, so on the platform there were beside my father, who sang bass; Mr. Waddell, air; and Mr. Tozer, alto. As time went on a harmonium was added, which later was replaced by a small pipe organ; and this in its turn was superseded by the very fine organ now used in Christ Church. A bazaar and exhibition of paintings, to aid in liquidating the debt on the chapel, was held on March 11 and 12, 1851. The proceeds amounted to £172.

As previously stated, Mr. West was a man of colossal intellect, which he was constantly improving by study. Almost always he seemed lost in thought, even when walking in the streets, the effect of which was to make him absent-minded, and he would pass well known persons without noticing them. This mental abstraction was often carried into the pulpit, where he would do strange things. One of the antics most frequently performed while preaching was to hold two diagonal corners of his handkerchief (if he had one) just above the Bible, and stretch it out to its fullest extent, now to right and now to left, or he would unconsciously tie it into knots, his kindly face always lit up with a smile, while his musical voice fell soothingly upon the listeners' ears. Sometimes he would misplace his

* Mr. Russell arrived in the colony in the early part of 1837, and almost immediately was invited to become the minister of the infant Presbyterian Church at Evandale. Here he resided for nearly forty years, preaching not only at Evandale, but also at remote places in the bush whatever the season or weather. Failing health, however, compelled him to resign, and he went to Victoria, living on his brother's station for several months. Returning to Launceston on a visit early in 1877, apparently much improved in health, and whilst staying for a few days with his old friend, the late Mr. John Fawns, he became suddenly ill from failure of the heart, and died there on 31st March, having reached the proverbial limit of threescore years and ten.

handkerchief, or perhaps he would not have one, and then his distress would be obvious.

To Mr. West's far-seeing wisdom Launceston was indebted for several institutions that rendered very great service to the public at the time, and most of them continue to the present day. Amongst these were the Mechanics' Institute, the City Mission, the General Cemetery, and the Cornwall Insurance Company, though the latter was amalgamated with a British office (the Commercial Union Assurance Company, Limited) a few years back. In reference to the Cemetery I find the following explanatory note in the Church-book of St. John Square Chapel (now Christ Church): —"The burial ground known as the Launceston Cemetery was purchased by several inhabitants as a place of general interment upon the recommendation of the pastor and officers of this church. In this ground several of the beloved of the Lord rest in Him. The sacred spot, increasingly endeared by every deposit of sacred dust, is under the care of trustees who are expected, when the purchase money is refunded to the subscribers, to hold it for the free use of the town, subject only to such charges as may be required to keep the ground in good order. Opened July 29, 1841."

Mr. West was the principal mover in calling the *Examiner* into existence, and it was his powerful writing for it that gave the paper such immediate and far-reaching influence. The community had long been terrorised by a licentious press: no one's character was safe: calumnies most false and brutal were scattered broadcast, and he who had the hardihood to remonstrate became the next victim. After the establishment of the *Examiner* all that was at an end, and ere long the papers that had been the most flagrant offenders ceased to exist. From the middle of 1845, when my connection with the *Examiner* office began, I was brought into very close and frequent communication with Mr. West, so that I had exceptionally good opportunities of learning his views on different questions, social and political as well as religious, and I admired the calm judicial spirit in which they were treated. For several years he was engaged on his "History of Tasmania;" it was printed at the *Examiner*

office, published in 1852, and at once became the standard authority. He was the apostle and mainspring of the anti-transportation movement which had for its object the freeing of Australasia from the stigma and blight of convictism, and which was at last successful. I came to regard him with a feeling of peculiar admiration and affection, and the latter I am sure he reciprocated, for he took me into his confidence on many occasions. In 1848 one of the Sydney banks got up a huge lottery for the purpose of disposing of a number of properties that had fallen into its hands, the morality of the transaction being overshadowed by its apparent expediency, as is too often the custom with institutions as well as individuals. Mr. West strongly opposed the scheme; and a very trenchant letter to the *Examiner* (December 30), signed "A Parson," which I wrote at his dictation, gave great offence to the directors. Several times during his absence from home, chiefly on anti-transportation business, he left me in a measure in charge of his house from a few days to two or three weeks at a stretch, that is, I used to sleep there; and when he finally removed to Sydney, I looked after the property for him, and eventually sold it. On the evening of 29th June, 1852, it having become known that the work of the Australasian League had practically been accomplished, a meeting of St. John Square Chapel congregation was held, when an address was presented to Mr. West, assuring him of unabated affection and esteem. Accompanying the address was a purse containing one hundred and fifty sovereigns. In October, 1854, he resigned the pastorate of St. John Square Chapel, and went to Sydney to become editor of the *Sydney Morning Herald*, a position the proprietor, Mr. Fairfax, had for some years persistently endeavored to induce him to assume. He had been pastor of St. John Square Church for sixteen years, and he held the responsible office of editor of the *Herald* until his death, which occurred on 12th December, 1873, at the age of sixty-five years.

Mr. West was succeeded in the pastorate of St. John Square Church by Rev. William Law, in October, 1854.

In 1851 Mr. Law had visited Launceston on his way to the mission field, from which he was compelled to retire by the failing health of Mrs. Law. On reaching Melbourne Mr. Law found letters inviting him to the vacant pulpit at Launceston, or held by Mr. West only until a successor could be found. Here he labored strenuously and successfully for nearly fifty years, rendering valuable aid to every movement designed to benefit the community, and seeing the church under his care steadily increasing.

Though reaching down to a more modern date than I had prescribed for myself at starting these notes, I cannot resist the temptation to record a very interesting event in connection with Mr. West's family. His youngest son, William, following in the steps of his father, became a Congregational minister, and had a church near Sydney. Quite unexpectedly he arrived in Launceston early in February, 1907, for the benefit of his health, which had suddenly broken down, and he was anxious to avoid recognition so that his rest might be uninterrupted. Being a native of this city, he and his wife strolled about reviving memories of old spots, and gazing with surprise and admiration at the improvements that had been effected in the fifty-three years during which he had been absent. On entering Christ Church to worship on Sunday morning, 10th of February, he became known, and after an interview in the vestry with the pastor, Rev. Mearns Massie, he was induced to conduct the evening service. Arrangements were immediately made to give him a reception and welcome on the following Tuesday evening in the school-room. The ladies of the congregation entered upon the work with

REV. W. LAW.

enthusiasm: the room was prepared as a drawing-room, refreshments were provided, and there was a large gathering. A most interesting and pleasant evening was passed, and Mr. West seemed to be as delighted as he was surprised at the honor done to him, which he interpreted as done to the revered memory of his father. He left Launceston on his return to Sydney on 14th February.

Having spoken of West's "History of Tasmania," I should mention that a very excellent history by Mr. James Fenton was published by Walch & Sons, Hobart, in 1884. It is perhaps better adapted for general readers, as it epitomises what Mr. West has given in detail, and it records events thirty years later. Curiously enough, both histories were printed at the *Examiner* office during my connection with it. Mr. Fenton died on 24th June, 1901.

Reference having been made to the Charles-street Cemetery, it may be interesting to note that the oldest cemetery in Launceston is probably the Anglican at Elphin. Originally it was at the intersection of York and High streets. In all probability this was used for general purposes until the year 1826, when an exclusively Anglican cemetery was opened at Elphin, the first interment in which seems to have been that of Rev. John Youl, who died in 1827. Mr. Youl was one of the earliest ministers of St. John's Church. Many years after the transfer to Elphin the land at York and High streets was sold, and became the site of the handsome villas that now stand there. A Jewish burial ground was originally below that held by the Anglican body, and when the latter was moved to Elphin the former was exchanged for a small piece of ground at the corner of High and Balfour streets. This in its turn was resumed by the Crown and sold, another small section of Invermay being assigned to the Jewish community as their place of sepulture. I know not how long, but it must be a great many years since there was a Hebrew burial there. Since the beginning of 1906 all the intramural cemeteries have been closed, a large general burial place having been opened at Carr Villa, rather more than two miles from Launceston.

CHAPTER IV

At Mr. Kelly's school—my library—working at home—experience with bullocks—we move to a new house—bark stripping at the Forth—*Wallace* wrecked—my first visit to the north coast—revival of shipboard day-dreams—angling in the Cataract—toadfish—attempt at smuggling—horse races—regattas—Cup-day at Flemington—arrival of Mr. Joseph Waddell and family.

THE attendance of my elder brothers, cousin, and self at Mr. West's was as intended, very brief. Mr. Peter Kelly, a Scotchman, had opened a school in the vestry of the old Kirk fronting on to Charles-street, just below Cimitiere-street, now much enlarged and used by Mr. James Walden as a store. Mr. Kelly did not receive the support he expected, and soon gave up teaching. I may then have been eleven or twelve years old, but that was the last school I attended: my subsequent educational attainments, whatever they have been, were the result of my own efforts. I was always intensely fond of reading, and as soon as I decided on becoming a printer it was my ambition to collect a library. As quickly as opportunity permitted I added book to book, and I think I may claim some credit for my selections. They were invariably of the sort that instruct and stimulate thought. I was very proud when I had purchased at an auction mart a rather dilapidated and probably the earliest edition of the "London Cyclopedia," in ten or twelve volumes imperial octavo. Some years after I sold this and replaced it with "Chambers's Cyclopedia," which had just been published. To these I added Butler's Analogy, two or three volumes of the "Bridgewater Treatises," the Iliad, Virgil, the Odyssey, Guizot's History of Representative Government, Lamartine's History of the Girondists, Michelet's French Revolution, Adam

Smith's Political Economy, Shakspeare, Milner's Church History, Layard's Nineveh, and a few others of similar character. My taste for physical science led me to indulge somewhat freely in this class of literature. Hugh Miller was an especial favorite, and I secured one of the first three copies received in Launceston of Darwin's Origin of Species. I mention these to show the direction of my reading. Whilst still retaining an ardent love for science, increasing years have brought with them a deepening interest in social questions, particularly in religion—not controversial theology, but those sublime yet simple truths which are essential to salvation, and which are calculated to bring daily life into harmony with professed faith.

When we three elder boys left school we were at an age when we could be useful at home, and our parents were still in circumstances when even our help was needed. Each of us had certain duties assigned to him. Occasionally one would do light work, such as "handling" at the tan pits; more frequently one would have a day at bark grinding, keeping the mill fed and driving the horse, and then he would tie a handkerchief over his mouth and nostrils to hinder the bark dust from entering those apertures; but generally we were employed in the currying shop, where work adapted to our strength could be found more easily. A little later the duty was specially assigned to me to go round every morning to the butchers' shops and gather up skins from the sheep just killed. I had a horse and dray for the purpose of which I was proud—at least at first, but this feeling diminished with the novelty. A small book was provided for each butcher, and after I had counted the skins on to the dray he would write the number and date in his book: I would then go on to the next, and so on. The skins from the various establishments were separated by being turned different ways—flesh and wool in alternation, and they were counted off the dray in the same way. I used to start about six o'clock in the morning, and got home in time for breakfast. It was not an agreeable task, and I used to feel disgust at seeing pigs fed on the blood and offal from the slaughter houses: they would fight over the

gruesome food like tigers. Once a young grey horse—a Suffolk Punch—I was driving got startled and tried to bolt, but I stuck to his head, though at some peril to myself, and was able to stop him. After breakfast the dray was sent to the general Slaughter House, on the southern slope of the Cataract Hill, for hides, but a man was in charge then, as they were too heavy for me to handle. At that time only cattle were killed at the general Slaughter House: sheep, pigs, and calves were killed by the butchers at their own establishments. There are many objections to such an arrangement, and I remember that on one occasion (6th September, 1845) a large Newfoundland dog was killed and its carcase exposed for sale as veal. Fortunately the police got word in time to prevent its distribution, and the butcher was fined £5. He alleged in his defence that he was quite ignorant of the affair, and that it was the result of malice.

There were no police regulations in regard to the driving of cattle to the public slaughter house, consequently they were to be met with at all hours and in any place. It was a common occurrence to see two or three men on horseback at full gallop driving four or five wild bullocks through the town. A pedestrian passing along a street might hear the crack of a whip, and looking round at the well understood signal, he would see an infuriated beast within a few yards of him, and he would have to dart into the first shop or house whose friendly door was open. Several severe accidents —some of them fatal—were caused by this reckless and reprehensible practice. I remember one occasion on which a bullock that had been hunted and tortured to madness by whips and dogs, took refuge in a water hole in the Brickfields, where it was eventually shot. In consequence of the danger resulting from this pernicious custom, we boys were always on the look-out for harbors of refuge to which we might fly for shelter in such emergencies.

I was much struck with the general use of bullocks for draught purposes. I had seen them at the Cape, but did not expect to meet with them here. One day soon after my arrival, a load of wattle bark, drawn by bullocks, came

to my father's yard, and as it was dinner-time, it had to wait until the men returned before it could be discharged. The cart was drawn up between the large shed of which I have spoken and the line of tan pits, and as the bullocks were by themselves I went to look at them. They were standing so meekly, with heads drooping nearly to the ground, and their pensive eyes almost closed. I thought them amiable and interesting creatures, and went up to one in the kindest manner, and with gentle, loving words began to stroke it: I say began, for I had no sooner touched the animal's side with my hand than the ill-mannered brute kicked out sideways, as is their wayward practice, and knocked me into a tan pit! It is wonderful how rapidly a trifling incident like that will change one's tenderest opinions and inclinations! I did not feel like coaxing bullocks again! Another somewhat later experience I had with working bullocks was equally unsatisfactory though less tragic in its result. Going along Wellington-street one afternoon, I encountered a man driving a bullock cart. He wanted to go into an adjacent shop for something, and asked me to walk alongside the bullocks for a minute or two, telling me they were perfectly quiet, and at the same time investing me with the coveted emblem of office, the long-handled whip. I was willing enough to undertake the job, and the man disappeared. For a few yards all went smoothly, but then the bullocks became restive and tortuous in their method of progression; they yawed about the street, and not understanding the expressions "Come hither" and "Gee off," emphasized by the usual incendiary language that working bullocks are supposed to comprehend and appreciate, I ran behind the dray from side to side, trying to make the brutes go straight. But all my efforts were in vain: the more I fumed the more stupid and obstinate did those animals become; until at last, as if wearied with my inefficiency and resolved to be rid of it, the team started off at a brisk trot. I was scared, and throwing the whip into the dray I vanished up another street, just as the driver came out of the shop and pursued the run-away team at his utmost speed. I did not stop

to watch the result or to make enquiries, nor have I ever essayed bullock driving since!

Two or three years after my arrival in the colony my brother Edward was born. Our family thus increasing in numbers as well as in size, rendered the little four-roomed cottage altogether too small, and my father decided to build a larger house. The site chosen fronted on Margaret-street, the western boundary of the block of land he occupied, which ran through from Bathurst-street. This was a two-storey house of brick, and as the ground sloped downwards from the street, it was excavated in front sufficiently to form a basement storey, the anterior part serving as a cellar, and the back part a kitchen. There were also attics, so that in a sense it was a four-storey house; and although there were a good many steps to go up and down daily, it was a wonderful improvement on what we had been accustomed to. I think it was some time in 1840 that we moved into the new house.

About the same time (perhaps a little later), I paid my first visit to the north-west coast. My interest in that part of the country had been awakened by some business relations that we had with it a short time previously. My father had been informed that wattle bark was abundant in the vicinity of the Forth, and having confirmed the report by a personal visit, he made arrangements for stripping on a large scale. He engaged a number of men who were put in charge of an overseer named Surman; and the party, well provided with rations and tools, were sent to the Forth in a small fore-and-aft schooner of 12 or 15 tons called the *Wallace*, worked by two brothers appropriately named M'Intyre—John and Donald. The boat had to visit the Forth periodically to take supplies and bring away the bark. When the season for stripping terminated, the men were employed splitting palings and shingles until they could be removed. Whilst these operations were going on my father went down occasionally to see how things were progressing, and once, from some cause which I do not remember, he had to come home from the Forth in a whaleboat. It was a hazardous undertaking,

but after being out a short time, and seeing how skilfully the boat was handled, my father said he did not feel the slightest fear. He was particularly struck with the dexterity of John M'Intyre, who acted as steersman. This stripping enterprise had a tragical termination. In April, 1841, poor Surman's engagement having terminated, he was returning to town, and took his passage in the *Wallace*. The schooner arrived off the Tamar heads one evening, and anchored at the White Buoy to wait for the tide and daylight. The last thing before dark she was seen from the lighthouse to be riding to her anchor all right, and the night was fine ; but next morning she was found stranded on the Barrel Reef which lies off the north-west horn of Pilots' Bay. Some of Mr. Surman's papers were recovered, but the bodies of the men were never found. It was supposed that before turning in the men had not given out sufficient chain, and that as the tide rose she lifted her anchor and dragged on to the reef.

At the time to which I now refer, Mr. Thomas Drew, who had been in the employ of a friend of my father, was the owner and master of a small fore-and-aft schooner, the *Waterwitch*, 22 tons, with which he traded to Port Sorell, the Mersey, Don, Forth, occasionally to Emu Bay and Circular Head, and some years later to Melbourne. He invited me to make a trip with him, to which I gladly assented, and was handed over to his care. Of course I took my gun (acquired as narrated a little later), and I had a "good time." At the entrance to Port Sorell, our first place of call, there are three islets known as the Sisters : at low water they are united. I requested to be put on shore there, and I spent several hours in pursuit of redbills (white-breasted oyster-catcher—*Hæmatopus longirostris* ?), but my impression is that I did not get a bird. A little higher up the river (the Rubicon) there is another small flat island near to Squeaking Point, that was occupied by a man known as "Tom the Islander." He had a fine garden from which we obtained fruit and vegetables. Port Sorell was then a thriving place, the town, Burgess, being the principal police station on the coast, and second only

to Circular Head. Proceeding thence to the Mersey we went up to the Ballast-ground and took in some shingles, which had to be carried from the water's edge, put into the dinghy, and taken to the craft. In doing this, the men had to wade three or four yards through shoal water, part of which was thick with dead foliage. This work occupied from twenty minutes to half an hour, and when it was completed and the men got back into the dinghy, their legs were streaming with blood. The cause was soon apparent : a leech was still adhering to one man's leg, and others were crawling about the boat. The water through which the men had been wading swarmed with these hirudinean vampires.

Leaving the Mersey we went to the Forth where we completed loading, and then returned to Launceston. At the time of this visit there was only one residence at the Mersey—that of Mr. Henry Bonney, at Ballahoo, on a selection of land belonging to Miss Moriarty, of Hobart. Two or three years later, in 1844, a constable's hut was erected at the "Narrows" to hinder the escape of prisoners by means of the small craft trading to those remote and sparsely peopled places. At the little bay on the eastern side where the jetty now is, there was a shed which had been jointly built by neighboring settlers for their common use as a store for potatoes when waiting for a craft ; hence it was known as "Tater Bay." Thick bush extended down to high water mark on both sides of the river, and game of all kinds was abundant. It then was a really pretty place, and at flood tide the river was literally alive with fish. There was danger from bushrangers, and we lay out a good distance from the shore in consequence. If any one hailed the craft, especially at night, the boat would not go off unless the voice was recognised. As a matter of fact, not long after my visit two bushrangers attempted to take the *Waterwitch* so that they might escape from the island ; but both were captured by Mr. Drew, who displayed great courage on the occasion, and was suitably rewarded by the Government.

As was to be expected with boys, the novelty of our

new surroundings and the fresh acquaintanceships formed, for a time over-shadowed all our shipboard speculations and projects. When, however, we had become accustomed to altered conditions, our former day-dreams revived, and we proceeded to put them into execution as soon as circumstances permitted. Amongst other boy's requisites, my Ipswich box had been stored with fishing tackle, and this I put in order for cousin Charles and myself. There was some natural hesitancy on the part of our parents in allowing two lads so young as we were to go by ourselves for several hours to such a deep, solemn, secluded river as the Cataract (South Esk); but at length, I suppose after many earnest protestations that we would be very careful, permission was given, and we started forth with bounding hearts to secure for ourselves a niche in the Temple of Fame. But we did not find it! We tried in this place and that place, at various depths, and with all conceivable baits, but those unknown fish that we had been so sure only awaited our advent, refused all our blandishments, and with a modesty which I have since found to be quite unusual in the colonies, insisted on remaining unknown!

But our efforts were not altogether fruitless, for we became very expert at catching the small indigenous trout, about the size of the English gudgeon, with which all Tasmanian streams abound. In summer, when there was but little fresh water in the river, the tide brought salt water up to the foot of the Falls. One day while we were angling there we caught a number of toadfish (*Apistes marmoratus*), a handsome spotted but poisonous fish about six or eight inches long, with which that part of the river seemed to be absolutely alive. Fortunately we had been cautioned against them, and we tried to avoid them, as they frequently cut our lines with their plated teeth. But when we did hook and land one, we laid it on the hot rocks in the sun, and in ten or fifteen minutes it swelled up like a bladder, when we would stamp on it suddenly, and it exploded like a pistol shot. About this time a brig came in from Mauritius, and to amuse themselves on a Sunday

the crew started fishing, and having caught and eaten a number of toadfish, they became dangerously ill, whether fatally or not I forget. This reminds me that an extensive case of smuggling was attempted about the same time (April, 1843). "From information received" the Landing-waiters went on board the barque *Westbrook*, loading for Sydney, to examine ten butts that had been transhipped from the *Jane*, from Manilla *via* Hobart, and said to contain sugar. The interior of the casks was divided into compartments in which were a dozen or fourteen earthenware jars each containing from three to four gallons of spirit forty per cent. over proof. Duty had been paid on seven casks as for sugar, and these had been put into a lighter which somehow—of course accidentally (!)—was allowed to get on the mud under the tea-tree scrub below the punt. There, snug and safe on a falling tide, the seven butts were emptied in the presence of the importer, a citizen of Sydney, and a passenger by the *Jane*; and some hours afterwards the sugar was delivered, re-packed in porter hogsheads, at the wharf of Button & Waddell, by whom it had been purchased for brewing purposes. After delivery the lighter was hauled out into the stream, and when returned to its owner next morning it contained only seven empty casks. Mr. Coade, a Landing-waiter, got much credit for his smartness on the occasion. Much of the sugar was saturated with rum, and we found buried in it numerous pieces of the jars.

In our boyhood there were not many public amusements compared with what now prevail. Certainly there were no cricket, football, croquet, tennis, or golf matches. Of course there was horse racing of a humble character. It was an important event in its way, and in its main features was much the same as it has been since, and in all probability will continue to be to the end of the chapter. I do not recollect ever entertaining a desire to go to the races, and I am confident that we never went. Occasionally there was a regatta, the first taking place, I believe, between Town Point and the Tea-tree, then known as Home Reach. Two or three years later a regatta was held at Stephenson's

Bend, and almost every year since. I well remember the first regatta at the Bend on 17th January, 1840. We four elder boys were permitted to go, Thomas being in command, as was fitting. Eighteen pence was entrusted to his keeping for our refreshment during the day. We had to walk there and back (more than two miles each way), besides wandering about the ground the whole time that the various races were going on. That we soon became thirsty goes without saying, and in piteous and then peremptory tones we pleaded for ginger beer. But Thomas was a philosopher as well as an economist. He knew that whatever present enjoyment we might derive from a drink would be only temporary, and that our splendid thirst would speedily return in an aggravated form : possibly he may have thought it was an excellent opportunity for self-discipline and imparting to all of us a salutary lesson in mortifying the flesh. But beside these physical and moral considerations, I suspect, was the fact that he was federal treasurer, and he was influenced by the ambition which I have since discovered was highly laudable, to show how prudently he had operated upon a fund which at no time could have been regarded as lavish for the purpose. I am afraid, however, that his zeal in this direction was somewhat misdirected, for there was a conspicuous absence of gushing fraternal feeling during the day, and the complaint of the aggrieved ones on reaching home rather qualified the commendations expected and that otherwise his frugality might have elicited. Several of the boats that were prominent in those early days I well remember. Amongst the eight-oared gigs—there were no out-riggers then—were the *Red Rover* and *Leander* ; first-class yachts, James Raven's *Psyche*, Captain Young's *Corsair*, Plummer's *Rory O'More*, Hely's *Alma*, Griffiths's *Leisure Hour*. These boats used to be moored at the Cataract just below the punt. One of the first two yachts, I am not sure which, but think it was the *Psyche*, was seized by bushrangers, and in this they succeeded in escaping from the colony.

Speaking of races, the only horse race that I ever attended until well advanced in years was at Evandale about

1846 or 1847. Even in those early days the rural districts had their races, though they were chiefly remarkable for their tameness. I had gone to Evandale in the hope—a slender hope, it is true—that I might see the young lady whom I had already learnt to regard with a feeling that gradually ripened into very fervent love. In this, however, I was disappointed, and possibly it had something to do with the disparaging opinion I formed of the sports. In truth they were very tame. In 1880, when my dear wife and I visited the Melbourne Exhibition, we went to Flemington on Cup-day as much as anything to see the immense crowd of people who were expected on that occasion. We accompanied friends, the day was fine, and we enjoyed the novelty of the outing: it was something to remember, the sight of 25,000 persons (although more recently I believe the number has reached 100,000) almost breathless with excitement watching the galloping of a dozen horses with almost as much eagerness as if their own lives were at stake! One feature of the gathering impressed us very strongly. Parties of ladies around us were busily engaged in betting and making up sweeps on every event! It both surprised and grieved us. Why will woman lower herself by trying to imitate the degrading vices of man? As far as I am now able to recollect, those were the only two occasions in my life that I visited a race-course. Somehow the amusement, so captivating to many, never had any special charm for me, though I am passionately fond of horses.

About this time (the exact date was 2nd March, 1843) Mr. J. S. Waddell's brother Joseph arrived from England with his wife and three children. He had been a chemist in Birmingham, and came out in the emigrant ship *Brankenmoor*, Captain D. Smith. Before leaving England, he had made himself proficient in the improved system of dentistry which has since been carried to wonderful perfection. He was a weakly man, and was evidently suffering from the initial stage of consumption. After remaining a short time in Launceston, he removed to Hobart as offering a wider field for his profession; but his career there was brief. He returned to Launceston and died here on 6th May,

1849, at the age of forty-five years. His infant daughter Constantine followed about a month after. My introduction to him on his arrival in Launceston was unique. Going from the brewery into the town one evening along Paterson-street, and when about half-way between Bathurst and Wellington streets, I met a lady and gentleman with two or three children. The gentleman came towards me and asked if I could direct him to where Mr. Waddell lived. Of course I could, having just left his house ; so I went back a short distance with the strangers, pointed out the place they were looking for, and we separated. Next day I ascertained who my interlocutor was : he and his family had just landed, the ship having reached the " Bar " earlier than was expected.

CHAPTER V

Shooting—Robinson Crusoe's gun—shoot a steer—canine sagacity—Mr. Rea's balloon—want to be a sailor—am a stationer—at the Brewery—boating—baldcoot—death of Morrissons—an execution—droll characters.

THE departure of my old chum Charles to a boarding school at Hobart put an end to our fishing expeditions, and then I began to think of shooting. But where and how was I to get a gun? We elder boys were permitted on our own account to tan and dress opossum and native cat skins for rugs. In this way we sometimes earned what seemed to us a good deal of money. I now set to work with a purpose in view. In my father's employ was a carpenter who had an old French fusee, which he offered to sell to me for a dollar. He brought it for my inspection; it was an ugly weapon with a flint lock, and a very long barrel—so long that when the gun was standing upright I could scarcely reach the muzzle to put in a charge, but this, I was assured, constituted its chief excellence, and made it exceptionally suitable for wild ducks! Anyhow I bought it, but my new possession afforded only short-lived pleasure. The flint lock was an anachronism and an eyesore, the gun was ugly and unwieldy, and it filled me with disgust. Probably it was fortunate for me that I never attempted to use it. As the vendor would not have it back, I took it to the mart of Mr. J. W. Bell, to be sold by auction. This was father to the late Mr. W. T. Bell, of Bell & Westbrook: his mart was at the corner of Charles and York streets, where Eberhard's chemist shop now stands. Of course I was anxious as to the result, and on the morning of the sale I mingled with the large crowd that always gathered on such occasions. I was wearied with waiting and excitement, but at last the supreme moment arrived, and the gun was handed up to

the auctioneer by his clerk. Taking it very tenderly, and apparently regarding it with the deepest interest, he said, as nearly as I can remember :—"Now, then, ladies and gentlemen, I am going to offer you a real curiosity, and I am sure that every one of you will be eager to possess it. This" (holding up the gun to the level of his head, and turning it about in all directions),—"this, ladies and gentlemen, is the veritable gun that Robinson Crusoe used so long and with such wonderful effect on that solitary island of his. Now, then, what shall we say for Robinson Crusoe's gun ? Give me a start if you please !" Amused at the speech, I was at the same time half ashamed lest I should be suspected of the ownership of such an article, but it was sold for something like three or four shillings. I was now free to try my luck elsewhere. In my various fishing trips to the Cataract I had made acquaintance with Brown, who was in charge of the Trevallyn ferry (punt and boat), and I used to chat with him confidentially on sporting matters generally. Brown had a single-barrel fowling-piece with percussion lock, but the stock had been badly shattered and was lashed up with twine. Sometimes of an evening I would borrow this gun, and stroll down the West Tamar road nearly as far as Mr. Barnes's house, for Brown said, and I believe it was true, that kangaroo often came down off the hill and crossed the road to the pastures near the river, and he used to say, "perhaps you may get a shot at one." As a matter of fact, however, I never saw a kangaroo on these occasions, though after dark I could hear bandicoot hopping about at no great distance. It did not take me long to find out that Brown was willing to prove his friendship to the extent of sacrificing his gun for my benefit for a trifling consideration of twelve shillings. At this time I had also made the acquaintance of Mr. Rea, a clever gunsmith, who had a shop in York-street, three or four doors west from George-street. To him I submitted the gun, it met with his approval, and he undertook to make a new stock, unpolished, for ten shillings. Here was a chance not to be thrown away : a bargain was struck, and in due time I was the proud possessor of a good modern

gun. Of course I knew all about its management, and the familiarity that I displayed in its frequent cleaning and oiling was the wonder and admiration of my brothers and other juveniles who were sometimes patronisingly invited to behold the operation. Frequently I took my gun to the brewery, and at odd moments I used to practise by shooting at gulls and shags. On one occasion I was able to turn this to good account. Some fat but very wild steers had been brought in from my uncles' farm at the back of Trevallyn, and they had been driven into the yard behind the brewery. Next morning all but one were roped and drawn out, but that one was the wildest of the lot: he would go madly for anything that moved in the yard. After two or three hours had been spent in fruitless attempts to rope him, it was proposed to shoot him. But who was to do it? It was known that I had a gun: would I undertake the task? Proud of an opportunity to distinguish myself, I consented, and loaded my gun with a bullet wrapped in paper to make it fit the barrel; but how to get aim at the beast was the problem: he was rushing all over the place or dodging behind buildings. Opposite the gate and commanding every part of the yard was a large unoccupied dog kennel: if I could only get inside that I should be safe, and could wait for a favorable opportunity to fire. One of the men went to a window that opened on to the further end of the yard, and made a diversion, and whilst the bullock's attention was occupied with him, I slipped through the gate and reached the kennel. None too soon, however, for the beast caught sight of me as I crept into the kennel, and went for me straight, but he stopped half-way, having been startled by some of the men moving on the fence. In a few seconds he seemed to remember the business he had in hand with me, and as he lowered his head to renew the charge, I fired. I had aimed at the centre of his forehead, but at the instant of pulling the trigger he threw up his head, and the bullet cut off a portion of the upper lip just below the nostril, and passed into his shoulder. Bellowing loudly he fell instantly, and one of the men rushed in and gave the finishing stroke with a knife.

Thenceforth the fishing-rod was entirely laid aside for the gun. Every available hour was devoted to shooting, and of course every public holiday. On the latter occasions my brother Barnard generally accompanied me, hiring a gun for the day. What preparations we made, starting with them weeks in advance, and what distances we used to travel! The result of a day's shooting, from daylight to dark, would probably be a dozen green parrots, half-a-dozen wattle-birds, a black jay or two, and now and then a bronze-wing pigeon; and for these we had trudged perhaps five-and-twenty miles! It is wonderful what enthusiasm will do!

Somewhere about this time I witnessed a display of canine sagacity that I have never forgotten. One morning before breakfast I was standing at the Margaret-street entrance to my father's yard, when two soldiers passed, followed by a very fine spaniel. They had been over to the Basin for an early walk and swim, and were returning to barracks. One of the soldiers was without a cap, and I suppose seeing that I appeared a little curious, he stopped when close to me, and as if suddenly conscious of his loss, he put both hands on his head and then waved to the dog. Away bounded the animal over the hill to the Basin, and in due time returned with the cap in his mouth! Before leaving the Basin the soldier had placed his cap on one of the rocks, allowing the dog to see him do it: that was all, but the sagacious animal had remembered the fact, and had gone back at least a mile and a half, including the climbing of a steep hill, to bring back the missing article. The man was justly proud of his dumb friend's performance.

Having mentioned the name of Mr. Rea, I may add that he was an exceptionally skilful workman, fond of scientific experiments, and, as often happens in such cases, he was regarded by a large section of the public as being a shingle short. He had a great idea of becoming an aeronaut, and in the absence of a proper balloon raised with hydrogen gas, he resolved on attempting an ascent in a balloon sixty feet high made of sized calico inflated with rarefied air. The balloon was suspended from a tall scaffolding pole in

the middle of St. John Square (Prince's Square). It was an ungainly machine, with a furnace at the bottom for heating the air. Two or three thousand people assembled to witness the ascent which, however, did not come off. Before the balloon was properly inflated it rolled about wildly, by which holes were constantly torn in it. These were repaired with patches of calico stuck on with glue; but this patching was incessant, and the derisive cry was heard from scores of voices, "More glue!" At length, disappointed and mischievous, the crowd hustled the professor, upset his arrangements, and compelled him to desist. No doubt it was better for himself.

Before leaving England I had resolved to be a doctor, but my experience at sea, which I had learnt to like—I was the only one of our party who had not been sick—convinced me that I was intended for a sailor, and I tried hard to get into the Royal Navy. One of my school-fellows at Mr. Price's, Sylverius Moriarty, was the son of a captain in the Navy and Port Officer at Hobart, and I got him to make enquiries on my behalf. Captain Moriarty did not give me any encouragement, and so in process of time the desire diminished, though I always cherished a love for the sea: indeed I do still, but I have passed the romantic stage when one is supposed to languish for the howling storm and mountain billow. I now prefer fine weather. With my professional leanings, I suppose, life in a common tanyard was not quite congenial; at any rate I had a change for a few months (1841), when I was employed in the stationery shop of Mr. Henry Dowling, in Brisbane-street. Mr. Dowling had gone to England, amongst other matters, to engage emigrants for subscribing colonists, and his business was in charge of Mr. Thomas Browne. In connection with the shop was a circulating library, and the Savings Bank was also conducted there, to both of which I gave attention in Mr. Browne's absence. On leaving there I worked at home again for a short time, but as Charles had gone to school at Hobart (Rev. W. Jarrett's—1842–3), my uncles at the brewery thought I might be useful there. I was principally employed in the cellar, receiving and executing

orders. I liked the work amazingly, and soon became quite an adept at it in all its departments. Sometimes I had to receive and weigh barley as it came in for malting, but I was especially pleased when I could get into the malt-house and help the maltster, an old man named James Woodley, who was succeeded by a young Somersetshire emigrant named John Jones. There was something about the process of malting that was particularly fascinating to me, and as I put my heart into it a fair degree of proficiency was quickly reached. When I left the brewery I could turn a floor of malt or spread the kiln as well as the man whose regular work it was, though of course not so quickly.

I was always very fond of boating, and whilst working at the brewery there were plenty of opportunities for indulging my taste in that direction. Once I purchased an old boat for thirty shillings, and having patched her up and painted her, I frequently went out in the evenings after baldcoot and wild duck. On one occasion having noticed a baldcoot (*Porphyrio melanotus*) rise up from the reeds six or eight feet back, I drove the boat through to the spot, and found her nest, but there were no eggs. A number of reeds had been bent down together, and on the platform thus formed the nest had been built ; the under part touched the water when the tide was in, but the spring of the reeds kept the inside dry. My brother Fred and I went down the river in this boat as far as Rosevear's one holiday ; and returning our ship sprang a leak, and we had to put her on the beach at Pig Island, but fortunately there was nothing serious the matter. I did not keep her long, and then I made a small "flatty," in which I used to cross to the west side of the Tamar, and potter about amongst the reeds as far down as the Tea-tree Reach. Two of my particular friends at this time were Jemmy Rice, and "Jack the Duckman" (Reynolds). The former had only one arm, yet unaided he built a dinghy in which he used to go eeling and shrimping ; the latter had a punt gun with which he supplied the market with wild ducks.

It has been stated that Mrs. Waddell was sister to the wife of William Morrisson who built Tamar-street Chapel.

Soon after the completion of that edifice he left for the United States. On the discovery of gold in California he started for that place, going by the overland route, and taking his family with him. Just after commencing the journey Mrs. Morrisson succumbed, and was followed almost immediately by her eldest son Alfred. The sad intelligence reached here on 18th January, 1851 ; six months later a letter was received intimating the death of Mr. Morrisson himself on board a steamer going from Sacramento City to San Francisco. He died from cholera after eight hours' illness, leaving three children, the eldest of whom was about eleven years old. But God, whose inscrutable providence had deprived these helpless wanderers of their earthly parents, was not unmindful of His promise to become "the Father of the fatherless." Through the representation of the captain of the steamer, the resident Judge of San Francisco not only arranged for the funeral of the deceased, but provided for the eldest boy until he could be sent to Tasmania, where he was educated, then sent to England, and was ultimately admitted to practice as a physician. The other children were also kindly furnished with homes. After all, human nature is not altogether and hopelessly bad. But this is another digression.

I usually went to the brewery before breakfast and returned home after tea, having my meals at uncle Waddell's. The shortest way between my home and the brewery was along Margaret-street, but in winter that street was often impassable, and I had to go round by Bathurst-street. One morning two men were to be executed in front of the Gaol which I had to pass, and having a horror of such events I delayed going to my work until I thought all connected with the revolting spectacle would be over. When I turned out of Bathurst-street into Paterson-street I saw a crowd of children on the footpath close to the Gaol at the door of which two coffins were waiting. Just as I passed, the door was opened to admit the coffins, and the children rushed to the opening and looked up eagerly to see the two bodies hanging from the beam ! From the opposite footpath I saw the two ropes, but that was too

much for me, and the sickening feeling remained the whole day.

If one were to make a note of all the droll characters he meets with in the journey of life, with their sayings and doings, there would be abundant material for many amusing volumes. Some that came in my way occur to me, and I may as well insert them here. One was a butcher named Clancy, an Irishman whose brogue left no doubt as to his nationality. Besides his shop at the lower end of Elizabeth-street, he had a large paddock on the "Swamp"—now Inveresk, which he cultivated as a garden with prisoner labor. On one occasion the men took advantage of his visit to proffer a request for the luxury of a little pepper. Clancy listened with an unmistakable manifestation of impatience, and when the spokesman had finished, he burst out with—"Pipper—pipper: the divil pipper ye: won't inyins do ye?" But the "pipper" was conceded.

Another Launceston celebrity about this period was Major Wellman. He had seen service, I believe, under Wellington, and for distinguished bravery had been promoted from the ranks. He, too, was an Irishman—tall, well-proportioned, with a soldierly bearing, and abounding with ready wit; but he was noted for never spending money if he could obtain what he wanted without doing so. He was constantly perambulating the town, and his appearance was invariably the signal for good-humored banter in which he usually scored. On the western side of Charles-street, a few yards south of Paterson-street (about where Mr. Pike's shop is now), was a general kind of store kept by Mr. James Lilly, who afterwards had the Salmon and Ball Hotel on the Wharf. The building stood back perhaps 12 or 15 feet from the street, the intervening space being occupied with wares of various kinds. Amongst the latter one morning was an open firkin of red herrings, several of which were laid out on a board the better to display their quality. It so happened that Major Wellman came along and stopped to reconnoitre. The

herrings caught his eye and appealed to his heart, and he commenced an assault in skirmishing order. With well-affected simplicity he enquired what the fish might be. Thinking to take "a rise" out of his military interlocutor, Mr. Lilly replied—"Oh, they're what we call soldiers." "Indade," said the Major, with imperturbable gravity, "sure, thin, I'll arrist the lot as desarters"—and he did, for he thrust them into his pocket and walked away! I fancy he had the best of the joke.

And there was "Lal Perrin," a hawker, who carried his goods about in the capacious pockets of a huge shooting coat, whilst the more delicate articles were displayed on a large tray suspended from his shoulders by a leather strap. A tailor by trade, he had been incapacitated by illness from following that craft, and had adopted the out-door avocation of a street hawker, with his invariable smile and appeal—"Hubble-bubble, toil and trouble: anything to-day?" At open-air amusements he was always in attendance, but on those occasions he confined his trading to smokers who he invited to indulge in a "Young Queen cigar and a light for threepence."

There were two other characters in our little community who were notorious in days long gone by. One was James Cooper, popularly known as "Chequers," public bellman in Launceston for many years. In stature he was under medium height, and in habits filthy; yet when arrayed in his official livery—a red coat much too large for him, trousers ditto and turned up about six inches, broad-brim white hat, and a huge bell under his arm, he was as proud as a peacock. He had been a great offender, and he rather exulted in what he had passed through. The lashes he had received at various times aggregated many hundreds, and I am almost sure he has told me that more than once he had been sentenced to death but the sentence had been commuted—on one occasion his reprieve arrived when he was on the gallows! But at the close of his life he was a changed man. He used to preach in the streets, and in his own rude way, in season and out of season, he urged the duty of repentance. Though lament-

ably ignorant and self-satisfied, I think he was sincere, for God's Spirit works in divers and diverse ways, and who shall presume to set a limit to His gracious influence? The other man to whom I have alluded was John Woodcock, who was known as "Pegleg," because he had a wooden leg. He had been a ruffian of the deepest dye. Awfully profane when intoxicated, as was frequently the case, he was the terror of his neighborhood. The police were in abject fear of him, for if no other weapon was at hand with which to defend himself, he would unscrew his wooden leg and use it for that purpose, and with such effect that sometimes four constables had as much as they could do to take him into custody. When through age and infirmity he was incapable of earning a living, he became an inmate of the Invalid Depot, and there in some wondrous way the grace of God found him, and the greatest of the Saviour's miracles was repeated in his case as, happily, in so many others. The lion was changed to a lamb, the demon was expelled, and he sat at the feet of Jesus clothed and in his right mind. He became gentle and devout, for several years trusted and respected by all in the establishment, and when he died he was buried in the Charles-street General Cemetery, where a memorial stone, the gift of one who knew him in both conditions, records that "John Woodcock died 2nd July, 1889. I was lost but Jesus found me. Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

There was an old market gardener who resided at Invermay, who was very eccentric in his habits. Amongst other vagaries with which he was credited was one as droll as, fortunately, it was unique. On almost every occasion when he had to elect a course, he would toss up a coin, and the manner of its fall would determine his action. He had been known to adopt this procedure in a place of worship when the offertory was being taken up, and whether he should contribute or not was decided by the "head or tail" arbitrament!

And then Edward Ackerman should not be overlooked. Old residents of Launceston will remember that for many

years he was a local celebrity. His museum of oddities was at the corner of Charles and Cameron streets, where could be found anything "from a needle to an anchor;" where, too, there was a lending library, roundabout for children, public baths, *quasi*-scientific contrivances which were to immortalise his name, but failed; and there was the floating bath at the Cataract, and the gridiron at the Russian's Wharf on which small craft could be repaired—the last two appliances having been converted out of an old English trading barque, the *Earl Dalhousie*, which was razeed for the purpose—all these things and other harmless eccentricities procured for Edward Ackerman a celebrity that extended beyond Tasmania. Not long after marriage, his wife became a confirmed invalid, and received prolonged and patient attention. After her death he lived a solitary life, but continued his peculiar business without any apparent interruption. Illness overtaking him at last, resulting from an accident sustained a considerable time before, he died on 5th July, 1894, at the age of eighty-three. When I first knew Mr. Ackerman he was a clerk in the Port-office, a wooden building at the corner of St. John-street and the Esplanade, the site of the present Custom House.

Another old Launcestonian, whom I knew very well, I mention here not from any eccentricity on his part, but because I should be sorry to omit one who had a character so historic and interesting. I refer to Mr. John Dell, who died in Launceston on 2nd March, 1866, aged one hundred and two years and four months. Born in the latter part of 1763, at an early age he joined the army, and in 1788 he accompanied his regiment, the New South Wales Corps (afterwards the 102nd Regiment), with the first fleet that took convicts to Botany Bay. He also had a share in the memorable arrest of Governor William Bligh, previously commander of H.M.S. *Bounty* when the crew mutinied, and he was sent adrift in an open boat in which he sailed nearly four thousand miles, the mutineers ultimately reaching Pitcairn's Island. Dell was one of the guard who had Bligh in custody. About the year 1810

Dell received a pension and left the service. In 1818 he emigrated to Sydney, but in October of the same year he came to this island, where he obtained several grants of land in the district of Norfolk Plains. He was a resident of Launceston until the day of his death, and he retained mental and physical faculties to almost the last moment. Prior to his decease he was living with his son-in-law, the late Mr. William Brean, a wholesale spirit dealer in this city. Residents of Launceston fifty years ago will recall the figure of the venerable old man as he tottered along the streets, his only support being his twisted and knotted walking-stick, as familiar as himself.

CHAPTER VI

A mysterious load—*Launceston Examiner* started—letters to the editor—teetotalism—the *Loch-na-gar*—boot-closing—become a printer—critical period—arrival of Revs. Barff and Mills—letter from Livingstone—his death—Lieut. M. C. Friend—a teetotal pun—bottle-nose whale—duties as apprentice—press work—wooden press—*Launceston Advertiser*—*Cornwall Chronicle*—their style of warfare—other early papers—modern appliances—droll companions.

While I was at the brewery a cart came one morning, and two or three of the men were sent to assist in unloading it. Its contents, which were very heavy, were put into the store. There was a good deal of secrecy about the affair, but the men employed whispered something about a printing press. Very soon the mystery was explained. This was the plant for the *Launceston Examiner* about to be started, and the first issue of which appeared on 12th March, 1842. A few months after, during the winter, I contributed a letter to the editor on the shamefully neglected condition of Margaret-street. I wrote under the highly appropriate pseudonym of "A Sufferer," as I had to traverse the street twice daily. That was my first literary effort in connection with a newspaper, and I felt that it gave me an importance not enjoyed before. Little did I then think that I was to make a life-long acquaintance with the press! As a curiosity in its way I reproduce the letter from the *Examiner* of 4th June, 1842:—"Sir,—Could you inform me what is the intention of the Town Surveyor in leaving Margaret-street unnoticed and untouched? After a heavy rain it is quite impassable, being one sheet of water; and not merely water, for when that has gone down, it leaves a quantity of mud, so that, as I said before, it renders the street impassable for a week or two.—A Sufferer."

About the same time a vigorous controversy, which sometimes bordered on the acrimonious, sprang up in reference to teetotalism which had recently come into notice. Into this dispute I had the presumption to intrude. The conflict continued for several years, waxing and waning with circumstances; and as it progressed I contributed several letters under various signatures, but it is not likely that they did anything to elucidate the subject. The weekly (or perhaps fortnightly) meetings of the Teetotal Society were held in the Infant School, in Frederick-street, and were occasions of great fun. Both sides were boldly if not prudently represented, the speakers being greeted with favorable or hostile demonstrations according to the notions of the audience, who kept up amusing running comments in all parts of the room. In July, 1847, a small barque, the *Loch-na-gar*, arrived from London. Captain Dalgarno brought his wife with him, and during her stay in port she was a constant speaker at these meetings, which were then regarded as the chief sources of amusement by the townsfolk. Mrs. Dalgarno announced that herself and husband were teetotallers, and that the ship was sailed under teetotal principles; yet it was a fact that the *Loch-na-gar* brought more spirits, wine, and beer to Launceston than any single ship for years previously! *

* Glorious Temperance! Onward haste;
Let the world thy blessings taste;
Circle in thy wide embrace
Each and all of human race.
Thy cursed freight her efforts mar,
Drink-importing *Loch-na-gar*!

Still there is a chosen band
Spread through this unhappy land,—
Minds from Drink's strong fetters free,
Will not taste or handle thee,—
Execrate thee wide and far,
Liquid fiery *Loch-na-gar*.

Madame's simple eloquence,
All the Captain's sounder sense,
Only make us clearer see
Shameful inconsistency.
These will dim the Temperance Star,
Fatal freight of *Loch-na-gar*.

Thy capacious hold contains
Art-made poison for the veins;

A very large comet made its appearance in March, 1843. It was first seen on 2nd, and was visible for several nights.

I was engaged at the brewery for something like two years, and I left when Charles returned from school. On going home I again resumed work in the tanyard, but in the meantime a young man, Alfred Denis, had arrived from England with a view to bettering himself. By trade he was a "closer," that is, one who cuts out and sews the upper parts of boots and shoes, and thus prepares them for the "maker," who puts on the soles. Hailing from the same part of England was a sufficient introduction to my father. Denis was a great swell, but he was also an excellent workman, and as he wanted help to start in business, my father thought it would be a good opportunity for me to learn the trade. At first I did not quite like the idea, but finally fell in with it. A shop was started in Wellington-street, and two bandsmen of the 96th Regt. (Tilley and Winter) used to come for improvement whenever duty permitted. But Mr. Denis was not enamoured of work: he preferred the theatre, hotel parlours, and the company of females; and so after a few months this experiment came to an end—fortunately for me, for I was in danger of acquiring pernicious habits. Even in this enterprise, however, I had made satisfactory progress, and I could "close" a blucher or wellington better than was then usual here. No one was more glad that this project had collapsed than aunt Waddell. From the outset she had regarded it with undisguised aversion, and now there was a chance to offer me something better. The *Examiner* had been in existence about three years: would I like

Moral-blighting monster—worse:
Parents' bane and children's curse:
Murdering without a scar,—
Hated freight of *Loch-na-gar.*

We will still the warfare wage;
All our energies engage;
Hand and heart and soul unite
In the fierce contested fight;
Show no quarter in the war,—
Death-fraught freight of *Loch-na-gar*!

Launceston Examiner, Sept. 1847.

to be a printer? The proposal was a surprise, but I felt that it was time that I should seriously consider my life work, and after talking the matter over with my parents I resolved to give it a trial.

I was to go to the office for a month to see how I liked it, and if after that there was no objection, I was to be bound as an apprentice to Mr. Waddell. The probation period passed satisfactorily, and I was bound for five years commencing 19th June, 1845. The usual term of apprenticeship was seven years, but as I was sixteen on 22nd March preceding, and as such an indenture would have had no legal force after my majority, it was useless to require a longer term than five years. As it was I became of age three months before the indenture date expired, though of course I completed the full term. At this time I was staying at the house of uncle and aunt Waddell, who had no family, and I continued to reside with them until the beginning of March, 1850, when I returned to my father's house in consequence of the severe illness of Mrs. Waddell. She was in a critical condition for a long time, and indeed she never quite recovered. Marvellous to say, however, she got much better; survived her husband who died on 9th December, 1857; afterwards went to England, returned, and died in Launceston on 25th July, 1866. Thus I resided with Mr. and Mrs. Waddell about five years, and I often revert to that period with a feeling of intense gratitude. Mr. W. was a tolerable performer on the flute, with which instrument I also had some slight acquaintance, and occasionally we practised duets during winter evenings. We never attained to anything like a decent proficiency, and truth to tell, I have more than a suspicion that I was the chief delinquent. But it was an agreeable and useful pastime, and served, as I doubt not it was intended, to keep me from wandering about the streets at night, to which, I regret to say, I was more than a little prone. At fifteen or thereabouts lads are too often addicted to this dangerous and senseless practice, thereby acquiring habits which almost invariably lead to disaster and not unfrequently to absolute ruin. In my own case the peril was imminent.

Like many others, I fancied it was an overwhelming proof of advanced manhood to perambulate the streets at night, with two or three companions, all smoking cigars and criticising any youths or others we might meet in a similar condition. This continued for some little time, but my Heavenly Father mercifully averted the threatening danger. Within twelve months of my apprenticeship I formed an attachment which thenceforward became the inspirer and controller of my whole life.

It was at this time that two missionaries from the South Sea Islands visited Tasmania. They were the Revs. C. Barff and wife, and W. Mills and wife. They, with others, arrived at Hobart in the *John Williams* on 26th February, 1848. Mr. Barff came to Launceston, and stayed a few days with us; thus I met him frequently at table, and was much interested with his descriptions of the customs and beliefs of the natives. On 5th March he preached in the morning at Tamar-street Church, and in the evening at St. John Square. He had been a missionary in the South Seas for thirty-two years, and was a coadjutor of John Williams. Mr. Barff was returning to Huahine, whence he occasionally wrote to Mr. Waddell, giving an account of his movements, and the general progress of the mission work.

This reminds me that some years later I had taken a special interest in the devoted and persevering labors of Dr. Livingstone in South Africa. I had read with much gratification his "Missionary Travels" (1857), and for several months I posted to him regularly the *Examiner*, on the off-chance that sooner or later some copies might fall into his hands, and perhaps give him a little encouragement by letting him see that he was not forgotten. The papers were put up in the printed wrappers used for the purpose, showing that they came direct from the office. One day there was a letter from the Cape addressed to me in a bold business hand. It was from David Livingstone, and told how the papers had pursued him in his travels, and though ignorant of the sender, he concluded the latter was a friend connected with the office. My name he got

from the imprint. He was very grateful for this small expression of sympathy, and gave an interesting sketch of his experiences and achievements, most of which was published in the *Examiner*. The letter filled a sheet of foolscap, and as it had a value peculiarly its own, I thought the most fitting depository for it was the Launceston Museum, where it was carefully preserved for several years, but it is there no longer. On applying for it in 1906 for the purpose of making a copy for insertion here, I was greatly surprised and grieved to learn that this interesting document had been lost. The heroic Livingstone, after passing through many perils and accomplishing grand results as a missionary and explorer, died at last of exhaustion caused by continued hardship and privation. On his last expedition he had returned to Lake Bangweolo in a very debilitated condition, and, his sufferings always increasing, when he reached Chitambo's village in Ilala he was obliged to give in. On the morning of 1st May, 1873, his attendants found him on his knees, dead. His faithful native servants took out his heart and buried it under a tree beneath which he expired, and cut a rude inscription to mark the spot. They then embalmed the body as best they could, and carried it amidst the greatest perils to the coast, where it was put on board a British cruiser, taken to England, and on 18th April, 1874, it was interred in Westminster Abbey.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

The brig *Tobago* was wrecked at the Tamar heads, near the Shear Beacon, during a thick fog on the night of 2nd June, 1845. She was loaded with coal, a good deal of which, I believe, was recovered by Mr. John Griffiths. All hands were saved. Some of the crew went to George

Town on 14th, and were drinking with prisoners connected with the Port-office. On returning at night one of the crew, Charles Sheppard, was fatally stabbed by Anthony Kedge, a prisoner, who then concealed the body of his victim in the tea-tree scrub. Kedge was convicted of the murder, and was hanged at Launceston on 8th August.

On my arrival in Launceston and for many years subsequently, the Port Officer was Lieutenant Matthew Curling Friend, R.N. He came to Hobart as commander of the ship *Wanstead*, in April, 1830. Amongst her passengers were W. Gellibrand, Mrs. and three Misses Wedge, W. G. Sams, Rev. R. R. Davies, and others whose names were familiar in the early days of the colony. On reaching their destination the passengers presented an address to the Captain in which they expressed their appreciation of his "able and gentlemanly conduct during the voyage," the compliment extending to all the officers and crew. "There was no cursing or swearing, and an absence of everything equally offensive to female modesty and manly feeling." Such a testimonial must have been as gratifying to its recipient as it was rare at a time when sailors, like bullock teams, were supposed to be amenable only to torture and profanity. Subsequently Lieutenant Friend was appointed Port Officer at Launceston. He resided at George Town, and used to patrol the river in a smart yacht. Though somewhat eccentric, he was of a kindly, genial disposition, and was not afraid to say and do what he believed to be right. More than once he lectured at the Launceston Mechanics' Institute on astronomy, of which science he was an enthusiastic student. For a considerable time he furnished to the *Examiner* notes on celestial phenomena, and on one of these occasions he indulged in a teetotal pun. I forget what the incident was except that it had to do with one of the stars in the constellation Gemini, viz., Ophi Geminorum, which the frivolous astronomer manipulated into—"O fie! Jemmy: no rum!" As was not unusual in those days, Lieut. Friend paid the penalty of being respectable by being libelled in the *Cornwall Chronicle*; and as was not usual,

he brought an action and recovered damages—I think £100, which, with great tact, he devoted to the erection of a spire to the George Town Anglican church. Owing, however, to faulty construction, it had to be taken down some years later.

Poor man! his official career terminated very pathetically. Whether from accident or otherwise I know not, but for a long time he had been a great sufferer with one eye, and he eventually lost its sight, habitually wearing a shade over it. Though the other eye had suffered to some extent in sympathy, it seemed to recover, and it was hoped that vision would be retained, but that was not to be. On the night of Saturday, January 24, 1852, he retired to rest in his usual health, but when he awoke on Sunday morning the world to him was dark for ever: he was totally blind! A few weeks after this terrible affliction he returned to England, where he soon died. On the eve of his departure from Launceston a letter of respect and sympathy, accompanied by a draft for £100, was presented to him, which he pathetically acknowledged. Mrs. Friend died in 1838 at the age of thirty-eight years, and was buried in the George Town cemetery, and the marble slab that records the event bears a touching tribute to her memory. When last I saw the monument, in 1896, it was in a pitiable state of decay, and I published an appeal for its restoration. I never heard whether there was any response, but if nothing in the way of repair was done, I fear the structure has by this time entirely collapsed.

During my residence at the brewery a very unusual incident occurred of which I was a witness. Most of the men employed about the establishment, and indeed generally then, were prisoners, and lived on the premises. On Sundays, therefore, it was deemed prudent that at least one of the family should stay at home during the hours of divine service, to see that everything was correct. I took my turn at this duty with others, and on the morning of Sunday, 25th April, 1847, I had strolled out to the jetty which extended from our premises across the mudflat

nearly to the channel of the South Esk. The tide was full, and as I was looking down the river a jet of water spurted up from a spot about half-way between where I stood and the Tea-tree Reach. It struck me as being curious, and as I watched there was another jet, and another, each nearer than the last. I saw then that they emanated from a cetacean of some kind, though of what species it was impossible to say, as it had not shown itself. The creature gambolled about for some minutes in the vicinity of Town Point (then known as "the Bar"), and arrested the attention of some men on the Wharf, and three or four boats equipped for the purpose quickly put off in pursuit. Alarmed by this demonstration it took up the Cataract, followed by the boats. On reaching the Falls it turned back, and now, desperate with fear, it darted down the Gorge with amazing swiftness, leaping clean over the warp by which the punt was worked, and proceeded down the river. Whilst in the narrow water of the Gorge, however, the animal had received several shots and stabs with harpoons and lances, from which it lost a great quantity of blood. One or two boats succeeded in making fast to it; by the time it reached the Tea-tree it was exhausted, and in a few minutes after it was dead. It was then towed up to the Russian's Wharf and put on the beach, when it was found to be a "bottle-nose" whale (*Hyperoödon rostratus*), eighteen or twenty feet long. Its captors exhibited it for a few days, and then tried it down for oil. From my position on the jetty I was an eye-witness of the exciting scene I have described, the whole of which did not occupy more than half an hour.

The first few months of my apprenticeship were passed in the customary manner—opening and sweeping the front office, and putting everything in readiness for business, writing addresses for subscribers' papers, posting letters, going errands, and assisting to read proofs by "holding the copy." Mr. Waddell used to read (*i.e.* correct) most of the proofs, the reporter, Mr. Charles Curr, doing the rest. Usually I held the copy for both, when that was necessary; but there was a good deal, such as Mr. Curr's

own matter and reprint, that the reader could take alone. Correcting proofs was an occupation in which I felt great interest, and I was not a little gratified when, having become familiar with the system of marking, I was occasionally trusted to read some of the least important proofs. I may say without the smallest disposition to boast, that I developed more than ordinary skill as a proof reader, being remarkably quick at detecting errors, whether simply typographical or grammatical ; and this faculty, sharpened by practice, I retained throughout my journalistic career. Part of my duty was to file the local and intercolonial newspapers with which we exchanged, and I often took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded for glancing at "our contemporaries." My chief delight was to read fragments of the *Sydney Morning Herald's* reports of the speeches in the Legislative Council of the foremost men of the day, such as Donaldson, Cowper, Dangar, Lang, Martin, Lowe, Wentworth, Deas Thompson, Stephen, Lamb, Plunkett, &c. The speeches of these men were worth reading : such oratory is rarely met with now.

When the initial stage of probation had been passed, I was transferred to the printing office, and my introduction to the mechanical part of the business began. Work commenced nominally at eight o'clock in the morning, but it was generally half-past before all were in full swing ; and we knocked off at six in the evening, with an hour from one to two for dinner. The *Examiner* was then published at two o'clock in the afternoons of Wednesday and Saturday, and on those days the compositors did not go home to dinner, but took lunch with them, and kept on working until the paper went to press. Of course the apprentices did the same. As compensation for losing their dinner hour, the compositors were allowed to leave work at four o'clock on the days of publication, or as soon as they had got in their "distribution"—*i.e.*, had returned to case the type that had been used. The pressman and his assistant apprentices also left when their part had been completed.

There were no printing machines in the colony in those

days, consequently all the newspapers had to be printed on hand presses—a slow and laborious process. It was part of my duty to help the pressman, and for some little time it was limited to "rolling" for him—that is, I had to ink the forme for every sheet that was printed. The roller was composed of glue and treacle melted together, and while hot poured into a mould in which a central spindle had previously been fixed. When cold, the mould was opened, and the roller was put aside for two or three days to "ripen," and then it was fit for use. This was a vast improvement on the original method of inking a forme by the use of "balls." The "ball" was almost a hemisphere made by tacking a piece of undressed skin on to a round structure of wood, eight or ten inches in diameter, slightly hollowed on one side, and turned up to a handle on the other, the space between the skin and the wood being stuffed with wool. In my time the skin had been superseded by canvas covered with glue composition. Taking a ball in each hand the operator would touch them on a splodge of ink at a corner of the table, then by energetic beating all over the table the ink would be evenly distributed, and then with the balls so charged he would beat the surface of the type. It was a slow process, but it was the one used by Caxton and all the early printers, and was continued until the invention of printing machines early in the last century.

The *Examiner* was an eight-page demy folio paper, consisting of two sheets of demy which were printed on a demy Albion press; thus there were four formes of two pages each. One sheet, comprising the first, second, seventh, and eighth pages, was usually worked on Tuesday and Friday afternoons, leaving the inner sheet of third, fourth, fifth, and sixth pages for Wednesdays and Saturdays. Although good rolling required considerable care and plenty of brisk exercise to keep the "color" even, I soon came to look upon it with something like disdain, and I eagerly aspired to work the press; nor had I long to wait. Our pressman was an elderly Scotchman, who had come to look at life with cool, calculating philosophy.

He was by no means unwilling to gratify my ambition, for to that extent it relieved him of really hard work. Often, therefore, we exchanged places—he to roll, and I to "pull"—to our mutual satisfaction. Very soon this was almost invariably the case on publication days, when we had another assistant, a "fly-boy," to take the sheets off the tympan as printed. The old man's usual speed, with a boy to roll, was from 200 to 250 sheets per hour; with a fly-boy he might attain to 300. After a few months' practice at the work, into which I had thrown my heart, I was able to turn out 500 per hour without distressing either of the trio, though all were kept fully occupied. The publisher was not slow to discover and appreciate my skill, as he got his papers more quickly, a matter of considerable importance, as the country mails, sent by coaches, closed early in the afternoon, and had to be despatched before the two town runners could start with their delivery.

The plant of my apprentice days included a curiosity the loss of which I long and greatly deplored. This was an old wooden press identical with the kind used by Benjamin Franklin, and Franklin's was only a slight improvement on the press employed towards the close of the fourteenth century. Power was obtained by means of a wooden screw with a wide pitch to give rapid motion. The platen was a thick block of wood, and the bed was a slab of freestone levelled on sawdust. This primitive implement was sometimes used to pull galleys on when the other presses were engaged. Even this simple work it did badly, yet I have never ceased to regret its loss. I believe it was the identical press that Mr. Fawkner purchased from Mr. Bent as narrated a little later. What eventually became of it I have not the remotest idea, unless that being regarded as worthless, it was broken up to avoid removal from one office to another. All the same it was a most interesting relic, and it would have served as a connecting link between the fourteenth and twentieth centuries.

At the period of which I have been speaking, newspapers

were conducted in a quiet, easy-going sort of way. News travelled slowly and irregularly, and it was given to the public in the same style. What could not conveniently appear in one issue might stand over until the next, which meant a good deal of delay in the case of a paper published only twice, or perhaps only once, a week. There was not then a daily paper in the colony. I have often been struck with the tranquil spirit of that time when, in comparatively recent years, I have searched old volumes of the *Examiner* for information respecting public events of considerable importance. These were rarely reported fully —frequently not even mentioned—in the issue immediately following their occurrence, but calmly deferred until "our next." Very soon after I became reporter I endeavored to alter this state of things as far as practicable, by publishing events in the succeeding issue of the paper—stimulated, no doubt, by a natural and proper desire to eclipse our local contemporary, and aided by the increased facilities which accompanied a growing community.

The *Launceston Advertiser* had been started by John Pascoe Fawkner in February, 1829; the *Cornwall Chronicle* by William Mann and William Lushington Goodwin, a retired sea captain, in January, 1835, the starting in the latter case being merely the adoption of a new name. The incident is thus recorded by Dr. Ross in his annual for 1835:—"The *Launceston Independent* newspaper changes its name, for no earthly reason that the public can learn, to that of the *Cornwall Chronicle*. Its principles, if any, continue unchanged—which in truth is saying much for a journal in Van Diemen's Land, where consistency is a rare virtue." Shortly after the change Mr. Goodwin became sole proprietor. Both *Advertiser* and *Chronicle* were eventually incorporated with the *Examiner*—the former about 1847, the latter in 1880. The *Advertiser* had passed through several hands, and not long before it ceased to exist it was the property of a Mr. John Knight. Like the two newspapers immortalised in the pages of "Pickwick," the *Advertiser* and *Chronicle* were always at war, and they conducted their quarrels in a style that, if at

the moment it afforded relief to the combatants and amusement to onlookers, was essentially demoralising, and would not now be tolerated. Here is an illustration which I quote from memory. The *Advertiser* having said something to exasperate its rival, was thus adjured :—

> Johnny Knight, Johnny Knight,
> Pray, Johnny, don't bite,
> Nor get in a fright,
> Johnny Knight, Johnny Knight !

Whereupon the following issue of the *Advertiser* would retort on its nautical rival :—

> A pirate once lived on an isle,
> And he fed upon garbage and water ;
> A grim looking devil who never could smile
> But when up to his elbows in slaughter !

Journalistic controversy carried on in this fashion was as degrading to those who permitted it as to those directly engaged in it, and happily it has long since disappeared. The establishment of the *Examiner* was its death-blow.

I must not omit to mention that for a short time in the "early forties" Mr. Goodwin printed a small weekly paper called *The Trifler*, which was supposed to be humorous, but it was abominably scurrilous. Occasionally it was illustrated with coarse woodcuts executed by the proprietor, but as far as my recollection goes they were generally caricatures of local residents who had been unfortunate enough in some way to offend him, and who were then held up to public ridicule. This publication soon closed its career. Some years later a paper was started by several budding politicians, who were dissatisfied with the reports of their speeches and actions which were given by the existing newspapers. It was named *The Reporter*, and it was to be a model of journalistic decorum and management. So energetically did it pursue its functions that its mission was accomplished in, I think, something like six months ! And then there were two other small papers, *The Guardian* and the *Launceston Times*, but the duration of both was ephemeral. The teetotal associations also

had an organ for a short time, the *Teetotal Advocate*, but the field was not large enough to sustain it.

Returning again to the mechanical appliances in vogue at the time of my apprenticeship, I may say that although we used composition rollers for the newspaper and other large formes, we always employed balls for cards, circulars, and other fine work. The most conservative of printers readily admitted the superiority of rollers for large formes, but none would think of using them for fine work: even the progressive pressman would have deemed such an innovation absurd. This prejudice lingered long, but it had to give way at last, as experience showed that rollers were adapted for the most delicate work, and now nothing else is thought of. It was just the same when rotatory machines were introduced: it was held that they could never be made suitable for fine work. What a mistake! The most skilful pressman using the very best press of fifty years ago, could not possibly produce such results as are commonly obtainable from our modern machines with their beautiful adjustments. As regards hand-setting type, there was no room for improvement in principle until invention began to busy itself with machinery for that purpose. About the middle of the century English and American founders awakened to great activity in producing new faces in almost endless variety, many of them being very elegant; nor does the supply seem likely to diminish. Especially has this been the case with symbolic devices, ornaments, and borders. The combination border marked a wide step forward; the separate pieces were cast on bodies that enabled them to be combined in almost endless variety, producing effects at once novel and beautiful. There have also been differences in the character of the metal employed—though here, again, the range is limited, for hardness, which means durability in wear, is attended with brittleness. I was never a "whip," *i.e.*, a very quick compositor. This was partly owing to a habit I had of mentally criticising my "copy," or following out an idea that it might start; so that sometimes I found myself resting the hand that held the composing-stick

on the lower case and gazing abstractedly at the copy, when I would bring myself up with a start, and try by extra speed to make up for the delay. As a set-off against this, however, my work was clean, so that but little time was taken up with corrections.

As an apprentice I was brought into contact with diversified, and in some cases droll, companions. The foreman when I joined was a delicate, gentlemanly man, but he was also a thorough tradesman. He was frequently ill, and I am afraid the men, and especially the apprentices,* took advantage of his infirmities. Amongst ourselves he was "the man with a woful countenance." His stay with us was not long: he went to Hobart and commenced business there as a printer and stationer, and I believe was fairly successful. On his retirement a man came back who had occupied that position before, but becoming unsettled had gone to South Australia and had taken up the rôle of a shepherd on one of the large squatting stations. As might be supposed, he was a different stamp of man to the other, though by no means less skilful as a tradesman; but his experiences were novel, and to me they were interesting. When an opportunity occurred I liked to get him to narrate some of his adventures in the Australian bush, and he was always willing enough. Most of his stories have, of course, been forgotten, but I remember that he said he followed his sheep over immense plains, sleeping in a portable "box" fixed on wheels, which he could move about without much difficulty, and in which his bed was raised a few inches above the ground, and there was just room enough for him to lie down. Sometimes he was disturbed by inquisitive natives, but more frequently by dingoes, and then he had to turn out and try to shoot them—the dingoes, not the natives! One of our pressmen had been employed in the office of the *Launceston Advertiser* when it was the property of Mr. Dowling. At that time printers, like too many other persons, as a rule, frequently imbibed more stimulants than was good

* My fellow apprentice was the late Mr. J. S. V. Turner, who died on 8th March, 1907, in his seventy-third year.

for them. Mr. Dowling tried to repress this terrible habit by interdicting the introduction of liquor into the office. One afternoon he went up into the composing-room in which was a strong odour of spirits, and meeting the pressman, who was then abnormally hilarious, he said—"Ah, I can smell rum." "Yes," replied the other, quite unabashed, "and that's your whack of it!"

CHAPTER VII

Starting a newspaper—J. P. Fawkner and W. Monds go to Hobart for materials—return journey—an unexpected rival—ingenious expedients—*Cornwall Press*—F. A. Wales—prize essays—Charles Curr—am reporter—reporting rivalry—war with Russia—newspaper piracy—"man-traps"—Bible class—portraits—Chartists—Jewish synagogue—ships built—"Raven flew away with the Swan"—an awkward compliment—murder of Zimraim Youram.

Mr. William Monds, a compositor who was employed on the *Examiner* for several years—indeed until his death, 23rd June, 1863—was connected with one of the very first attempts to start a newspaper on the northern side of the colony. He enjoyed recounting his adventures quite as much as I did listening to them, and eventually I induced him to write a sketch of his experiences, which appeared in the *Examiner* of 23rd December, 1862, and 24th January, 1863. My old friend arrived in Launceston early in December, 1828, and was introduced to Mr. J. P. Fawkner. There was not a newspaper in Launceston then, but the inhabitants were very desirous to have one, and Mr. Fawkner had expressed his willingness to start one if there was a promise of sufficient subscribers, and he could procure the necessary plant. As the outcome of their interview, Mr. Fawkner resolved that both should go to Hobart and endeavor to obtain the requisites for a paper. The first week in January, 1829, they started in a light horse cart belonging to Mr. Fawkner; it was a Tuesday afternoon, and after a series of misfortunes which commenced a few miles from Launceston, they reached Hobart the following Friday night. Next day they met Mr. Andrew Bent, proprietor of the *Colonial Times*, from whom they purchased a quantity of second-hand type, an old wooden press, and a small stock of ink

and paper, for all of which high prices were paid. Mr. Bent, it may be remarked, had established the *Hobart Town Gazette*, the first permanent newspaper in the island, and the wooden press mentioned was no doubt the one to which I have already referred.* Having purchased his printing plant, Mr. Fawkner and his assistant had to get it to Launceston. But an unexpected and disturbing element had got into their plans. When at Ross on their way down they learnt that Mr. Dowsett and his son had passed them on the road: they were going to Launceston to start a newspaper! Not a moment was to be lost. Mr. Fawkner met with a northern resident who was returning in a cart drawn by two bullocks, with whom he arranged for the carriage of his goods. Misfortune again met them at the outset. Scarcely had they started from Hobart when the driver stopped to speak to a person, leaving the bullocks to go on alone. Some tempting grass induced the animals to climb a bank, the cart capsized, and its contents were reduced to "pie." The scattered potentialities of a newspaper were scrambled up again, and two extra bullocks were borrowed to make a successful journey certain. But "the best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft a-gley." The two fresh bullocks were only half broken in, and caused no end of trouble. At Ross Mr. Fawkner got bogged with his horse and cart in trying to ford the Macquarie river. With some difficulty the horse was extricated, and then a couple of bullocks were hitched on to the cart to drag it out. Instead of taking the two old and tried bullocks for this purpose, the borrowed ones were used. Having pulled out the cart and finding it light, the creatures varied the proceedings by bolting, whirling the precious goods about in all directions! When at last they finished their little joke, and the things had again been picked up, the driver refused to take them any further! Fortunately a local police official took compassion on the disconsolate pair, and through his good offices another team was secured, and Launceston was eventually reached with everything safe except a galley,

* *Ante*, p. 99.

which was afterwards picked up on the road and restored to its rightful owner.

Pioneering work is a capital test of resourcefulness. A bush friend of mine had one day made a pudding, but when putting it into a saucepan for boiling, to her dismay she found there was not sufficient water to cover it, and there was no more available until a supply could be brought from the river, three miles away. Here was a dilemma, but my friend was equal to it. Gathering some clean pebbles from the bed of a dry watercourse near at hand, she dropped them into the pot, and lo, the pudding was covered and eventually cooked and probably eaten. But leaving "pie" and pudding, let me pursue my narrative. In the absence of proper appliances for bringing out a tolerably decent looking paper, many ingenious expedients were resorted to. For instance, leads for separating lines of matter were improvised by folding tea lead, hammering it flat, and cutting it with shears into the lengths required; and column rules were represented by common brass rule with a piece of lead on each side. Notwithstanding these mechanical difficulties, the first number of the *Launceston Advertiser* appeared the second week in February, 1829. A week or two after, Mr. Dowsett's paper, the *Cornwall Press*, was published, but owing to defective management its career was less than six months. According to West (p. 108), the first newspaper in Launceston was established by George Terry Howe, in 1825, but it was soon given up, its proprietor going to Hobart at the suggestion of the Government, to undertake the *Government Gazette* in concert with Dr. Ross.

Shortly after I had passed through the front office into the mechanical department, my place in the former was filled by another apprentice, Frederic A. Wales. We had been schoolfellows at Mr. Kelly's and were fast friends. He was a bright, good-natured, clever lad, and a native of the town. A few years subsequently he succeeded me as reporter, and continued in that capacity until about the middle of 1860, when he resigned to enable him to study for the law, but that purpose was frustrated by

death. At the close of 1850 he and I were engaged in writing essays on the advantages of Sunday schools, in response to an invitation from the Van Diemen's Land Sunday School Union. Both were in a sense successful, as I received the second prize, and he the third; the first was awarded to a young lady in Hobart. Wales died of consumption on 13th October, 1861, at the age of thirty-one years. At the time he was staying at Cormiston, West Tamar, the residence of Archibold Thomson, Esq.; and having been a volunteer, he was accorded a military funeral.

As already stated, Mr. Curr was the *Examiner* reporter when I was apprenticed. He was a young man of considerable ability, and I believe he was related to the first manager of the Van Diemen's Land Company, but unfortunately he was not wise in the choice of companions, and as a consequence he acquired intemperate habits. Meanwhile the Melbourne *Argus* had been established, and at once assumed a leading position. It wanted reporters, naturally preferring men with some colonial experience. Here was an opportunity for Mr. Curr to improve his position: he applied, was accepted, and left the *Examiner* at the end of March, 1849. Rather more than two years later (August, 1851), when visiting Sydney for the benefit of my health, I met him in George-street. He had been acting as Sydney correspondent for the *Argus*, and when I met him he had just been appointed to represent that journal in London, and he was on his way to the ship when I encountered him. Poor fellow! he knew me directly, and with what of consciousness he still retained, was evidently pleased to see me. He was carrying some large parcels, and as he stood talking to me they kept slipping about, and a box of lucifer matches fell to the ground. He stooped to pick it up, and then others escaped. As soon as he recovered one box, others would fall, until nearly the whole were spread out on the pathway! Grieved and ashamed for him, I helped to gather up and secure his matches, and then bade him farewell, hoping he would turn over a new leaf when he reached England. I never

saw him again, and I am under the impression that he died not long after.

With the retirement of Mr. Curr, it became necessary for our people to look out for another reporter, and the idea was started that either myself or Wales might fill the vacancy. How it came to be suggested I cannot now say, unless it arose from my well known desire to occupy such a position. Of course I was jubilant at the prospect of so speedily attaining my highest ambition. But my probable fitness had to be tested. A short time before Mr. Curr left, a public meeting was to be held in connection with the anti-transportation movement, and it was proposed that I should try my hand at reporting it, though my report was not intended for publication. At the same time, though I was not then aware of it, my fellow apprentice Wales was requested to make a similar experiment. Unknown to each other, therefore, both engaged in the same trial. The meeting was held in the Infant School, in Frederick-street, on 1st February, 1849, and I was gratified to learn that my performance was preferred —not, perhaps, because it was a more correct report of what occurred, but because it was calculated to give a better general idea of the meeting. I have this triumphant and portentous document still in my possession.

Under the circumstances it may be accepted as certain that I was greatly elated, and I resolved to devote my best energies to my new duties. Curiously enough, I entered upon these on my birthday, 22nd March, 1849, and the event was to me one of more than ordinary significance. Only three or four months previously I had "proposed" to the young lady who nearly four years later became my treasured wife. When only girl and boy, we had formed an attachment which was not of the usual juvenile character—sentimental and ephemeral. It struck its roots deeply, and in December, 1848, it culminated in the declaration referred to, just as the young lady finally left school. We had been "sweethearts" for something like eighteen months. This attachment exerted a very marked influence on the whole of my subsequent life. It

is likely that at first I had been captivated by the beauty and brightness of the young lady; but fuller acquaintance disclosed qualities of heart and mind rarely to be found in combination, and which nearly half a century of wedded life made increasingly conspicuous and delightful. However it came about there was, so to speak, an exchange of hearts between Emma Glover and myself while we were comparatively children, and the passion that seemed never to have had a definite beginning, continued to deepen with the passing years; nor when consummated in wedlock was its development interrupted.

I believe I gave complete satisfaction to my employers in the performance of my new duties, and I am quite sure I spared no effort to attain that end. After the experience of half a century, and with reporters of various endowments, I can look back to the work that I then performed with a feeling of thankful satisfaction. My constant aim was to collect all the news that was stirring, to record it correctly, and to publish it promptly. This desire seemed to strengthen with its indulgence, and doubtless it was intensified by a spirit of emulation. It gave me acute pleasure to anticipate our local contemporary, and in one form or other this was of frequent occurrence. A few years later, when war had been declared with Russia, a fine field was opened for displaying the strategy and perseverance of the rival reporters, and I can say with truthfulness that it was very rarely that I was beaten. Great Britain declared war with Russia on 22nd March, 1854; Sebastopol fell 8th September, 1855; peace was proclaimed 30th March, 1856; its receipt in Tasmania was celebrated on 9th and its ratification on 30th July. It may be mentioned that in response to a general appeal made by Queen Victoria, a "Patriotic Fund," for the relief of widows and orphans resulting from that terrible and impolitic war, was started at a public meeting held in Launceston on 3rd April, 1855. Though the meeting was not largely attended, it was enthusiastic, and £415 was subscribed in the room. The total contributed by Tas-

mania exceeded £25,000, Launceston alone (including a bazaar by the ladies) contributing nearly one-fourth of that amount (July, 1856). Tasmania also subscribed a considerable sum to the Florence Nightingale testimonial.

At that time not only was Australia not in telegraphic communication with Europe, but a cable had not been laid between the mainland and Tasmania. There was only a monthly mail by steam from England, and in the intervals a few days' later news was frequently received by swift sailing ships whose arrival was of course uncertain. Every vessel, therefore, coming here from Melbourne or Sydney had to be watched very carefully, on the chance of getting papers containing later news. If a steamer entered the Tamar when the afternoon was well advanced, and on a falling tide, she would almost certainly bring up in some part of the river, no one in town knew where, and remain there until the next tide; but sometimes she would come on, and unexpectedly her lights would be seen in the Boat Channel or off Newnham, and in twenty minutes she would be up at Town Point, or "the Bar," as it was known in those days. The "Bar" was a spit formed of stones, timber, sand, &c., brought down by the South and North Esks, and deposited across the mouth of the latter river, at the point where the two streams neutralise each other. For a long time it was a serious drawback to the port, as no vessels, however small, could cross it under half tide. At low water I have seen a boatman get out of his boat and drag it over the "Bar" in order to reach the Wharf. Ships drawing over fourteen feet invariably had to discharge part of their cargo into lighters before going up to the Wharf, and to complete loading in the same way after leaving the Wharf. Five-and-twenty or thirty years ago, however, Captain Ditcham, when a member of the Marine Board, demonstrated the practicability of removing this spit by means of a spoon-dredge. Simple as this contrivance was it did good work, and it induced the Board to go thoroughly into the undertaking by the employment of several Priestman dredges, and now the "Bar" has entirely disappeared. If the

projected training-wall to deflect the two opposing streams into one is properly constructed, the channel will be kept clear by the operation of natural forces. The *Royal Shepherd* was an exception to the steamers of which I have spoken. Captain Saunders was so well acquainted with the river, and had such confidence in himself, that he could bring his ship up on a clear night almost as easily as in the day. It mattered not how late in the afternoon he might enter the Heads, he usually got alongside the Wharf at some hour the same night. Quite recently the most difficult reaches of the Tamar have been lighted, so that now (1907) any master of a steamer fairly acquainted with the river can bring his ship up at night. This is a great advantage.

On all the occasions to which I have alluded there was a race between the reporters to be first on board to have the pick of the papers in charge of the stewards. Very seldom was I outgeneraled in this contest, and when it did happen I hunted up the officers and passengers, and usually got what I wanted. Many a time I have walked about the Wharf until past midnight waiting for the steamer, hours after others had given her up and gone home. There was a pile-driver on the Wharf near the foot of Charles-street, which I ascended more than once to widen my view of the river, and so catch the steamer's lights at a greater distance. Occasionally an inward steamer would report that as she was leaving Port Phillip Heads one of the crack liners was going in, and we were sure that she would bring later news—perhaps a week later than that received by the last mail. Here, then, was something to look out for, and all were on the alert for the following steamer. But perhaps the next arrival from Melbourne would be a sailing vessel, and I would engage a waterman to take me three or four miles down the river, and boarding her there I had the course entirely to myself. Once or twice I narrowly escaped accident in boarding the steamers, as the captains did not care to slow down to oblige reporters. After a little experience at the work I made a practice which I fear was not quite in accord with the Golden Rule. It was a rare thing for any of these vessels

to have more than five or six papers, only one or two of them, perhaps, containing the coveted news ; but whatever the number, I appropriated all I could lay my hands on, even though some of them might be useless ; and after exhausting the steward's stock, I would interview the passengers if opportunity offered, so as to completely clear the ground for my rivals. This was not kind, but it was professional, and it would be entirely justified by our modern code of commercial ethics, although I am now disposed to condemn my action all the more for that reason.

I have spoken of emulation as having been an impelling force in the discharge of my journalistic duties : I think there was also associated with it a little of the spirit of the detective. Imitation is said to be the sincerest flattery. Perhaps it is, but it is a form of admiration that reporters at any rate do not appreciate. I felt sure that my diligence was often availed of by our contemporary, who though unavoidably one issue behind the *Examiner* with certain items of news, was silly enough to snip out paragraphs and transfer them almost word for word to its own columns. This was obvious enough to any one who would take the trouble to compare the articles and the dates ; but I confess that I took a detective's delight in laying traps to secure conviction. Sometimes I would invent a story that, whilst perfectly harmless, would attract attention. Without enquiry the paragraph would be copied with scarcely an alteration of a word, much less of general structure. But it was in the manifests of ships that I most frequently secreted my "man-traps," by crediting some consignees with trifles that they did not receive, or perhaps introducing an altogether new importer whose name did not occur on the ship's papers ; yet by a remarkable coincidence the following issue of our contemporary would contain precisely the same errors ! It was curious, to say the least of it ! Of course I did not "put away" the pilferers : that might have exposed me to some amount of censure and distrust. I simply "made a note" of the evidence for future use if required.

Every walk of life abounds with temptations of various kinds, but in the case of a reporter they are abnormally numerous. His duties unavoidably bring him into contact with persons and situations in which he is often urged to take intoxicating liquor, and unless he is very firm and unvarying in his refusal, he is in great peril of falling into intemperate habits, with all the degradation and remorse that they involve. Probably foreseeing this danger, at the outset of my career as a reporter I resolved not to take liquor of any kind away from home. My resolution soon became known, and then I was rarely asked to drink. I recall only one exception to this rule. An inquest was held at the Rising Sun Hotel, kept by Mr. Josiah Pitcher, at Prospect Village. The coroner, Michael Kennedy, Esq., had kindly given me a seat in his cab, as he frequently did. At the conclusion of the enquiry Mr. Pitcher (an old and esteemed friend of mine) invited the coroner, his clerk, the police officer, and myself into a parlour, where he regaled us with a glass of his celebrated currant wine. A temptation of another kind not unfrequently assails a reporter. Actors in a bad cause, presuming on the *auri sacra fames*, and judging of others by themselves, endeavor to make their case appear better to the public by bribing the reporter to distort or suppress facts. The infamy that will accept a bribe can be exceeded only by that which offers it. Fortunately my sense of rectitude in this respect was never directly assailed more than once, and that was almost immediately after I had taken up my new duties. It was a case at the Police Office—I forget its nature—and was followed by a conviction. At its close, the principals and spectators left the court, as I also did two or three minutes after, when I had gathered my papers together. On getting out into the street I found the defendant evidently waiting for me. He came to me and began to talk about the case: of course he was an injured man, and wished the public to know "the rights" of the story, which he thought might be facilitated by my acceptance of a sovereign. Ostentatiously he displayed the gold; but I am thankful

to say I was able to refuse his bait with a scorn that I am sure was mortifying to my tempter.

For some little time, between 1847 and 1849, Mr. West conducted a Bible class in the vestry of St. John Square Chapel. There were ten or a dozen members including both sexes, and we met at intervals of, I think, a fortnight. The meetings were pleasant and I believe profitable ; I know that I always looked forward to them with eagerness which was in no wise diminished by the fact that they were additional opportunities for getting a surreptitious smile from one whom I had already learnt to regard with feelings of more than ordinary interest. The subject for the next meeting having been decided on before separating, the members were expected to write short papers upon it. Generally this was done by three or four, and the discussions that followed, with Mr. West's comments, awakened much interest. I have now some of the papers that I contributed to the class, including a couple of pieces of poetry on the death of Saul and Jonathan. The changing conditions of colonial life often prove inimical to the most promising organisations, and our Bible class was not an exception. When it commenced, most of the members were well advanced in their teens, so that the flight of two or three years transformed lads and lassies into young men and women. As they entered into business pursuits they removed to other places, and their time was less at their own disposal ; possibly these changes also brought with them a diminished inclination. But whatever the cause, after a year or two our numbers declined, and their places not being filled by others, the class was at length given up.

Soon after my apprenticeship, probably in 1846 or 1847, Mr. and Mrs. Waddell had their portraits painted by F. Strange. They were nearly life size, and when finished Mrs. Waddell had a smaller portrait of myself painted by the same artist. The former of these, which had been given to me, I have presented to Christ Church, and they are exhibited in the school room ; the latter is in the possession of my eldest daughter.

Probably few persons now living here remember the Chartist agitation in the old country, yet it was serious at the time. It was a movement principally by the working classes to obtain an extension of political power. Dissatisfied and disappointed with the first results of the Reform Bill of 1832, which were aggravated by general commercial depression, slackness of work, and low wages, they attributed their distress to their want of direct influence in the government—a disability which they sought to remove. Their programme of political reform embodied six points, viz.—1, manhood suffrage; 2, equal electoral districts; 3, vote by ballot; 4, annual Parliaments; 5, abolition of property qualification for members of the House of Commons; 6, payment of members. This platform they called the "People's Charter," and hence its advocates were Chartists. Its planks were not new, but when previously propounded the conditions were not favorable for wide acceptance. As almost invariably happens in such movements, there was a division of opinion as to the means to be employed, some relying exclusively on moral force, whilst a very large body urged a resort to violence. Threatening meetings were held in all parts of the United Kingdom, and great public alarm existed. Matters culminated in an outbreak at Newport, in Monmouthshire, in November, 1839, which resulted in the death of ten persons, and the wounding of many others. For participation in this insurrection, three of its leaders were sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to transportation, and they received a free pardon in 1854. These men were John Frost, Zephaniah Williams, and William Jones. The former lived for several years on the southern side of the island, ultimately going to America, where he died. Jones went into business in Launceston as a jeweller and watchmaker, and I distinctly remember him and his shop in Elizabeth-street. Williams had large experience in coal mining, and was prominently engaged in developing the Mersey coal field. Both Jones and Williams died in Launceston.

It is said that every truth must have its Calvary, and

all reformers must expect more or less of martyrdom. Had these men lived a few years longer they would have seen the concession of practically all the "points" for which they labored and suffered.

A few early incidents may here be grouped together.

The Jewish Synagogue in St. John-street was opened on 26th March, 1846. There were a good many Jews in Launceston then. At the present time (1907), I think it has been closed for upwards of thirty years.

The brig *Peri*, 145 tons, built at Rotherhithe, on the Tamar, was launched on 28th April, 1846.

The ship *Harpley*, 544 tons, built at Spring Bay, on the Tamar, was launched on 2nd February, 1847. She was owned by Mr. James Raven. She sailed on 6th April for London, but meeting with terrific weather had to put in at Honolulu and subsequently at Rio to repair. Mr. Raven also owned several other vessels, amongst them the brigs *Raven* and *Swan*, both of which were built on the Tamar. Mr. Raven married a Miss Swan, of Hobart, and this gave rise to the not very profound pun that "the Raven flew away with the Swan." He resided in the small two-storey house in Cimitiere-street, nearly opposite the store of Messrs. Hinman and Wright.

Mr. Peter Archer Mulgrave died at Launceston on 8th March, 1847. For many years he had been Police Magistrate and Chairman of Quarter Sessions. He was a tall, square-built man, but having lost an eye, its place was occupied by a green shade. Long experience had made him familiar with the manners and tricks of prisoners. On one occasion when a man was being tried before him and was evidently "protesting too much," Mr. Mulgrave interrupted him. Checked in what might have proved injurious to himself, the prisoner thought to compliment his judge, though it must be confessed the attempt was sadly lacking in tact. Looking the latter steadily in the face, and with an angelic smile upon his countenance, he blurted out "Well I'll be hanged if you can't see more with that one eye of your'n than most people can with

two!" The remark was *not* taken as a compliment, nor did it mitigate the sentence!

A shocking murder was committed at Norfolk Plains on the night of 6th July, 1848. An old man of eighty-five, named Zimraim Youram, was found dead in his hut, his head having been beaten in with a hammer. A prisoner named Patrick M'Donough, in the service of Mr. Jordan, was arrested on suspicion, and confessed that his master's son, John Jordan, had committed the crime to get the old man's money; that he then got frightened and left, but returned with M'Donough to search the place, and that they found £50 which they shared. Jordan's account was that the crime had been planned and executed by M'Donough though he was present, and that they got £37 10*s*. This statement was generally believed, but Jordan was convicted on 4th October, and executed on 7th November. M'Donough was acquitted of the capital charge. I had known Jordan quite well, as he had been apprenticed to a Mr. George Ross, a shoemaker in Wellington-street, who was also one of the deacons of Tamar-street Church. Jordan was only about twenty-two, and was preparing to marry a respectable girl. This is another illustration of the blighting effect of convictism on the social condition of the people.

CHAPTER VIII

John Glover, artist—gold medal presented by Louis XVIII.—arrival in Tasmania—Patterdale—ascends Ben Lomond—last interview with him—his wife—death of both—children and grandchildren—my "sweetheart"—loyal poetry—become "engaged"—William Buckley—Sammy Cox.

Mr. John Glover was an artist of high repute, not unworthily taking a place with Reynolds, Turner, Constable, and other masters of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; and as he also achieved an Australian reputation I may be permitted to reproduce a few interesting personal details. He was born at Houghton-on-the-Hill, in Leicestershire, on 18th February, 1767, his parents being engaged in agricultural pursuits. He received a good plain education and was under religious influence at home. At a very early age he developed that artistic genius for which in after years he became distinguished. At first he confined his efforts to water colors, and he was one of the most prominent members of the British Water Color Society, and in 1807 was elected its President. After a few years he turned his attention to oils, and became a formidable rival to Turner, then considered the foremost painter of Europe. In 1805 he removed to Montague Square, London. After the restoration of Louis XVIII., in 1814, Mr. Glover went to the Louvre, and there painted a very large oil picture which the King greatly admired, and after its exhibition in Paris he forwarded to the artist, who had returned to England, a massive gold medal in appreciation of his talent. After the death of Mr. Glover, his son, Mr. John Richardson Glover, presented it to the Launceston Mechanics' Institute Museum, where it was retained for many years, but after removal to the Victoria Museum

it was stolen from the case on 20th January, 1904. Mr. Glover travelled through France, Switzerland, and Italy, and on his second visit to the former country Louis Philippe, then Duc d'Orleans, commissioned him to paint pictures of Tasmania, having heard that was to be the future destination of the artist, and wishing to become familiar with its peculiar features. In London Mr. Glover prosecuted his art for many years, and some of his pictures brought large prices. His view of Durham Cathedral, at one time and perhaps still in Lambton Hall, realised five hundred guineas; and he had been so industrious that in 1820 he was able to furnish a gallery in Bond-street with his own productions. After a time he thought of retiring to Ullswater, in Cumberland, a favorite locality for his pencil, and he purchased a house and some land for that purpose. This project, however, was not carried out, and his steps were directed to Tasmania. He sailed from Gravesend in the barque *Thomas Lowry*, Captain W. Langdon, R.N., on 4th September, 1830, but did not finally clear the land until 4th October. After one of the leisurely trips characteristic of the time, the barque entered the Tamar on 18th February, 1831. A portion of the cargo was discharged at Launceston, and the vessel proceeded to Hobart, clearing Tamar heads on 29th March, and reaching her destination on 1st April. I am not sure, but it is probable that Mr. Glover accompanied the ship to Hobart, as one of his sons took a farm a few miles from the capital. But whether he did or not, he seems to have remained at Hobart only long enough to secure an extensive section of land on the northern slopes of Ben Lomond, well watered by the beautiful rivulet Nile, which rises in a small lake at the top of the mountain, and becomes a tributary of the South Esk. Here Mr. Glover built a large two-storey dwelling house, the walls being constructed of freestone obtained in the vicinity; and as he had resolved to enter upon agricultural and pastoral pursuits on an extensive scale, he erected all the outbuildings required for those purposes. He named his estate Patterdale, after a favorite locality on Lake Ullswater, in Cumberland, and when sufficient time had elapsed

to allow the improvements to take effect, Tasmania could boast of few spots more complete or charming, and certainly there were none where hospitality was more widely or heartily dispensed. In his new home Mr. Glover worked diligently at his profession, and made frequent excursions into the country to become better acquainted with its peculiarities and beauties. In one of these outings, in company with John Batman, the Victorian explorer, he ascended Ben Lomond (upwards of 5,000 feet) on horseback —the first European to perform that feat. In Backhouse's narrative of the visit of himself and G. W. Walker to the Australian Colonies,* which occupied six years, the writer has this entry under date 10th May, 1833: "We visited John Glover, a celebrated painter, who came to this country in advanced life, to depict the novel scenery. His aged wife has been so tried with the convict female servants that she has herself undertaken the house work. We gradually find that females prefer England to Tasmania on account of this annoyance."

Mr. Glover's style was peculiar to himself, the result of deliberate and careful study, delicacy of effect being its chief characteristic. He held it as a dogma that he who would represent nature truly must be familiar with all her varying features.

Towards the close of 1835 Mr. Glover sent to London for exhibition several splendid paintings of Tasmanian scenery, two of which, I believe, were purchased by Louis Philippe.

During the last few years of his life Mr. Glover had abandoned painting, living in complete retirement with his family, by the young members of whom, his grandchildren, he was greatly beloved; and deriving pleasure and comfort from reading, which was confined almost exclusively to religious books. Shortly after I had become reporter to the *Examiner* my visits to Patterdale commenced. On one of these occasions I went with the family to the Deddington church: it was the afternoon of Sunday,

* Messrs. Backhouse and Walker arrived at Hobart in the barque *Science*, on 8th February, 1832.

30th September, 1849, and I distinctly remember a conversation with the old gentleman. We were sitting on a bench outside waiting for the arrival of the minister, the Rev. Robert Russell, when, referring to my position as reporter, Mr. Glover asked me if my contributions to the paper bore any distinctive mark by which they might be recognised, as that would invest them with additional interest. Of course I had to acknowledge that they did not, but I explained my duties so that he would know in what direction to look for my work, and with that he seemed to be gratified. Poor old man: that was our last interview. He died very peacefully on 9th December following, at the advanced age of eighty-two years. His widow, who was six years his senior, survived him four years, dying on 19th November, 1853, having reached the extreme age of ninety-two years.

JOHN GLOVER.

Drawn by a pupil at Appleby about 1786.

It is interesting to note that both Mr. and Mrs. Glover were born many years before England seriously contemplated colonising any part of Australasia. When the "first fleet" sailed for Botany Bay the former was twenty years old, and the latter twenty-six; and as I was intimate with them I may fairly claim to be a link that connects that remote past with the present, covering a space whilst I write (February, 1907) of 140 years! My brother, Mr. C. E. Button, of Auckland, when in England in 1904, visited the National Gallery, and there, he wrote me, "amongst the pictures of the greatest painters in the world I saw a 'Landscape with Cattle' by John Glover." A portrait of Mr. Glover painted by himself when probably not much over twenty, and another picture said to have

been painted by him when between twelve and thirteen years of age, came into my possession after his death; subsequently I gave them to the Launceston Art Gallery, in which they still hang with a few others of his pictures.

Several of Mr. Glover's sons came with him to this colony, and arriving at Hobart one of them, Henry, settled for a short time in the vicinity of Brighton. Here he married Elizabeth Mary Hayes, niece of the late Mr. John Hayes who many years ago represented that district in the House of Assembly. Very soon, however, Mr. Henry Glover removed to Patterdale to assist his father in the management of the estate. These were the parents of my dear wife. Emma, the second surviving child, was born at Bagdad on 24th May, 1834, and when under six years of age was sent, with a sister two years her senior, to a boarding school in Launceston conducted by my aunts, the Misses Waddell. She did not remain long on that occasion, the education of the little girls being carried on by a private teacher at home, which seemed more fitting. Three or four years subsequently she returned to my aunt's school and remained there until the close of 1848, when she was needed at home to assist in household duties. During school life the beauty so conspicuous in the child had developed into the winsome charms of maidenhood; and better still, the religious influences by which she was then surrounded struck deeply into a very tender and sympathetic heart, mellowing eventually into a beautiful Christian experience. She was full of life and spirit, and as graceful as a fairy in every movement. I had many opportunities of seeing her, but principally at the Sunday services held at Frederick-street Congregational Church (now Milton Hall), where she used to attend with my aunts on the ministry of the Rev. John West, the historian of Tasmania. Very soon I became conscious of peculiar pleasure when she was near, and this steadily increased until her image was seldom absent from my mental vision. By a mysterious process of affinity more readily experienced than explained, each was drawn to the other until the love light beamed in the eyes of both, and the hearts' secret

stood revealed to interested observers. I very well remember an incident that certainly was significant. On the morning of 19th May, 1848, I timidly tendered to my uncle, Mr. Waddell, some verses I had written on the approaching birthday of Queen Victoria, asking him if he thought them worthy of insertion in the paper. He commenced to read, and soon I saw a smile gather on his face which told me that he fancied he had discovered the secret of my loyalty; but as local critics were not numerous or usually very severe in those days, the lines found admission. I reproduce them here if only to amuse my readers:—

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

Auspicious morn! once more thy light
Spreads life and joy around;
With various feelings of delight
The hearts of all abound.

The Queen of Nations on this day
Completes another year:
Long may she live to reign and sway
The sceptre tyrants fear.

May she, upheld by power divine—
Assisted from on high,
Fill Britain's throne; and may she shine
In truth and equity.

Victoria, lend a willing ear,
If tales of wrong we tell;
Thus of the wicked be the fear,—
The praise of who do well.

Perchance some Tasman seraphs greet
This annual day of mirth:
We join with them—the work is sweet—
To celebrate their birth.

Fair ones, may happiness be yours;
May birthdays long increase:
Keep virtue's path—it joy secures;
So shall your end be peace.

May heavenly peace, with gentle hand,
Have universal sway;
And young Tasmania foremost stand
Her mandates to obey.

B. H.

The time came when my sweetheart had to leave school, which was, as I have said, at the close of 1848. Before going home, however, she stayed with a friend for a few days, one evening of which she spent at the house of my mother. Of course it was my duty to escort her home, and I took the opportunity to formally declare my passion. My suit was accepted, and from that moment our mutual love was the most tender and constant that the human heart is capable of, and it continued to deepen, if that were possible, as the years lengthened upon us.

It is not likely that I ever entertained the idea of emulating Mr. Glover, though association may have had something to do with influencing my taste; but I now had a strong desire to learn to draw, and I became a pupil of Mr. Strange. I made encouraging progress whilst working at case, but when I was promoted to be a reporter I had no time to practise, and gave it up. For a few years my drawing books were preserved, and I was rather proud of my performances, but I suppose they could not indefinitely withstand the not over-careful investigations of our children, and they have long since disappeared.

WILLIAM BUCKLEY

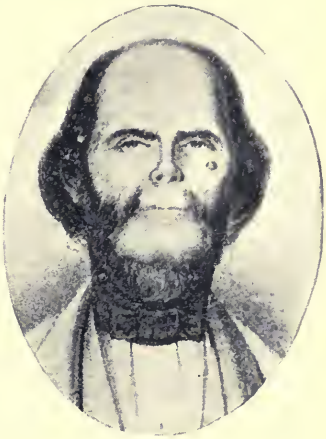
In referring to the early days of journalism in Tasmania, I have spoken of John Pascoe Fawkner as the founder of the first permanent newspaper in Launceston, the *Launceston Advertiser*. Fawkner projected a settlement in the almost unknown province of Port Phillip, and he formed an association of a few Launceston residents for that purpose. Having purchased a small schooner, the *Enterprise*, and loaded her with all requisites for his expedition, including grain, garden seeds, and 2500 fruit trees, he sailed from George Town on 27th July, 1835. The Hentys, also from Launceston, had founded a whaling station at Portland Bay in 1834. Meeting with bad weather, and Fawkner being very ill, he ordered the Captain to return to George Town, where he was landed. Having written full instructions for the guidance of the explorers, Fawkner sent the

vessel away, he returning to Launceston. The *Enterprise* entered Western Port on 8th August, and after exploring it, proceeded to Port Phillip, at which she arrived on 15th August. But John Batman,* also a northern colonist from Ben Lomond, had formed a larger association with the same object in view. He had preceded Fawkner by several weeks, and had actually made his celebrated agreement with eight aboriginal chiefs for the purchase of 600,000 acres of land. Batman's vessel, the *Rebecca*, commanded by Captain Robert Robson, left Launceston in April, arriving in Port Phillip at the end of the month. The agreement with the natives for the land was dated 6th June, which was six weeks before Fawkner obtained delivery of his vessel, yet the latter always claimed, and his claim was largely recognised, to be the "Father of Victoria." Perhaps Fawkner might with more accuracy be regarded as one of the founders of Melbourne. It is interesting to note, however, that both the rivals were Tasmanian colonists.

It was during this expedition of Batman that he fell in with William Buckley, the Englishman who lived thirty-two years with the blacks. Buckley was one of the convicts sent out with Collins in 1804 to colonise Port Phillip. Collins formed his camp in the vicinity of Sorrento, but quickly finding it unsuited for settlement, he obtained permission from Governor King to remove to the Derwent, which had been occupied five months previously by Lieut. Bowen. Whilst Collins and his party were still at Port Phillip, four of the convicts endeavored to escape. One was shot by the sentry, but the others, one of whom was Buckley, reached the bush. They wandered round the bay, experiencing great hardship and fatigue, and at last Buckley's companions resolved to return, but they were never heard of again. In the vicinity of the hut that Buckley had extemporised, a chief had been recently buried, and as was the custom with the natives in such

* On a subsequent trip, April, 1836, Batman was accompanied by Rev. J. Orton, Wesleyan minister in charge of the district of Tasmania, which had been separated from N. S. Wales. Mr. Orton died on 30th April, 1842, off Cape Horn on the voyage to England.

cases, a piece of a spear had been stuck in the ground to mark the grave. This Buckley had unwittingly withdrawn and was carrying in his hand when he fell in with the natives who, recognising the weapon, concluded that he, a man of gigantic proportions, six feet seven inches high, was their dead chief come back to them. Accordingly they took to him very kindly, and he acquired their language and habits—so completely, indeed, that when found by Batman's party on 12th July, 1835, he had nearly lost all recollection of his mother tongue. As soon as he could converse with the explorers he told them that he was a soldier and had been wrecked off Port Phillip heads twenty years previously; subsequently he revoked this story which he admitted having concocted to mislead his rescuers. His later narrative, which was ascertained to be correct, was that he was a native of Macclesfield, in Cheshire, had been a grenadier, served under the Duke of York in Flanders, and had been transported for striking his superior officer.



WILLIAM BUCKLEY.

Buckley was attached to Batman's party and was found very useful in dealing with the natives. Eventually a free pardon was given to him by Governor Arthur, and he went to live in Hobart, where during my residence there in 1852–3, I saw him frequently. In his declining days the Governments of Tasmania and Victoria gave him a pension of £52 a year. He died on 30th January, 1856, at the age of seventy-six. His death was the result of an injury received by being thrown out of a gig on Constitution Hill a week before Christmas. A sketch of his life, written from his own narrative by Mr. John Morgan, of Hobart, was published in 1852.

"SAMMY COX" OR JERVIS

A somewhat similar case occurred in Tasmania several years before that of Buckley, the man being known as Sammy Cox, though his real name was Samuel Emanuel Jervis. Unfortunately but little of his experiences is known. After returning to civilisation he lived over fifty years at Carrick, and during Mr. Monds's residence there he frequently met with him and listened to the old man's story which he ultimately committed to writing; briefly it was as follows :—

Sammy was born at Shenstone Park, near Lichfield, England, on 15th November, 1773. His father, Squire Jervis, owner of the park, was killed by a fall from his horse whilst fox hunting when Sammy was about ten years old, and he was then taken by his uncle, Captain John Jervis, and went to sea. He remained with his uncle five or six years. The last voyage that he made with his uncle was to the South Seas in the ship *Regent Fox*, the boatswain of which told him that his uncle intended to leave him on an uninhabited island, and returning to England would claim the family estate, to which the lad was rightful heir. In all probability the story was only a sailor's "yarn," for if his uncle had ever entertained such a purpose, it is not likely that he would communicate it to others. Young Jervis, however, was thoroughly frightened, and resolved to escape from his uncle at the earliest opportunity. Some time in 1789 land was sighted, and the ship being in want of water a boat was sent ashore to endeavor to procure some. Young Jervis was permitted to accompany the boat. They landed in the vicinity of the Tamar heads, and separating from his companions he concealed himself in the bush until the latter, unable to find him, were compelled to return to the ship without him. After their departure he realised his position, but it was then too late to be altered, and he was alone in an unknown country. He soon fell in with aborigines from whom he tried to escape by swimming, but they quickly overtook and brought him back, treating him

very kindly. Sammy did not know how long he was with the natives, but it was for many years, wandering about until the tribe settled in the part known as Quamby. In hunting with the tribe he came to what is now Hadspen, where he found some white folks, the first he had seen since forsaking the ship. Leaving the natives he joined himself to a family named Cox with whom he lived many years, and in consequence took their name. Subsequently Sammy obtained work, principally as a gardener, in the districts of Muddy Plains, Longford, Bishopsbourne, and Carrick. A few months prior to recording the foregoing, Mr. Monds with difficulty prevailed upon the old man to go into the Launceston Invalid Asylum, and he died there on 5th June, 1891, at the age of 115 years, though he claimed to be 117 years.

"SAMMY COX."

Assuming Sammy's estimate of time to have been correct, he would have joined the blacks in 1789, about fifteen years before Buckley absconded. It is probable that he would not have met with the white settlers in the Hadspen district prior to 1812 or 1815, in which case his sojourn with the natives was approximately twenty-six years. Official enquiry was made as

to the truth of Cox's statements which led to their confirmation in substance; and since his death I believe a representative of the family came from England to investigate the circumstances, and declared himself satisfied that the story was true.

On the preceding page is a portrait of the old man taken a short time before his death by Mr. Styant Browne.

CHAPTER IX

Primitive Launceston—Tamar-street bridge—wharf—launch of brig *William*—signal stations—shipping of fifty years ago—a record trip across the Strait—fogs—Invalid Asylum grounds—the *Kaines*—reclamation of mud-flat—Fishermen's Creek—a canal—Cameron's garden—his murder—assault on Neville—Swan River Cottage—water supply—improvements—present system—G. J. Yates—novel baptism—social awakening—*Philip Oakden* wrecked—*Clarence* bought—steam companies—Chamber of Commerce—City Mission—Dr. Pugh—Dr. Haygarth—action for malicious prosecution—St. John's Church—Archdeacon Browne—fatal accident to Rev. J. Fereday—Wesleyan Chapel—Roman Catholic Church—Trinity Church—Infant School—Courthouse—Watchhouse—St. Andrew's Church—Police-office—stocks—Treadmill—Penitentiary—Post-office—Custom House—banks—public-houses—theatres—Prince's Square—election row, Dry and Douglas.

It may be interesting to state what I can recall of primitive Launceston.

To begin with the Wharf. The Tamar-street bridge had been completed two or three years before my arrival, superseding a punt that had been previously employed for crossing the North Esk. The bridge was the work of Mr. John Griffiths, a native of Sydney, and a shipbuilder by trade. It was erected on piles and lasted, with various renewals and repairs, until the present handsome iron bridge (Victoria Bridge) was opened on 10th January, 1899. As a reward for his enterprise and skill, Mr. Griffiths received a grant of the adjacent land, bounded on three sides by the North Esk, Tamar-street, and William-street. On this he erected a steam flour mill, and built the brig *William*, which for many years traded to Sydney. A droll incident occurred in connection with the launch of this vessel. I suppose her keel had been laid down at right angles with the river, which was narrow; at any rate, when she left the ways, she rushed across and got jammed on the

opposite bank, nor could she be freed that tide. Next day a powerful team of bullocks was employed to drag her back into deep water. Several other vessels were subsequently built by Mr. Griffiths at Launceston, on the banks of the Tamar, and at the Mersey.

In 1837, as far as my recollection serves me, the Wharf consisted of three or four small detached stages commencing just abreast of the Steam Packet Hotel, at the foot of lower George-street. From that point upwards to the bridge was private property enclosed with a high fence, with the exception of the strip still known as Sydney Place, which was open to the public, though not piled and decked. Within the last few years the whole of this river frontage has been repurchased and a substantial wharf constructed, making a continuous esplanade from the bridge downwards. At the time I am speaking of, the principal wharf was a T-shaped piece running from near the foot of St. John-street. This was known as the "New Wharf," the "Old Wharf" being near the foot of George-street. At the St. John-street corner, now occupied by the Custom House, was the Port Office, an old wooden building with a flagstaff attached for repeating the signals from the Windmill Hill station. That was before the days of electric telegraphs, when communication between Launceston and the Tamar Heads was maintained by semaphore. There was a station near George Town on Mount George; another half-way, on Mount Direction; and the final station on the Windmill Hill. From these points a vessel could be followed the entire length of the river from the moment that she entered the Heads. The rig of the vessel and where she was from were denoted by stationary flags at the mast-head; her progress in the river, inwards or outwards, was indicated by other flags at the yard-arm which were changed as the vessel passed from one reach into another. As there were more ships arriving then, and from a greater variety of ports, than now, the signal men were kept pretty busy, and a good deal of interest was felt in the movements of the vessels. The substitution of large steamers for the sailing traders of earlier days accounts for the falling-off in the

VICTORIA BRIDGE, LAUNCESTON.

number of ships employed in the inter-colonial service. Of course at night or in thick weather the semaphore was useless.

The inter-colonial steamers of fifty years ago were a very different class of vessels to those more recently employed. In turning over a file of the *Examiner* for 1855, I found the names of several steamers which at that time were familiar as household words, and included some of the largest and most favorite boats. Thus there were the *Black Swan*, 145 tons—afterwards lengthened; *Pirate*, 285 tons; *Royal Shepherd*, 184 tons; *Lady Bird*, 176 tons, our crack boat, surrendered in 1905 to the Admiralty for a target in Cook's Strait; *Clarence*, new paddle boat, 199 tons; *Maid of the Yarra*, 82 tons; *Fenella*, 179 tons; *Queen*, 132 tons. These vessels went to Melbourne; besides them two steamers were engaged in the Hobart trade —the *Duncan Hoyle*, 132 tons; and the *Ant*, 82 tons. On 20th November, 1855 (the date was taken at random), there were in harbor:—five barques, three brigs, nine schooners, eight steamers. The latter included the *Clarence* laid up, *Tamar* and *Cobre* tugs, *Titania* coaster, and *Governor Wynyard* river trade. So many ships have not been in our harbor for many years. A few months earlier, on 23rd January, there were eight barques, four brigs, eleven schooners, and two steamers—*Lady Bird* and *Royal Shepherd*. At this time Launceston had a considerable foreign trade. Ships were frequently laid on for the Cape, Mauritius, Batavia, Calcutta, Java, &c., carrying flour, potatoes, bran, sharps, timber, oats, &c., and in return bringing back products from those places. Once a year the schooner *Tamar*, Captain Bell, used to make a voyage to Timor, returning with a consignment of sugar, rice, rattans, ponies, and other things. This reminds me of a record trip made by a sailing vessel between Port Phillip and the Tamar Heads. On 31st March, 1846, a little barque of 261 tons, the *Benjamin Heape*, Captain A. Gibson, made the run in thirteen hours! I am not aware that this has ever been beaten by a sailing vessel. Certainly she had a gale of wind behind her.

Quite recently I met with an odd piece of an *Examiner*, that had been used as a wrapping for some article, which contained amongst its miscellaneous shipping a paragraph that recalled memories of early fogs on the Tamar, although the one now described was unusually severe. The date of the paper was 13th June, 1881, the paragraph being as follows :—

The s.s. *Flinders* left Hobson's Bay at 12.30 p.m. on Friday (10th), and experienced moderate S.E. winds and very fine weather throughout the passage. Entered Tamar Heads at 11.40 a.m. on Saturday, having been detained five hours outside the Heads by a dense fog. At 2 p.m. the anchor was dropped at Point Rapid, the fog being so thick in Whirlpool Reach as to make it impossible to proceed any further. Remained off Point Rapid until noon yesterday (12th), when the anchor was weighed, and the wharf was reached at 2.20 p.m. The steam yacht *Emily May* was engaged by the T.S.N.Co. for the purpose of bringing passengers and the mails from the steamer. She left town at 3 p.m. on Saturday, but owing to the fog she was detained all night at Rosevear's. The *Flinders* was reached at Point Rapid at 10 a.m. yesterday, and the greater bulk of the passengers with the mails were transferred to the *Emily May*, which arrived at 1 p.m. Captain Young states that during all his experience on the river Tamar he never witnessed a denser fog than that which prevailed on Saturday.

In the early days of settlement Launceston was celebrated for its fogs, which, however, generally cleared off by ten or eleven o'clock in the morning, the remainder of the day being bright. Once (May 17, 1845) the fog was so dense that the Hobart mail coach in coming down the Sandhill about 10 a.m seemed to enter an ocean of mist, and two men with lanterns had to lead the horses through the streets. "The Swamp" was supposed to be the source of these fogs, and since it has been drained, over forty years, they have certainly been much fewer and incomparably lighter, but I suspect that this improvement is the result of the general opening of the country, rather than the draining of the limited area referred to.

Beyond the Port Office westward there was no pretence of a public wharf, but the river edge round to the Invalid Asylum grounds was in its natural condition, as the swamp on the opposite side still is. Where the River View (formerly Salmon and Ball) Hotel is built, the barque *Kaines*

was drawn up and roofed over, so that she resembled a veritable Noah's Ark, and was used as a store. This ship had brought a cargo of cedar from Sydney. She arrived in the Tamar on 26th September, 1831, and in coming through Whirlpool Reach in charge of a pilot she slightly touched a rock at the Devil's Elbow, when her stern post came out, the cedar swelled and burst up her decks, and she became a total wreck. The reporter of the casualty with good reason adds—"She must have been quite rotten." After emptying her, she was brought up the river, and a creek was dug to allow her to be taken to the spot mentioned. Many years ago, however, she was broken up, the creek filled in, and every vestige was obliterated by the construction of the Market Wharf. The *Kaines* arrived here under the command of Captain W. L. Goodwin, afterwards proprietor of the *Cornwall Chronicle*.

I am not sure, but I think that Messrs. James Henty & Co. had a kind of landing stage for their whaling ships abreast of what is now Gunn's sawmill. This was superseded by Green's Dock, which was afterwards filled in, and the site was utilised as a harbor for yachts and steam launches. But another change has taken place in this locality, for whilst I write (March, 1907) the whole of the flat in front of the Invalid Depot, covering about fifteen acres, is being reclaimed by the Marine Board. This work had been advocated for many years, and it has now been undertaken to increase the scour of the river, so making natural forces contribute to keep the channel clear. In 1837, however, beyond Henty's jetty there was no thoroughfare, the swamp at the foot of the Military Barracks and the Lumber Yard (together now forming the Invalid Asylum grounds), and the old brewery (originally Barnes's, then Button & Waddell's), filling up the space from the northern extremity of Charles-street. Adjoining the brewery was Margaret-street, which terminated in a small sloping gravel beach known as the Russian's Wharf, though for what reason it was so named I never could ascertain. Here small vessels came to repair or paint their bottoms, and boys congregated at tide-time to bathe. It was here

that the first windmill was erected; it had been removed from George Town when that place ceased to be headquarters. A little further west, the Fishermen's Creek opened into the river—so named because it was the rendezvous for the fishing boats. This creek was the natural outlet for the drainage of the greater part of the Launceston basin, the ditch coming through the Brickfields, crossing Elizabeth and York streets into Margaret-street, crossing Brisbane-street diagonally westerly, and passing through a paddock, terminated in the creek named. The tide flowed up this ditch, and I have fished in it for the small indigenous trout. At a very early date it was proposed to enlarge this ditch and make it into a canal big enough for wood boats and other small craft, but before a decision had been come to, the street was defined and land abutting on both sides of it sold, and so the idea was abandoned. It is a pity that it was. Had Margaret-street been reserved two chains wide right through to Frankland-street, there might have been a canal thirty-two feet wide, with a roadway on either side of fifty feet along which trees might have been planted. This would have been an unspeakable advantage to the town which it would also have drained perfectly, and saved the Corporation the expenditure of several thousand pounds in the construction of the Margaret-street sewer.

At the southern extremity of Bourke-street, on almost the identical spot on which the building stands that was used for the first electric distributing station, was the Powder Magazine. It was a brick building surrounded by a high wall of similar material, and was perambulated by a sentry day and night. Thirty or forty yards north, a small brick guard-house was erected, in which a corporal's guard was located, and every day, about noon, an officer would ride up in grand style, his sword swinging and clattering at his side, the guard would turn out, go through some trifling evolution, the officer would return, and the pageant was over. Some years later the Magazine was removed to its present site on the North Esk in the vicinity of the Rifle Butts.

Whilst speaking of this part of the town, I may mention that the large block of land enclosed by Margaret, Brisbane, Bourke, and York streets was, when I first came to Launceston, in the occupation of Daniel Cameron, as a market garden. Cameron was an old, somewhat morose, and vindictive man—or so he was considered, and he was regarded as a miser. A few years after my arrival this land was divided into allotments which were sold on twenty-one years building leases, and then Cameron had to move. He took some land at Invermay in the vicinity of what are now Burn and Green streets, and there he carried on gardening operations. He was supposed to have saved a good deal of money, and besides he had a lot of silver spoons and forks of which he was rather proud as family treasures. At that time Messrs. William Henty and John Cathcart lived a little further along the George Town Road, and they used to meet and speak with the old man nearly every day. For several mornings they missed him, and Mr. Henty feeling uneasy in consequence, proposed to Mr. Cathcart that they should go in company with a constable and make enquiry. Accordingly they went one evening: the door was locked, but it was forced open, and there the dead body of the old man was found. A terrible gash was in his forehead, inflicted with an axe which was lying near the body, the blow having divided the spectacles worn by deceased. This was early in May, 1852, and on the 10th an inquest was held at the Ferry House Inn, Tamar-street, when a verdict was brought in of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown. Two men were arrested on suspicion, but there was not sufficient evidence to sustain an indictment, and they were discharged. Everything of value had been taken away by the murderer, yet nothing was discovered to lead to his identification. It was, however, deemed remarkable and suggestive that a man who shortly before the murder was known to be impecunious, soon afterwards was able to purchase land, also two new carts, and two horses. Some years later the land that had been occupied by Cameron was bought by Mr. Cathcart, sen., and in this way it came into the possession of Mr.

J. C. Cathcart. In December, 1895, the old cottage was pulled down, and amongst the foundation of the chimney was found one of the missing silver spoons. It should be stated that two loaded guns were standing in a corner of the room in which the murder was committed, and from marks on the fireplace it was evident that after fastening the door inside, the perpetrator of the murder had escaped by the chimney. One other incident, which occurred several years earlier, I remember in connection with Cameron. He had a paddock on the Cataract Hill, as also had a man named Thomas Neville, who kept the White Hart Inn, in Wellington-street. These men had quarrelled, and meeting on the hill one morning hostilities were renewed, when Cameron attacked Neville with a handsaw that he was carrying, and nearly, if not quite, cut off one of his ears. Cameron was tried at the Quarter Sessions, and was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment and a fine of £50 for this piece of savagery.

There was a small but neat wooden cottage on the western side of Bathurst-street only a few yards north of Elizabeth-street. I remember it very distinctly. It was low, had a verandah on the three sides facing the street, and was known as the Swan River Cottage, having been brought from England by one of the Hentys, who purposed settling in Western Australia, then known as Swan River, but who altered his intention and remained here. This cottage was demolished in February, 1878, to make room for a more pretentious building. Some portions of Launceston I have seen built three times. That is one of the privileges, not always free from regret, conferred by lengthened years.

It may be interesting to refer to the primitive methods of supplying Launceston with water. With two considerable streams converging to form the Tamar, more than half a century elapsed before any proper system was adopted for this purpose. From the earliest days it had been customary for carts to go to the North Esk near Hobbler's Bridge, where the drivers would fill their casks by dipping water with buckets. Soon this was improved upon by

the erection of a pump, but the water obtained here was always muddy, and in summer it was affected by the tide.

In Governor Arthur's time an attempt was made to bring water in an open cutting from the South Esk at Evandale, known as the New River scheme. The first sod of the projected cutting was turned by the Governor on 10th March, 1836. A tunnel for the purpose through the Cambock hill was commenced, and some of the ventilating shafts, I believe, remain to this day; but the work was found to be more difficult and costly than was expected, and after one or two fatal accidents connected with blasting, it was abandoned.

Then my father and Mr. Felix Wakefield proposed to supply the town also from the South Esk, and by gravitation. Mr. Wakefield was a skilful surveyor, and he prepared a plan of the route, with necessary sections, quantities, and estimate of cost. A small dam was to be made across the river at Beams's Ford, where the cutting would start; and following easy country it would terminate in a reservoir at the head of Glen Dhu. The scheme included the supply of power for several mills along the race, but nothing came of it.

Shortly after this, about 1842, during the administration of Sir Eardley Wilmot, a plan was designed by Major Cotton for securing the desideratum by pumping water from the First Basin. A powerful water-wheel was erected at the Basin, and a race was started to bring driving water from the upper falls; pipes were laid to the top of the hill, and a reservoir was excavated, and then, as in the case of the New River scheme, for some reason which I do not recollect, the work was discontinued (I think by Sir William Denison), and the machinery and pipes were removed.

But before this last *fiasco*, the pressing urgency had been somewhat relieved. Messrs. Sibbald & Somerville had succeeded in constructing a fluming from the First Basin along the southern side of the Gorge to their mill at the foot of Bourke-street. A former mill erected on the rocks at the head of the Gorge had been washed away by the river in a flood. With a copious flow of pure water at

their disposal the owners of the mill were able to inaugurate a vast improvement to the town supply both in the quality of the water and its method of distribution. At the intersection of Bourke and Paterson streets a building was erected on the upper floor of which was a large tank. Wooden pipes were laid from the mill shutes to the tank, which was thus kept full. Spouts, terminating with five or six feet of leather hose, projected from the tank sufficiently high for carts to back under them ; the hose was then placed in an opening at the top of the cask, a valve was raised by pulling a cord, and the cask, perhaps 100 or

CATARACT MILL.

120 gallons, would fill in three or four minutes. The charge to the carters was sixpence a load, and the price to consumers ranged from eighteen pence to three shillings, according to distance. In the booming gold-digging days seven and sixpence was the cost of a load of water delivered on the Windmill Hill, and it frequently happened that half of it would be wasted by leakage from the purchaser's casks and tubs which had become dry and shrunk. A further improvement was subsequently effected by a tenant of the mill, Mr. George Joseph Yates. He attached a vertical wooden pipe to the shutes a few yards in advance of the

large over-shot wheel, and connected it with a horizontal pipe laid under and across the punt road, and projecting eight or ten feet beyond the edge of the river wall. A valve in the vertical pipe was opened or closed by a cord that passed into a window of the mill, where it was under the observation and control of the miller. This was a great convenience to shipping and breweries, which could now fill their casks or tanks by simply drawing their boats under the projecting pipe, instead of sending them up to the Falls, and dipping the water with buckets.

All these expedients, however, were superseded when the present admirable supply from St. Patrick's River, one of the affluents of the North Esk, was undertaken by the Municipal Council, and came into operation at the end of October, 1857. This was one of the earliest works undertaken after municipal government had been conferred in 1852. A dam was thrown across the St. Patrick's River about thirteen miles from Launceston, whence the water follows an aqueduct nearly half a mile to a ridge which separates the river from the head of Distillery Creek. This ridge has been tunnelled, and having passed through, the water is delivered into the creek, down the bed of which it flows five or six miles. Here a dam has been constructed forming the head of the supply, the water being conducted into the city in three fifteen-inch mains. At first there was a single ten-inch pipe, which has since been devoted to the supply of St. Leonards. The Distillery Creek dam is 314 feet above high water, and the dam at St. Patrick's River is 1150 feet. The work was commenced during the mayoralty of Mr. W. S. Button, and completed under that of Mr. H. Dowling, though it has been greatly extended since. Perhaps it is not too much to say that Launceston has the best water supply of any city in Australasia. It has cost over £70,000. In commemoration of this important work the Municipal Council of the time presented to the town the very handsome fountain which adorns Prince's Square. It arrived in Launceston in February, 1858, and was immediately erected.

I have mentioned Mr. Yates: perhaps I ought to add

that for some little time he was one of the celebrities of Launceston. On first coming here he assumed the rôle of a teetotal advocate, and frequently spoke at the Society's meetings. Indeed he was always ready to take the platform on any subject, and his humorous style made him a popular speaker for a considerable time. But when better known he was distrusted; eventually he became bankrupt, and left the colony. One of his performances which I witnessed I am not likely to forget. He was very much annoyed and injured by boys of all sizes walking on the shutes which conveyed water from the Cataract to drive his mill. In spite of appeals and threats they continued the nuisance, and it was specially prevalent on Sunday afternoons. He determined to make an example, and one Sunday afternoon he concealed himself behind some rocks and waited. Presently a troop of laughing lads came trotting thoughtlessly along the shutes. Yates sprang upon one, seized him by the back of his coat collar and the seat of his pants, and soused him in the shutes! Again and again he ducked the boy, scarcely giving him time to breathe, and when at last he liberated him he said—"Now go home and tell your mother that I have baptised you as well as Daddy Dowling could have done it!" "Daddy Dowling" was an old and esteemed Baptist minister in Launceston at the time. The boy needed no persuasion!

Going back for an instant to the vicinity of the Wharf, at the corner of St. John and Cimitiere streets was the store of M. Connolly & Co., since re-built by the late Captain S. Tulloch, and now occupied by C. H. Smith & Co. Still lower, at the angle of St. John and William streets, was the Government Commissariat Store, now and for many years occupied for Volunteer purposes. The store opposite to C. H. Smith & Co., now Johnstone & Wilmot, was built and occupied by G. F. Goble, ironmonger, who had previously carried on business in the premises at the corner of Elizabeth and Wellington streets, afterwards occupied by W. Duncan, baker, and now by R. Dewis. A little higher in Elizabeth-street was the shop of W. Sanderson, chemist; and a few yards still further was Ferguson's cooperage.

Opposite the latter was W. Tyson, pump borer and builder; below him again was Sparrow, butcher, afterwards R. Lyall, now Ferrall. Mr. Goble had built a two-storey dwelling house on the Invermay road, nearly opposite Maine-street, but after a few years it had to be taken down.

The period just mentioned, I may remark, was one of social awakening with the people of Launceston. A Gas Company had been formed about the time that water was laid on, and it commenced business in the beginning of 1860. The streets of the town were first lighted with gas in April of that year; though this was superseded by the electric light on 10th December, 1895. The Launceston and Western Railway, concerning which I have something more to say later, was officially opened for traffic by Governor Du Cane on 10th February, 1871. The Launceston Shipbuilding Company had been formed at the close of 1848, and on 20th November, 1849, their first and only ship was launched at Gravelly Beach. This was the barque *Philip Oakden*, 307 tons, which, on 24th January, 1851, was wrecked on the Hebe Reef on her return from London, and with this disaster the Company terminated. A company had also been formed to export horses to India, but it did not long survive.

Several attempts have been made to establish a steam navigation company in Launceston, but somehow, either from want of capital, or want of judgment, or both, without permanent success. The first was in October, 1852, when a syndicate sent Mr. A. Rose and Captain Tregurtha to Sydney to purchase the new paddle steamer *Clarence*, which had recently arrived there. The vessel was bought for £29,950, and arrived in Launceston on 14th October, and thereupon a company was formed. It was a gold-booming time, and charges were exorbitant compared with more modern tariffs: for instance, cabin passage to Melbourne, including provisions, £6 5*s.*; steerage, *without* provisions, £3 5*s.*; horses, £6; carts, £5; freight, £3 per ton—and yet the *Clarence* had to cease running. Then there was a company that owned several screw steamers, viz., *Black Swan*, *Royal Shepherd*, *Lady Bird*, *Havilah*, *City of Launces-*

ton. These held the trade for a time until the T.S.N. Co. (of Hobart) cut in, and at last, I think, bought up the fleet,—to be itself extinguished later by the Union Company of New Zealand. And then there were two or three minor companies for effecting steam communication with the north coast, but the railway interfered with their trade, and they, too, succumbed. However, they all served their purpose for the time, and yielded only when something more suitable appeared upon the scene.

A Chamber of Commerce was established in Launceston in 1849. It is said to have been the first in Australasia.

The Launceston Town Mission was founded on 5th January, 1854, at a public meeting presided over by the Mayor, W. S. Button, Esq. It became the City Mission when Launceston was proclaimed a city.

I believe coal gas as an illuminant was first used in Launceston by Dr. W. R. Pugh about 1844. He erected the large house at the corner of St. John and Frederick streets, now occupied by Dr. Parker, and provided the necessary appliances for producing sufficient gas to light the whole premises ; but the manufacture was discontinued when Dr. Pugh removed to another colony.

Mentioning Dr. Pugh's name recalls an event that at the time awakened a large amount of public interest, and not less of public indignation. In November, 1841, Mr. Thomas Williams, partner in the firm of Williams & Campbell, merchants, died five days after an operation for strangulated hernia. He had been taken ill early in the morning of 2nd November, and Dr. De Dassell, the family physician, having been unable to reduce the hernia, advised the immediate summoning of other medical men. Drs. Salmon, De Dassell, Benson, Gaunt, and Pugh attended, the latter being requested to operate, he being recognised as the most skilful of the local surgeons. It was an extremely difficult and delicate operation, but it was successful to the extent that it gave instant relief, the following symptoms were favorable, and the medical men who witnessed it were unanimous in the opinion that it had been performed

most skilfully. A *post mortem* examination, however, disclosed a further lesion. It was found that the passage through the gut had been impeded by the formation of membranous bands which it was impossible to detect during life, and which probably it would have been equally impossible to remove. Although the operation was performed long before Lister had introduced his antiseptic treatment, under the circumstances there is no reason for supposing that his improved method would have made any difference in the result. Six or seven months after the death of Mr. Williams (in June, 1842), Dr. Burton George Haygarth arrived in the colony, a young man seeking for notoriety. Relying upon gossip that he had fished up, in the following August he swore to an information charging William Russ Pugh with having "treated the said Thomas Williams with gross negligence, ignorance, and rashness, and thereby occasioned his death." The case was heard at the Launceston Police-office before the Police Magistrate, Lieut. W. H. Breton, R.N. It lasted from midday to midnight of 26th August, and terminated in dismissal, the magistrate remarking that "there was not the shadow of a case."

In vindication of his professional character Dr. Pugh now brought an action against Dr. Haygarth for malicious prosecution, damages being laid at £1000. The trial came off on 6th January, 1843, before the Chief Justice, Sir John Lewes Pedder. Mr. Edward Macdowell appeared as counsel for plaintiff, and in his opening address to the jury, after setting out the principal facts which he intended to establish in evidence, he went on to say :—"The jury would naturally enquire how it came to pass, as defendant was not in the colony at the time, as he was not attached to the deceased by any of those ties which bind the charms of friendship, or even by the most distant acquaintanceship, how it came to pass that he took so deep an interest in the death of Mr. Williams, a gentleman whom he had never laid his eyes upon, and who for the last twenty years had lived in a colony which, till then, the defendant had never visited. He arrived in June, and in the month of August following proceeded to the Police-office, and there laid an information charging

plaintiff with manslaughter. Would the jury attribute this interference to the exuberance of a philanthropy which induced defendant to quit his own country in search of subjects whereon to expend his social and benevolent feelings; or would they attribute it to feelings of a far different description, such as alleged in the declaration? Was he exercising the legitimate functions of a profession which, notwithstanding his belonging to it, was still honorable; or was he calculating upon obtaining notoriety for an extension of his practice?" In summing up, his Honor expressed the opinion that the defendant had failed in making out the slightest justification in law or morals. The jury found for plaintiff, damages £250. The amount not being paid, defendant was committed to gaol where he remained for twelve months. At the end of that time he was liberated under the Insolvent Act, having sworn that he had not one shilling to offer in liquidation of the damages and costs. Dr. Haygarth left Launceston soon after his release from custody. I have a faint recollection that on his first arrival he took the position of assistant to Mr. Bates, chemist, whose shop was in Brisbane-street, now occupied by Messrs. Birchall.

For some time Dr. Pugh was in partnership with Dr. James Grant, and both having a scientific turn, they were continually engaged in experiments. Many of the drugs used in their dispensary were prepared by themselves from plants which they grew for the purpose. Dr. Pugh removed to Melbourne in February, 1854, to the regret of a large circle of friends by whom he was presented with a testimonial of esteem. I may add that to provide a place where something like comfort and decent attendance, as well as medical and surgical aid, could be enjoyed by those who were repelled by the coarseness and filth of the Government establishment of those days, Dr. Pugh instituted a private hospital. A house on the southern side of Balfour-street near Sheppey-street, I think still standing, was at first used for the purpose. A little later it was removed to the larger and more commodious premises at the corner of Charles and Frederick streets, where it was carried on under the title of the Cornwall

Hospital and Infirmary, several town and country residents subscribing towards its up-keep. After some years it was discontinued, and soon arose the demand for improved management of the General Hospital with the admirable result that has been secured.

It would be quite impossible to describe in detail all the peculiarities of old Launceston ; I can hope to recall only a few of its principal features as exhibited in its public buildings and places.

St. John's Anglican Church (minister Rev. Dr. W. H. Browne) had been built twelve years when I arrived, the foundation stone having been laid by Lieut.-Governor Sir George Arthur in January, 1825. It stood alone on the large block of land enclosed by Elizabeth, George, Frederick, and Charles streets. This block was intersected, of course, by St. John-street, but the latter was unformed and almost indistinguishable from the rest of the ground. The bricks required for the edifice were made on the spot, the pits from which the clay was excavated being still open when I arrived. Storm water from the hill had cut a deep channel starting near the angle of Frederick and George streets and emerging at the corner of Charles and Elizabeth streets. In this condition it remained for several years, and alike in dry or wet weather formed an ideal play-ground for the youngsters in the vicinity.

Like almost every building in those days, the church was erected by prisoner labor, even the bricks bearing the Government stamp of a broad arrow. The church was opened for divine worship in December, 1825, the minister being the Rev. John Youl, one of the early L.M.S. missionaries to Tahiti. On the death of this gentleman in 1827, the Rev. James Norman was appointed to the vacancy ; and he was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Browne, who held the position for forty years. In 1853 he paid a visit to the old country, and just before his departure a representative address from the townspeople was presented to him, recognising the valuable services he had rendered in various ways during the twenty-five years he had been with them,

and wishing him a safe voyage and much happiness. After his return from England he was appointed Archdeacon of Launceston, his duties requiring him to visit the churches in the northern part of the diocese. One of these visitations was attended with a tragical result. Accompanied by the Rev. John Fereday, who for twenty-five years had been the Anglican minister of George Town, he went to the Springs, a few miles from the latter place. This was on 4th April, 1871. On the return journey in the evening, Dr. Browne driving, the gig collided with a stump, and the Doctor was thrown out, taking the reins with him. The horse then bolted, and what followed can only be surmised. Having recovered somewhat from the shock, the Archdeacon started to walk homeward, and at some distance from the site of the accident he came upon Mr. Fereday lying on the road unconscious ; a little farther on, the horse was found unable to stand, having broken one thigh, and the gig was smashed. Assistance having been procured, Mr. Fereday was conveyed to George Town, where he was promptly attended by Dr. Richardson, and it was ascertained that his injuries were very serious. He had sustained concussion of the brain, injury to the spine, paralysis of the left arm, and a deep cut inside the right thigh. He lingered four days with only two or three momentary intervals of partial consciousness, and he expired on 8th April. His loss was long and widely felt, for he had a kindly, genial disposition, and having a considerable amount of medical knowledge his aid in this way was frequently sought and was always cheerfully given. Archdeacon Browne escaped with severe shock, and he survived the accident sixteen years, eventually dying at Launceston on 18th June, 1887, aged seventy-seven years.

The first stone of the Wesleyan Chapel in Paterson-street was laid in April, 1835; the chapel had been completed, and probably the School-room in Margaret-street had been built, also the Congregational Chapel in Tamar-street, before my arrival. There was a Presbyterian Kirk (Rev. John Anderson) fronting on to lower Charles-street. Mr. Anderson was succeeded by Rev. Thomas Hastie, who

commenced his ministry in Launceston on 18th September, 1842. The position of the Kirk being considered unsuitable, a more central site was obtained, and the old building was ultimately purchased and converted into a store by Mr. James Walden. A short distance round the corner in Cimitiere-street was the capacious store of James Henty & Co., now Law & Duncan. Below the Kirk, on the Charles-street frontage, was a quadrangle of low, contemptible looking buildings erected by order of Sir William Denison soon after his arrival as Governor. Designated a Market, they were opened in January, 1849, and from the outset proved a grotesque failure. For many years they were leased as stores, and having passed into the possession of the City Council, they are now used in connection with the Works Department. The large vacant block of land adjoining, known as the Market Square, was so named in consequence. On the opposite side of Charles-street was, and still is, a lane leading to a store that belonged to John Guillan, and was used as a depot for the Supply Mill, a creek alongside enabling small vessels to discharge flour direct into the store. Later, Dr. Gaunt acquired this property, and used it for a similar purpose in connection with the Union Mill at Windermere. Both these mills have long since been dismantled. On the opposite side of the lane was the large store of Willis, Keogh & Co., then Kerr, Bogle & Co., then Du Croz & Co., and now W. Cape. The lane terminates at the brewery of Griffiths & Co., and the extensive saw milling premises of J. & T. Gunn & Co. At the corner of Charles and Cameron streets was Dr. Landale's cottage; and between that and Du Croz's store George Fry had a market garden and nursery, and here he built the store now occupied by Messrs. G. H. Smith & Co.

Although scarcely belonging to "primitive Launceston," it may be mentioned that Chalmers Free Presbyterian Church (H. Clayton architect), at the corner of St. John and Frederick streets, was opened for public worship on 15th January, 1860, the Rev. James Lindsay being minister. A long one-storey wooden building (still standing) near the eastern corner of Cameron and Tamar streets, was used

as a Roman Catholic chapel (Rev. Father Cotham). A little later this denomination obtained from the Government a large block of land on the western side of the town, bounded on three sides by Margaret, York, and Bourke streets. It did not extend on the south to Frederick-street, the frontage on that street having been sold by the Crown to various purchasers, one section having been given to the Teetotal Society for a hall, which was afterwards sold and a site obtained in York-street. On the ground thus acquired a brick Roman Catholic Church was erected, but in consequence of defective foundations it had to be taken down some years after, and the present substantial church was then built. I was here during the construction of both these edifices, and also of Trinity Church, taken down for the same reason. The foundation stone of old Trinity Church was laid on 22nd September, 1841, divine service was held in it for the first time on 27th December, 1842, and for the last time on 30th November, 1902. The second church was commenced during the life of Archdeacon Hales, only a portion being constructed in the first instance. This part having been sufficiently advanced, was consecrated by Bishop Mercer on 4th December, 1902. After a few months the demolition of the old building commenced, and the structure had been entirely removed by the middle of July, 1903. The first minister of Trinity was the Rev. Thomas Reibey, who was succeeded by the Rev. W. L. Gibbin, who lived on the Windmill Hill, and conducted a school. Mr. Gibbin was succeeded by the Rev. J. Yarker, the late Archdeacon Hales following.

The Infant School, in Frederick-street, to which reference has been made; and a public school in Cameron-street, afterwards known as Trinity School, recently removed to make room for the new church, were almost the only places available for ordinary public meetings. The former had been erected by public subscription and vested in trustees for the education of children of tender years. As time went on the trustees gradually diminished by death, and there was no provision for appointing others. At length,

in 1885, the Rev. Charles Price, the sole surviving trustee, decided to transfer the property to the City Council, with the stipulation that it should continue to be used as originally intended, and it has since been leased as a State school.

A recess in the Cameron-street State school formed the first receptacle for the infant library of the Mechanics' Institute, which was started early in 1842. The Court House, a small yellow stuccoed building that stood on the block at the south-east corner of Cameron and St. John streets (the present Public Buildings), had been used by permission for public meetings and divine worship, but at the time of my arrival it had been almost entirely abandoned for both purposes. The present Court House was built whilst I was attending Mr. Kelly's school. The Watch-house was of wood, surrounded by a high double fence, and stood at the corner of St. John and Paterson streets; but when the old Court House was removed, a new Watch-house was erected in its place, the former site being given to the Presbyterians, and is now occupied by St. Andrew's Church, the foundation stone of which was laid by the Governor, Sir William T. Denison, on 16th October, 1849. Mr. H. Clayton was the architect. In the evening the Presbyterians entertained his Excellency at a dinner in the Cornwall Assembly Rooms. A bazaar in aid of the building fund was held on 7th and 8th October, 1850, which realised upwards of £300. The Police-office was a miserable little brick place fronting on Cameron-street, but standing back some distance; adjoining it was a low brick cottage that formed the residence of the Police Magistrate—the ground of both forming the site of the fine buildings belonging to the A. M. P. Society, and the Tasmanian Manufacturing and Importing Company.

At the corner of Brisbane and St. John streets, where the Bank of Australasia now stands, Robert Bell had a cabinet making shop and factory. Towards the close of the forties he built several two-storey shops fronting on Brisbane-street and round the corner. Fronting on St. John-street, and bounded by the right-of-way that runs behind Dempsters, was a rather large two-storey building

the lower portion of which Mr. Bell used for his own trade; the upper floor, which was a capacious room, being let for public purposes. When the Mount Bischoff Company was formed this part of the building was converted into a suite of offices, the first occupied by that Company. The Brisbane-street shops were occupied by James Fish (boot), George Hubbard (grocery), Alex. M'Phail (music), and others; in their turn they gave place to the Bank. Another prominent business corner was the intersection of Charles and York streets. Here, standing back several feet, was a wooden building having a verandah on the sides facing the two streets. This was kept by J. Crossingham (popularly known as "Johnny Allsorts"); and adjoining him, in Charles-street, was the general store of M'Killop & Anderson, who carried on an extensive trade—principally, I think, in groceries. Following up York-street to the next block, where the Shakespeare Hotel stands, was a wooden building almost identical in design with Mr. Crossingham's, in which Mr. Turner conducted a butchering business. After him came Thomas Butterworth ("Lollypop Tom"), a pastry-cook and confectioner, who later became licensee of the Dolphin Inn, now the Court House Hotel.

Amongst the "public places" I must not forget to mention the "Stocks," which fronted on and were parallel with Cameron-street, exactly opposite the Police-office, where now stands the Launceston Club, a structure with a very different design! This instrument of torture (I allude to the Stocks!) was three or four yards from the footpath. It would probably accommodate half-a-dozen men together. I have frequently seen two or three dejected specimens of humanity doing penance in this way, and gazing with stolid indifference or defiance on passers-by. Sometimes thoughtless boys would stop and jibe at them, and then they would relieve their feelings by a volley of whispered but very sincere though idle threats; but generally this petty ridicule was endured in silence, which, indeed, was the wiser course. Offenders of confirmed or flagrant character were provided with more vigorous exercise in the Treadmill, the building now used as the

Police-office. Here men were set to do "circular work" for periods varying from two to three days to three or four weeks in grinding wheat for the different penal establishments. At this time the lash had, fortunately, been largely laid aside. There were other methods of punishment, such as work on the roads, breaking stones, digging ditches where necessary, the Treadmill, &c., and in the more desperate cases the men worked in chains.

After the control of the police had been vested in the Municipalities (2nd October, 1865), the disused Treadmill was converted into stabling for a small body of mounted police. These, however, were not long maintained, and then the building was renovated and again brought into service as a Police Court, and has remained as such until the present time. But these buildings and those of the Gaol and Factory are out of date and unsightly. Their removal has long been demanded, and cannot be much further postponed. The Gaol was, and still is, at the corner of Bathurst and Paterson streets, surrounded by a high and massive stone wall. When I arrived, and for several years after, it was a densely crowded establishment, usually sixty or seventy persons being in confinement. High as is the outside wall there were several attempts to scale it, and in a few instances they were successful. This led to an addition in brickwork to the part that had proved most easily accessible. The numerous executions that took place in those days rendered a permanent gallows necessary from economic rather than æsthetic considerations, and the hideous structure was reared on the top of the wall fronting on Paterson-street. Thus it faced the river, and was the first object that met the visitor's gaze as his ship neared the wharf—a grim reminder of the social conditions into which he was entering! Fortunately the revolting relic of barbarism has long since been removed. For the greater security of the prisoners who were employed in breaking stone on the Cataract Hill, and who sought to relieve the monotony of that rather tiresome exercise by absconding and so causing trouble to the officials, the Governor caused a wall to be erected across Bathurst-

street at its junction with Paterson-street, and another lower down at the southern boundary of the Gaol on one side and the Treadmill on the other, thus uniting those establishments in one huge block. Between the walls so erected the men broke stone brought to them for the purpose. The people protested against this invasion of their rights, but they were taught that in such cases public interests must give place to convict official convenience. Shortly before, Sir William Denison erected in the Watch house yard two brick buildings of two storeys, having a high ventilating shaft in the centre. Each of these contained twenty-four cells. When transportation was discontinued this very liberal provision was not needed, and the building on the eastern side of the yard was demolished. At the same time the shaft of the other was taken down, as its weight was doing injury to the structure. Soon after free institutions were conferred, Bathurst-street was again thrown open.

The Penitentiary (or the "Tench," as it was popularly called), in which most of the male prisoners were domiciled, was in lower George-street, the site of the present Bonding Warehouse. The Female House of Correction, or Female Factory, was the somewhat extensive pile of buildings between the Gaol and Margaret-street. Here the female prisoners not in private service were located or were detained for punishment, which consisted chiefly in washing for themselves and the other establishments, especially the Hospital, a large building abutting on Wellington-street at the intersection of Balfour-street. This was leased by the Government, and was given up when the present Hospital was erected; some years later Dunorlan Terrace occupied its site.

The Post-office and Custom House comprised the two (united) houses on the east side of George-street at the end of Paterson-street. The Union Bank was the adjoining house, since altered and occupied by Alfred Green, Esq. The Commercial Bank carried on business in Mr. Isaac Sherwin's house in Charles-street, now occupied by the Commercial Travellers' Club; subsequently moving into

the house at the corner of Charles and Cameron streets when it was no longer needed for the military; still more recently it erected its present premises in Paterson-street, and now (1908) it is building larger and more commodious premises at the corner of the latter street and St. John-street. Probably this will be the finest building of the kind in the state. The Bank of Australasia was an unpretentious cottage at the corner of Cameron and Wellington streets, demolished quite recently; later it built a large banking house in Cameron-street a short distance east of Charles-street; but this position was found to be unsuitable, and a few years ago an admirable site was secured and a fine building erected at the corner of St. John and Brisbane-streets. One feature in connection with the original little building is before my mental vision very distinctly. Inside the public room, over each door and window was ostentatiously displayed a venerable brass-barrelled blunderbuss, with bell-shaped muzzle and flint lock—a menace, I should think, of equal significance to friend and foe! The Bank of Tasmania, reconstructed under the present title of the National Bank of Tasmania, is a comparatively modern institution. At its commencement it occupied the unpretentious building in Cameron-street now held by the Permanent Equitable Building Society; until in 1888 it erected the present imposing and commodious banking house in St. John-street.

The Launceston Savings Bank was started at a meeting of gentlemen held for that purpose on 7th January, 1835. Its early operations were, of course, very humble, and they were conducted in the stationery shop of Mr. Henry Dowling, the honorary secretary. In November, 1841, Mr. Dowling visited England, and Mr. Gilles acted for him during his absence. Mr. Dowling returned in February, 1843, and on 29th December of that year Mr. Isaac Sherwin was elected manager, and on his resignation in October, 1844, Mr. Dowling was appointed actuary, a position which he held until 1st September, 1868, when he resigned and was succeeded by Mr. George Pullen. Mr. Pullen retired on 1st September, 1887, his place being filled by Mr. John

Cathcart, who retired through illness in November, 1900, and died the ensuing month. He was succeeded by Mr. H. Weedon on 1st January, 1901. When, in 1848, the *Examiner* establishment was moved into Charles-street, the Savings Bank was installed in the vacated office in Brisbane-street. As population and business increased, additional accommodation was necessary, and in June, 1875, the Bank moved into premises of its own in Paterson-street. Here it remained for several years, until growing requirements again compelled it to secure larger premises, and then it purchased the extensive and in every way suitable building in St. John-street that had been erected and for several years was occupied by the Bank of Van Diemen's Land until it closed its doors on 3rd August, 1891. The premises were unoccupied for a considerable time, but the Savings Bank purchased them early in 1900, and commenced business in them in June of that year. Few institutions of a similar character have enjoyed such a long and continuous career of success as the Launceston Savings Bank.

It may seem hardly worth while to mention public-houses, and yet some interest attaches even to these. Most of the very old hotels have disappeared, and the few survivors have been entirely rebuilt or rehabilitated in modern guise ; on the other hand, what is now the Criterion Hotel was a draper's shop, kept by a Mr. Williamson. This gentleman became conspicuous during the anti-transportation struggle as a defender of the system, in favor of which he drew up "thirty-nine articles," and in consequence was dubbed "39." At that time the shop stood ten or twelve feet back from the path, the present front being a subsequent addition. The Cornwall Hotel, in Cameron-street, held premier place, probably more from its size and position than anything else. It was established by Mr. J. P. Fawkner. My earliest recollection of it was when it was conducted by Mrs. Cox, who was at the same time proprietress of the Hobart coach. Later, the hotel passed into the hands of Mr. Whitehead, who added the two large rooms at the back, known as the Cornwall Assembly Rooms, which were frequently used for public meetings, concerts,

bazaars, &c. Mr. Clyne was the succeeding occupant. The present imposing and commodious building has been erected only within the last year or two. Next to the Cornwall in public estimation was the Hibernia, in Bathurst-street, kept by Mr. Pitcher, and being near the main entrance to the town, it was very convenient for country residents. And then came the old Launceston Hotel, in Brisbane-street, kept by "Dick White," Dan Judson, and others, on the site of the palatial edifice of the same name. Amongst the defunct hostelries may be mentioned the Ship Inn (W. Brand), corner of St. John and William streets, burnt down 19th April, 1857; Cross Keys (W. Brean), in York-street near Bathurst-street; Lamb and Flag (Smart), corner York and Bathurst streets; Wattle-tree (Stephens), corner Bathurst and Elizabeth streets; Babes in the Wood, north side Elizabeth-street, midway between Bathurst and Wellington streets; Black Horse (J. Barrett), corner Wellington and Elizabeth streets; Green Gate, on the Sandhill, where Mr. M'Donald now lives—this was visited by bush-rangers within my recollection. The old Hobart road went straight over the Sandhill instead of making a detour to the left as at present, by which the gradient was much improved. Before this alteration, however, a public-house stood at the very summit of the hill known as the Blue Bell; possibly some are still living who remember it. There were also the Black Swan (Dudley), corner Wellington and Brisbane streets; Bull's Head (Collins), corner Brisbane and Charles streets—burnt down; Plough Inn, Charles-street, now Messrs. W. Hart & Sons' shop; Angel Inn (Hyrons), opposite the last named; Sawyers' Arms (Martini), Tamar and Cameron streets; Ferry-house Inn, Tamar-street, where the Bridge Hotel now stands—the ferry was there before the bridge was erected; Duke of York (Weavers), corner Wellington and Frankland streets; White Hart (T. Neville), Wellington-street; Hibernian Hotel (T. Twinning and then P. Monaghan), corner Wellington and Balfour streets; Caledonian, corner Wellington and Canning streets; Good Woman, corner Frederick and Bathurst streets;

Kangaroo (J. Henderson), Wellington-street, but when the house at the corner of Paterson-street was built, the license was removed thither under the name of the Dolphin Inn, now the Court House Hotel; Gold-digger's Return (Taylor), corner Charles and Paterson streets (now Gee's Block). My earliest recollection of this house was its occupancy by Mr. William Brigg as an earthenware shop and grocery. That was about 1839 or 1840. Mr. Brigg subsequently moved to the Dolphin Inn. In the space between the public-house and what was the *Cornwall Chronicle* office, now Mr. Jackson's, there was a small two-storey wooden building occupied as a draper's shop by Mr. Thomas Little, which was burnt down about 1839. Whilst excavating for the foundations of Mr. Gee's present building, an old well was re-discovered. About twenty years previously, when the premises were occupied by Mr. Easther, a coach builder, if I remember aright, a vehicle was being drawn over an unaccustomed spot, when the surface caved in, disclosing the well, with ten or twelve feet of water. Most of the water having been baled out, the well was filled up with clay. Then there was the White Horse (afterwards Cornwall Boarding House), Paterson-street, next *Examiner* office, kept by Mrs. Hedger. This house had previously been occupied as a residence for the Wesleyan minister before the Parsonage, in the same street, was erected. I recollect the Rev. W. Simpson living there, and I think the Rev. Nathaniel Turner before him. Many of these houses had sign-boards corresponding with their titles, and the artists exhibited the most delightful freedom from conventional restraints with regard to design and execution. I used to be specially amused with the sign of the Babes in the Wood, the kindly robins that performed the duties of undertakers on the melancholy occasion having been drawn nearly as large as the children they were covering with leaves!

The only theatre that Launceston could then boast of was the upper storey of the London Tavern, at the corner of St. John and Cameron streets, where the new Post-office now stands (see photo on p. 247). I have an indistinct

recollection of another having been built in Cameron-street in the vicinity of the Club; but it was a mere affair of palings, and had but a very short existence. In the former place, George Coppin and other stage celebrities had performed. Adjoining the London Tavern in St. John-street, but standing back twenty or thirty feet, was a small shop occupied by W. Consens, chemist; he was succeeded by F. G. Spicer. For many years it was perhaps the best known pharmacy in Launceston.

Being centrally situated and entirely open, the block enclosed by St. John, Frederick, Charles, and Elizabeth streets was sometimes used for public gatherings, but more frequently by youths for cricket and other games. When representative institutions were granted to the colony, hustings were erected there for the nomination of candidates. On one of these occasions I had a rather lively experience. It was in October, 1851, when Mr. (afterwards Sir Richard) Dry and Mr. (afterwards Sir) Adye Douglas contested the seat for Launceston. A description of the affair was given by me at the time in a letter to my sweetheart, in which I fear that the partisan is rather strong in evidence. Writing on 22nd October I said:—

We had a first-rate spree here yesterday. Douglas's mob, consisting of about one hundred rowdies, who in addition to drink were said to have been paid for their day's services, repaired at an early hour to St. John Square. At eleven o'clock Dry's supporters formed at the Cornwall Hotel, and a procession of about four thousand, including the children, who marched two abreast, accompanied their candidate, preceded by a band. On arriving at the hustings we found it in possession of the other party, but a few went to work, and in a very brief space the blue banner was firmly planted and waved triumphantly over the scene. Mr. Henty came forward to propose Mr. Dry, but the "green and red" would not allow him to speak. This would not do; so the "blues" made a rush *en masse*, and drove the other party away, completely clearing the front of the hustings. A few awkward blows were exchanged in this scuffle, and many noses were red; but the manœuvre was successful: Dry was nominated. Then came Douglas's turn, but the scene which followed beggars description. Wilson, the carver and gilder, endeavored to obtain a hearing to second Douglas's nomination; but our party (which had received an accession of nearly two thousand more) stifled his voice with groans and hisses. This made them desperate, and they attempted the trick we had played so successfully. A bold dash was made at our lines and it was nigh being triumphant, for the attention of most of the blues

was at the moment taken up by Gleadow's party who were coming from Mulgrave Square after his election. My father, myself, and a few others saw the danger and rushed to avert it. For a few moments the struggle seemed doubtful: we managed to check the assailants but could not drive them back; at length more blues came up behind, and the others were compelled to retreat. Thinking it was intended to follow up the advantage thus gained, I kept on battering away with my knees and shoulders until I got completely through the crowd on the opposite side to which I had entered, and was about taking off my hat and calling out "Blue for ever," in token of triumph, when lo! I was astonished at finding myself alone in the enemy's camp—the only blue rosette amongst three or four score of excited green and reds; so thinking that discretion was the better part of valor, before the "swipers" had time to recover from their surprise, I vamosed under the hustings and rejoined the blues on their own side. During the struggle my father sprained a shoulder slightly, and one poor fellow had his collar-bone dislocated; but as soon as it was set he came up to the crowd again and called out "Dry for ever!" Friday (24th) is polling day, and in the evening the electors will meet Mr. Dry at a public dinner. I forgot to tell you that yesterday, after the show of hands had been declared in favor of Mr. Dry, a number of natives took the horses out of his cab, and dragged him round the town. Twice were the hustings cleared by a shower of eggs.

The sequel is thus told in another letter (29th October):

We had some exciting work in town last Friday (24th). A mob of some three or four thousand went through the streets tearing down Douglas's flags and breaking the windows of the persons flying them. Of course you have seen to-day's *Examiner* with the account of the dinner to Mr. Dry, and also the attack made upon us by some of Douglas's partisans whilst we were hard at work with our knives and forks; these, however, were soon dropped and replaced by sticks, and seventy or eighty persons sallied out upon the assailants, but they were off.

The dinner was given in the large upper room of the Dolphin Inn (now Court House Hotel), and my father and I were present. In the middle of the dinner a volley of stones came through the windows, striking the walls and ceiling, and falling on the tables, breaking much of the crockery. The introduction of the system of voting by ballot has put an end to these barbarous practices.

Nearly four years later, March 20, 1855, during an election contest between A. Douglas and W. S. Button, my father sustained a very serious injury. A mob of Douglas's supporters forced an entrance into the yard, and my father endeavoring to prevent them was savagely struck on the

head with a metal-headed whip handle by a prominent leader of the crowd. The wound bled profusely, and the skull was injured. My father was rendered insensible, and felt and showed the effects of the blow until the day of his death—ten years subsequently.

CHAPTER X

Primitive Launceston, continued—Prince's Square fountain—other fountains—Duke of Edinburgh arrives—receptions—plants oaks, and turns first sod Launceston and Western Railway—death of the Duke—City Park—Horticultural Society—collection of animals—bushrangers at Bifrons—murder of Miles Careless—the Nile gang—Dalton and Kelly—military tattoo—Aborigines—origin—cruel treatment—reprisals—Mrs. Beckford saved by Brady—the "Black War"—second attempt at capture—G. A. Robinson succeeds—sent to Flinders Island—the last family—remnant brought to Oyster Cove—death of King Billy and Lallah Rookh.

Returning from this digression, I may add that when Launceston became a municipality the block of land mentioned at the conclusion of the last chapter was vested in the Corporation to be held as a breathing place for the burgesses. It was fenced, laid out, and planted; and the magnificent fountain with which it is adorned, presented by the Mayor and Aldermen, played for the first time on 15th September, 1859. Not long after, ten neat cast iron drinking fountains were presented to the town by Robert De Little, Esq., which have been erected in the most convenient places. Much more recently, two very elegant public fountains were similarly presented by Sir Adye Douglas (erected at the junction of High-street and Elphin Road) and the representatives of the late John Cameron, Esq. (erected near the corner of St. John and Paterson streets). Two other fine fountains were erected by the City Council at main entrances to the city—one at the junction of Bathurst and Wellington streets; the other on the Invermay Road opposite the Railway Station. A small but handsome fountain, subscribed for by friends of the late Mrs. Edgell in commemoration of her services in connection with the prevention of cruelty to animals,

was recently erected on the Wharf near to the Seamen's Hall.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh, arrived at Hobart as Captain of H.M.S. *Galatea*, on 6th January, 1868. On the ship reaching the harbor she was boarded by his Excellency Governor Colonel T. Gore Browne and Major Vivian, the officer commanding the forces. The Duke landed privately in the evening, and dined at Government House, and next day landed publicly, and was received by the Governor. An address from the Corporation of Hobart was presented by Mr. (afterwards Sir) J. M. Wilson, and the Prince was then driven in a carriage with six horses to Government House, an "Ode of Welcome" being sung by 5000 children as the Royal party passed through the Domain. A dinner and ball were given by the Governor, the city was decorated, there was a torchlight procession of boats, and bonfires blazed on the elevations around the city. On 8th January the Prince laid the chief corner stone of the present St. David's Cathedral, and afterwards held a levee. Next day he attended the annual regatta, and a ball given by the Governor in the Town Hall in the evening. On the 10th he drove a four-in-hand to New Norfolk, where he was entertained by the Hon. Dr. (afterwards Sir Robert) Officer. After visiting the principal public institutions in Hobart, the Prince started for Launceston on 13th, driving four-in-hand, breaking the journey at Mona Vale, where he was the guest of the Hon. R. Q. Kermode, and reaching Launceston on 14th. Prince's Square lay in the route; along the eastern side of St. John Street a platform had been erected on which were assembled 4000 Sunday school and other children, and as the Royal visitor approached they sang the National Anthem with admirable effect. The Mayor (Mr. John Scott) and Aldermen presented an address, the Prince planted two commemorative oaks in the Square, and the enclosure then received its present name. Quite recently a handsome iron railing surmounting a substantial dwarf wall of stone has been erected round the square, and it is now a charming spot, not to be surpassed in its

PRINCE'S SQUARE.

way in any of the Australian States. On 15th January the Prince turned the first sod of the Launceston and Western Railway, which was named by Lady Dry, in the presence of an immense concourse of people. The wheelbarrow, specially made for the occasion by Mr. James Sadler, cabinet maker, is now located in the Victoria Museum. After the railway demonstration the Prince visited the Cataract Gorge—a very different place to what it is now, and in the evening attended a ball given by the Governor. On 16th January he started on his return to Hobart, driving a four-in-hand belonging to the Hon. Thomas Reibey. He again stayed at Mona Vale, and next day reached Hobart which was illuminated. The *Galatea* left Hobart for Sydney on 18th January, the Prince having spent nearly a fortnight in the island. His Royal Highness died on 30th July, 1900.

The foregoing reminds me of another delightful public reserve possessed by the people of Launceston: I refer to the People's (now City) Park. When I went to Mr. Price's school the whole of that ground was vacant. It was bounded on the south, west, and north respectively by Brisbane, Tamar, and Cimitiere streets, and on the east by a considerable block attached to Government Cottage. The only break in this area was a small section in the centre of the Tamar-street side on which the chapel stood. This land formed a convenient and admirable playground for Mr. Price's pupils, and they used it as such continually. Many a game of cricket and rounders have I joined in there. One other attraction it possessed for boys. Inside Government garden fence was a line of overhanging Orleans plum trees, from which large quantities of fruit dropped when ripe, and it is my firm belief that very little of it was wasted! After a time the vacant land was bestowed on the Horticultural Society, then recently formed, and the use of the empty Government Cottage was allowed for its first exhibition. For several years the Society struggled on, dependent on the subscriptions of its members. It fenced the ground, planted valuable trees, shrubs, and flowers, and built a pavilion in which its exhibitions were

held, the whole being under the management of an intelligent and skilful curator, Mr. Thomas Wade. The revenue of the Society being insufficient to maintain the establishment as it should be, and the Parliamentary subsidy having been withdrawn on the score of retrenchment, the Society proposed to transfer its interest in the grounds to the Municipal Council for the enjoyment of the inhabitants of Launceston. The Government of the day expressed its approval of the transfer on the condition that the gardens should be kept for the use of the inhabitants for ever under the control and management of the Municipal Council. The new responsibility was accepted by the Council on 28th October, 1863, since which the ground has been greatly improved, and it has become a favorite resort of the citizens. A very fine conservatory in the centre of the Park was the liberal gift to the old Society by Alexander M'Naughtan, Esq., a former local merchant. There is a small but interesting collection of mammals and birds—chiefly indigenous—for initiating which I may claim credit; and I gladly bear testimony to the zeal and skill with which it has been fostered by the curator, Mr. M'Gowan. Sir John Franklin was the last of our Governors to occupy Government Cottage, and to save expense it was abandoned for that purpose. For several years it was leased as a private residence, and when no longer fit for that, it was dismantled and the material sold. Years before, a promise had been given that the land should be transferred to the Council that it might be added to the Park, but this was not carried out until the term of my mayoralty, 1885.

At the time of my arrival, 1837, the population of the colony was about 40,000, half of whom, I suppose, were located in Hobart and Launceston, probably something under 6000 in the latter.* The little town was then closely girdled with forest. The Cataract Hill, Glen Dhu, and Lawrence's Paddock were in a state of nature, and bush-

* The town of Launceston is greatly improved since our first visit. Its population, which includes the district, and amounted in 1831 to 2500, is now (1837) 7185.—*Backhouse's Narrative*, p. 477.

rangers—to say nothing of less distinguished gentry—found safe concealment there. Jingler's Valley, up which the railway passes after leaving the St. Leonards station, only three or four miles in a direct line from Launceston, was named after an outlaw who made it his headquarters. Even as late as 5th March, 1846, a couple of bushrangers made a daring raid on Bifrons, the residence of the late Rev. Dr. Browne, in High-street. They surprised the house one night, first going to that of a neighbor, Mr. Philip Oakden, whom they compelled to go with them to Dr. Browne's and knock at his door. To the enquiry, "Who is there?" Mr. Oakden had to announce himself, and on the door being opened, both outlaws rushed in and proceeded to secure the inmates and ransack the house. One of the servants, unobserved, managed to escape through a window, ran to the police station, and gave information; a party of constables with some soldiers were instantly despatched, and succeeded in capturing the marauders. Their names were Food and Smart: the former was executed in March; the latter was sent to Norfolk Island for life.

This was the second visit Dr. Browne had received from bushrangers. The first was by Ward, Newman, Buchan, and Dawson, on 20th December, 1833. The gang went to the house about nine o'clock in the evening, when the Doctor was sitting with his wife, who had been confined only a few hours. He represented to them the circumstances, and begged that they would not make a disturbance that might alarm Mrs. Browne. They appeared greatly concerned, apologised for coming at such a period, and promised to be very quiet. Their promise was so faithfully kept that Mrs. Browne's sister, who occupied a room near by, was not aware of the visit until next morning. They carried off goods and money to the value of about five pounds. Two months later all the men were captured at the Wool Pack Inn, kept by Mr. John Connell, near the township of Auburn; they were forwarded to Launceston, and executed there on 10th March, 1834.

On 8th June, 1844, a hawker named Miles Careless was

murdered in the bush in the neighborhood of Avoca. His horse was found jammed fast between two trees and nearly dead from starvation ; and on further investigation the body of the murdered man was discovered in a shockingly mutilated condition. Nearly two years elapsed before any clue was found as to the perpetrators, and then it was obtained from Norfolk Island. Two men named William Hoe and John Stratton (originally suspected of the crime), who had formed part of a notorious clique of sheep stealers known as the "Nile Gang," were arrested and put on their trial for the murder, the principal witnesses being Newton and Lomax, two of the same gang who had been transported to Norfolk Island, and there gave information against their former companions. The trial which took place in Launceston before the Chief Justice, Sir John Lewes Pedder, on 12th and 13th October, 1846, awakened intense public interest. The prisoners were ably defended by Mr. Edward Macdowell and were acquitted —probably not because they were held to be entirely innocent of the crime laid to their charge, but because the jury believed them to be not more guilty than the scoundrels who had given evidence against them. I was in court during part of the trial.

These were typical of the desperate men with whom the early colonists had to deal, and from whom their lives were daily more or less in jeopardy. The late Mr. Matthew Ralston, who resided at Hampden, on the Nile, told me of a narrow escape he had on one occasion from the gang just mentioned. One afternoon he was riding home through the bush, passing a thick scrub on the way. In that scrub two or three of the gang were at that moment engaged in skinning stolen sheep, another being set to watch. Had Mr. Ralston turned his head in their direction, though without any motive, he would have been shot. Fortunately he rode on unsuspectingly, and he was not aware of the peril he had then been in until some time after when the capture of the gang led to confession by one of the men.

Many bushrangers were out at various times—indeed hardly a year passed without one or more of these

desperadoes being at large, so that country residents were kept in a state of continual unrest and alarm. I am reminded of two—Dalton and Kelly, by the following letter that appeared in the *Colonial Times* of May 19, 1853, when the paper was under my management. These men had gone through the country from Fingal to the North-west coast, and escaped from the river Forth in a whale-boat. They reached Port Phillip safely, were recognised and arrested in Melbourne, sent back to Launceston, where they were tried and found guilty of murder, and were executed on 26th April, 1853. The correspondent of the paper thus speaks of Dalton :—

> Sir, now that Dalton has suffered for his crimes, I am induced to make a few remarks on that prince of evil-doers. I am a respectable settler, and in June last, wanting a cook, Dalton came to me well recommended ; he had been only in one service for a few days previously, and scarcely a month had elapsed from his landing from Norfolk Island. The man behaved well for a fortnight, but using insulting expressions to one of the members of my family, I was called to speak to him. With axe in hand he flew at me like a tiger, and would have attacked me had I not beat a hasty retreat. We parted at the time, and he received a sentence from the police magistrate. I came to the conclusion that when irritated he showed maniacal and deadly revenge, for which, on three occasions, he had the sentence of death recorded against him. His police character was of the darkest dye, showing a career of crime perhaps unequalled in criminal annals. Now here was a pretty fellow for the authorities to introduce into any decent family ; and I wish to protest against such "reformed" and trebly sentenced men ever having it in their power to leave Government employ.

I have spoken of soldiers : when I came here there was a strong detachment of, I think, the 50th or 51st Regiment stationed in Launceston ; but in consequence of the increasing number of prisoners it was deemed necessary to augment the military. Two regiments were then located in the colony, Hobart being the headquarters for one, Launceston for the other. The first regiment that came here under this arrangement, I believe, was the 11th, Colonel Bloomfield, and after a short time it was relieved by the 96th, Colonel Cumberland. The latter regiment—I suppose like most regiments at the time—comprised a large proportion of drinking men, and quarrels between them and townsfolk were of frequent occurrence. Of course

the soldiers were not allowed to carry their side-arms when off duty, but when engaged in their drunken brawls they took off their belts on which was a heavy brass plate, and with these they fought, inflicting serious injuries. It was often necessary to have two picket parties scouring the town at night to gather in stragglers. A serious disturbance occurred on the evening of 20th May, 1845, when a body of forty or fifty attacked several public-houses and private dwellings, smashing windows, doors, and everything that came in their way : one of the inmates was badly assaulted. They were checked by the occupier of one inn, who defended his property with a brace of pistols, one of which he fired at the mob, slightly wounding one soldier, when the others withdrew, and then strong pickets paraded the town. A repetition on the following night was threatened, but fortunately did not come off, as a number of civilians well armed were prepared to deal with the rioters, and it is probable life would have been sacrificed. To prevent a recurrence, the most quarrelsome of the regiment were immediately drafted into the country districts. To meet the demands of these men and the limit of their purses, a cheap beer was provided for their special delectation, and was popularly known as "96." Early in 1849 the 96th Regiment was sent to Calcutta, and the 11th recalled from Sydney. The discontinuance of transportation about four years afterwards, rendered the presence of Imperial troops no longer necessary, and they were gradually but entirely withdrawn. The original Military Barracks were on a portion of the block of land between Paterson-street and the river, now the Invalid Asylum ; but the officers' quarters were the row of brick cottages fronting on Barrow-street, on the southern side of Wellington Square. When, however, it was deemed necessary to increase the number of soldiers, additional accommodation had to be provided. For this purpose the large brick building fronting on Cameron-street (now Edginton & Co.'s store) was leased by the Government for the rank and file ; whilst the house at the adjoining corner of Charles-street (both the property of Mr. Henry Reed) was converted into quarters for the

officers. In the cartway between these two buildings the tattoo was sounded from half-past eight to nine o'clock every night, when all soldiers were required to be in barracks. At nine o'clock the roll was called, and if there were absentees, as almost invariably was the case, a picket was turned out to look them up. The tattoo consisted of fifes and drums, and large crowds of the townspeople used to assemble to hear and see the proceedings, and frequently I was amongst the number.

ABORIGINES

I have but little to say about the aborigines: most of them had been killed or captured before my arrival. That they were of a very low type of humanity there can be no doubt; indeed they have been regarded as even inferior to the Drift and Cave men of Europe.* They did not wear clothing of any kind; nor did they construct huts, but merely made temporary shelters by setting up branches and bark around a tree. They obtained fire by the most primitive method, namely, rapidly rubbing a dry stick in a groove of another piece of wood, though some enquirers incline to the belief that the firedrill was not unknown to them, but if so that knowledge, like that of the few stone implements they used, was probably acquired from the Australian blacks.† Their canoes were formed of bundles of bark lashed together with vegetable fibre. Their tribal vocabularies were very limited and liable to frequent changes. "They possessed no words representing abstract ideas; for each variety of gum tree and wattle tree, &c., they had a name, but they had no equivalent for the expression 'a tree;' neither could they express abstract qualities, such as hard, soft, warm, cold, long, short, round, &c. For hard they would say 'like a stone;' for tall, they would say 'long legs;' and for round, they said 'like a ball,' 'like the moon,' and so on, usually suiting the action to the word, and confirming by some sign the meaning to be understood." ‡

* Professor Tylor. † H. L. Roth. ‡ Dr. Milligan.

Closer acquaintance with their habits and language and those of the natives of Australia, particularly the southern portion, has seemed to demonstrate a common origin and racial equality. The opinion has been advanced, and defended by arguments that appear strong if not conclusive, "that the Tasmanians were the first occupants of Australia . . . a branch of the Papuan family, and closely related to the negroes. They came from the north, in all likelihood from New Guinea. . . . These first comers, the veritable Australian aborigines, occupied all the continent, and having spread right across to the southern shores, they crossed what is now Bass Strait, but which at that distant date may have been dry land, and their migration terminated in Tasmania. Then followed one invasion, if not two, by hostile people" *—Dravidian and Malay, people of higher intelligence and better equipped for conflict than the indigines of Australia, who were gradually driven southwards until eventually they found in Tasmania a secure asylum from their conquerors. Whether this theory is correct I do not pretend to say, though it seems probable, and accounts for much that otherwise would be difficult to explain. At first contact with Europeans the aborigines of Tasmania were described as gentle and confiding †—qualities, alas, soon to be transformed into cunning and revenge. "To some nations he [Cook] opened the path of civilisation and religion: to this race he was the harbinger of death." ‡

They were never numerous: Mr. Calder thought that 7000 was an excessive estimate, and at first women seemed to predominate. Dr. Joseph Milligan, who had charge of them at Flinders Island, and therefore had exceptional opportunities for acquiring information from them, considered it "probable that the aggregate aboriginal population did not materially if at all exceed 2000." Their style of life was incompatible with that of Europeans. From the moment that they came in contact with civilisation their fate was sealed. Treated with great cruelty by many

* Eaglehawk and Crow, by John Mathew, M.A., B.D.
† Cook, Labillardiere. ‡ History of Tasmania—West.

of the free settlers, and invariably so by the convicts, whether in private service or outlaws, they naturally inflicted reprisals whenever opportunity offered. Cunning and treachery, ever the allies of weakness, were soon displayed, and terrible vengeance was taken on isolated white families and individuals all over the island. I have heard many harrowing tales of encounters with the blacks, and of frightful atrocities perpetrated by them and on them, also of hair-breadth escapes from their vengeance, though for the most part they have been forgotten. One such incident, however, recurs to me which will illustrate the extreme peril to which the scattered settlers were exposed. It occurred on the west bank of the Tamar, twelve or thirteen miles from Launceston. Mr. Beckford occupied a small farm just beyond Muddy Creek. One day, when alone, Mrs. Beckford, who had been washing, was hanging out linen on a line in the garden, when she was startled by the report of a gun in close proximity. Her first thought was bushrangers! and she expected her home was to be laid under contribution; but the next minute the truth was explained. An armed man came forward, who was indeed a bushranger, none less than the notorious Brady, but on this occasion he was a deliverer. His reputed haunt was not far off, a rocky eminence at the back of Rosevear's, still known as "Brady's Look-out," which commands a view of the river and surrounding country for many miles. At the time in question he was prowling around in the vicinity of Beckford's cottage, possibly contemplating a raid upon it, when he caught sight of a native with poised spear directed at Mrs. Beckford as she was engaged in her garden, all unconscious of the impending danger. Brady's shot killed the native, but it saved Mrs. Beckford, and she might be excused if, in grateful recognition of his opportune intervention, she replenished the outlaw's stores without pressing him with inconvenient questions! To harbor or in any way to succor a bushranger was held to be a crime only one degree removed from that of the marauder himself. I knew Mr. and Mrs. Beckford very well, and had this story from their own lips something like sixty years

ago. Mr. Beckford was then organist at St. John's Church.

Existence in the country districts under such conditions was almost impossible: human nature could not bear for long the strain of alarm and anxiety caused by these agile and often invisible foes. Nearly every issue of the newspapers of the time recorded atrocities by the natives, who were frequently spoken of as "these misguided races." After describing several murders and fires by the natives, the *Tasmanian and Austral-Asiatic Review* of 26th February, 1830, concludes its article as follows:—"In New South Wales in Macquarie's time, about the year 1816, a horde of aborigines committed some little devastation (but a shadow in comparison with those before us), at a distance of at least one hundred miles from Sydney. The General ordered out every disposable man of the 46th Regt., under Schaw of the Light Company; and in order to make the force as powerful as possible the sentries were withdrawn from Government House. Capt. Schaw's campaign, for such it was, had the desired effect. *He killed all before him,* and rendered the whole of the amphitheatre inclosed by the Blue Mountains, *perfectly safe and tranquil! Such* a measure here is now become of absolute necessity!"

To put an end to the intolerable suspense, and with a desire to befriend the natives, Governor Arthur conceived the idea of capturing the whole by one gigantic and combined movement. This was known as "The Black War." Something like 5000 men of various orders and conditions were engaged in it. They were to form a line across the island, and gradually converging on a given point, they expected—or at least hoped—to drive the blacks into a focus, when they would be compelled to surrender. The campaign opened on 7th October, 1830, and closed on 20th November, five weeks afterwards. It had been a ludicrous failure: the natives broke through the *cordon* almost at random. The result is told by West in a sentence:—"Nearly £30,000 had been expended [by the Government], and probably not much less value in time and outlay by the settlers, and two persons only were captured."

A year later, at the close of October, 1831, another attempt was made of a similar kind but on a smaller scale. On the south-east coast is a tongue of wooded, rocky land known as the Schouten Peninsula, which from its remote and isolated character was the undisturbed resort of numerous black swans which went there to breed. This habit of the birds was well understood by the natives, who made annual pilgrimages to the locality to luxuriate on the eggs. The season had again come round, and it was known that a large body of mixed tribes, including the Big River and Oyster Bay blacks, the most ferocious of all, had proceeded thither. Surely this was a favorable opportunity for securing a large number. There was a joyful gathering of settlers, troops, and constables at the neck of the peninsula, across which a *cordon* was formed, sentries were posted, huge fires were kept burning through the scrub, and everything seemed to promise complete success on this occasion. At length the moment arrived for the final assault. "In fear, but determination, the poor creatures waited for the favorable moment. A night of misty blackness came. They had crept as closely as they dared to the lines [of whites], their very dogs preserving silence, and then, with a bound and cry, followed by their yelping friends, they dashed by the fires and guards, and gained the dark forest beyond in safety, the only captures made by the formidable besiegers being a few small puppies distanced in the flight!" *

No doubt the difficulty of contending with foes so subtle and agile was very great. Their habits were invariably stealthy, and in the bush it was almost impossible to see them, or seeing to distinguish them from tree stumps and limbs. Dr. Ross narrates how on one occasion a small party of soldiers and settlers saw what they imagined to be a tribe of from fifty to sixty blacks on the borders of a creek flowing into Oyster Bay. As they drew near in the hope of surrounding them, they appeared to move along the ground towards a point of land, in which they were delighted to think they would be able to take every one

* Bonwick—"The Lost Tasmanian Race," p. 109.

of them, however hostile. Making a sudden rush upon them in order to effect their purpose, their surprise was only equalled by their disappointment when the whole of the supposed tribe of aborigines were suddenly seen swimming across the water in the shape of black swans!

Mr. G. A. Robinson then undertook the task of bringing in all the natives. He relied exclusively on kindness and persuasion. His offer was gladly accepted by the Governor, who gave him all the assistance in his power. It was a work of time, and required great tact and courage, both of which qualities Mr. Robinson displayed to a marvellous degree. He was successful, and in 1835 it was announced that all the aborigines, about 250, had been captured and transported to Flinders Island, in Bass Strait, Mr. Robinson being placed in charge. But this notification was a little premature. A small remnant had taken refuge in the remote and then inaccessible wilds of the north-west extremity of the island. For several years after there were frequent rumors of blacks and smoke from their fires having been seen and their peculiar cry heard, with other indications of their presence. In most instances it is probable that these rumors were the creations of imagination, but there was some foundation for them. In December, 1842, a small party, "positively the last," was captured at Woolnorth by a sealer whose boat they had previously robbed; they were sent to Circular Head, whence they were shipped to Launceston, and lodged in the Gaol until an opportunity occurred for transporting them to Flinders Island to join their compatriots. The party consisted of a single family of seven persons: the parents, about fifty years of age; and five sons ranging from thirty to infancy. I saw this melancholy remnant of a doomed race—the last of our Mohicans! Passing along Paterson-street one morning I met the little group on its way to the Wharf, where a craft was waiting to convey them to Flinders Island. My friend Mr. Monds has recently told me that he saw these blacks frequently whilst they were in Launceston, and that many years afterwards he read a statement in one of the local newspapers to the effect that one of the group was the

identical King Billy who is mentioned a little later, though I do not remember having heard it before, and Dr. Milligan does not mention it.

Exile, however, did not suit the Tasmanian aborigines any more than it does others. On a clear day the mountain ranges of their loved home were visible, and helped to keep their sorrow alive. This, and the alteration in their food and mode of life, affected them physically, and though treated with what was intended for kindness they pined away and died. I made the acquaintance of a man and his wife named Swaine, who formed part of the few Europeans in charge of the natives at Flinders Island, and they told me sorrowful tales of the despair and sufferings of the poor creatures. At length their forlorn condition awakened commiseration for them in the land from which they had been expelled; and in October, 1847, all that were left—twelve men, twenty-two women, and ten children—were removed from Flinders Island to Oyster Cove, near Hobart. But it was too late. Disease had been introduced into their system, and now aggravated by intoxicating drink, it did its work rapidly. Fifteen-sixteenths of their number had died within twenty years. William Lanné, or King Billy, the last male of the Tasmanian race, died on 3rd March, 1869, and it is understood that his skull has found a resting place in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, London! Lallah Rookh, or "Truganini," the last female Tasmanian aboriginal, died in 1876, and her complete skeleton, almost as diminutive as a child's, is preserved in the Hobart Museum.

KING BILLY.

A large and admirable oil painting of a group of Tasmanian aborigines, by Mr. Robert Dowling, was presented

TASMANIAN ABORIGINES.

to Launceston by the artist on 19th June, 1860. I believe most of the figures are copies of portraits made from life by Mr. Duterreau ; whilst that of Woureddy, chief of the Big River or central tribe, was taken from a bust by a Mr. Law, the first attempt at sculpture made in the colony. (Woureddy is sitting in front of the standing figure leaning on a stick a little to the left of the centre of the group.) This picture, which is in the Launceston Art Gallery, gives the best idea now obtainable of an interesting but extinct race.

CHAPTER XI

Personal narrative resumed—visits to the Nile—adventures in the bush—a moonlight encounter—a spill—its effects—join the church—a "visitation"—first communion—go to Sydney—wreck of *White Squall*—letter from Sydney—visit Mr. Allport—illness—an *Andromeda* shipmate—return home—on *Examiner* again—"off to the diggings"—a meteor—"Black Thursday"—diggings diary—disappointed—return to Launceston—shipping reminiscences—*City of Melbourne* stranded on King Island—Buoy-boat—"short" passage from Melbourne—*Cleopatra* and *Adelaide* come here for repairs—*Clarence*—*City of Launceston*—wreck of *George Marshall, Creole, Cataraqui,* and *Mary.*

I HAVE said that I became reporter to the *Examiner* on 22nd March, 1849, and that about four months previously I was formally engaged to the young lady who subsequently became my dearly-loved wife. I say formally, because a tacit understanding had existed between us, the result of a growing attachment that had its origin more than two years earlier. The change in my position at the office came opportunely for the development of my passion, which for the next three years made me a frequent traveller to the Nile. This was rendered possible only by close application to my duties, and arranging my work well beforehand, which I could not have done as an ordinary apprentice, or even as a compositor. When proceeding on these expeditions, my usual practice was to leave town on Saturday afternoon as soon as the paper was published, especially in the winter months, for I had a ride of twenty-six miles before me, and during the short days it was always dark before I reached my destination. Generally I remained in the country until Monday morning, though occasionally my visit was extended to Tuesday (the paper was then issued only twice a week, Wednesdays and Saturdays). Usually I was from

two and a half to three hours on the road, both going and returning.

When I commenced these excursions I had to hire—sometimes I was able to borrow—a horse; but both methods were inconvenient and uncertain, so I resolved to purchase one that would always be available when wanted. My first venture was a pretty bay mare about four years old, but as she was fit only for the saddle, there was not sufficient work for her. Having sold her to the person from whom I had obtained her, I next bought a half-bred Timor—a compact, nuggetty little fellow, with any amount of spirit and endurance. He was a "skewball," *i.e.*, dark bay and white, with a remarkable triangular patch of white just above his tail, by which he became well known to the residents along my route. This pony had been broken in to harness, and for several days in the week he would be employed in pumping water for my father's tanyard. The water was obtained from a deep well to which pumping machinery was fixed. Later, when going to the gold diggings, I took this pony to Melbourne and sold it there.

My journeys to the Nile were solitary, for after passing Evandale and getting into the Black Forest I rarely met any one. But that was no trouble to me: I thought only of my destination and the loving welcome that awaited me. It would have needed difficulties inconceivably more numerous and formidable than any I was likely to meet with to have deterred me from those long and lonely pilgrimages. The greatest inconvenience that I feared was rain, for the prospect of spending two or three hours on horseback in a heavy, or even a drizzling, shower was not pleasant. But here the march of invention came to my help, although the day of bicycles was not yet. Gutta percha as a valuable material for various domestic and other purposes had just come into the front rank of commerce, and amongst the earliest uses to which it was applied was that of waterproof clothing. I quickly appreciated the discovery, and provided myself with overcoat, leggings, and goloshes of the new fabric, arrayed in which I could defy the heaviest downpour. In the summer and autumn months I did not

require these articles, but during the period of uncertain weather I almost invariably took them—wearing them if it rained at starting, or packed in a valise strapped in front of my saddle.

Only on two occasions do I remember incidents of an unusual character to relieve the normal monotony: neither of them was agreeable, and curiously both occurred very close together. The first was on the evening of Saturday, 22nd June, 1850, nearly the middle of winter. It was about seven o'clock, and there was a beautiful bright moon. As usual I had taken the Black Forest route, and was cantering along gaily, when I suddenly heard a shout issue from a clump of wattles a short distance in advance, and twenty or thirty yards from the track. I confess I was startled: I was alone, and for aught I knew to the contrary, there was not a living soul within three or four miles from whom I could seek assistance if needed. The situation was not rendered a bit more pleasant by the recollection that one or two bushrangers were then at large. But my business admitted of neither return nor delay, so gathering my pony together, I prepared to make a dash if such should be necessary. Meanwhile I rode on, listening and watching intently the spot whence the voice proceeded. Just before I reached the scrub the wattles were pushed asunder, and a man emerged holding aloft a gun whose barrels glittered in the moonlight. This confirmed my suspicion, and thinking it better under the circumstances to risk a gallop rather than interview a highwayman, I spurred the horse which sprang forward, and in two or three seconds we should have been hidden in the bush. But I had no sooner cleared the stranger than in plaintive accents he implored me to stop, crying out that he was in trouble. Instantly I pulled up my pony and retraced a few steps to see what was the matter. It seemed that a shooting party had left Elkington, Mr. Williatt's farm in the vicinity, in the afternoon; that one of the number, a Mr. Irving, had wandered from the others and lost himself; that he had sprained an ankle, and feeling sure that he would have to spend a night in the bush, had made himself as comfortable as circumstances

would permit, when the clatter of my pony's hoofs awakened hopes of deliverance. I put him on the track by which I had come, and directed him to a cottage at the entrance to the forest where he arrived late at night, and was found there by a search party next day. At the time I had no idea that the injury to his foot was so severe, or certainly I should have taken him to Mr. Wheeler's cottage on my pony, though it would have delayed me at least a couple of hours. Mr. Irving was a Customs officer (landing waiter) at Launceston, and if I remember rightly, the accident incapacitated him from attending to his duties for several weeks.

The other incident to which I have alluded occurred about three months later. I had received a letter from my love dated Tuesday, 10th September (though, as was often unavoidable, it may not have reached me until a week or ten days later), the brevity of which she excused on the ground of a headache. For some little time she had been unwell, and feeling anxious I took the earliest opportunity of visiting her—Saturday, 21st September. I was unable to go earlier because of a very important public meeting which was to be held at Campbell Town, on 17th September, and which I had to report. It was to protest against transportation, and is more fully described a little later. Amongst a few trifles that I thought my love might fancy, I took some oranges in a valise strapped to the front of my saddle. The roads were wet and heavy in consequence of recent rain. I had proceeded two or three miles through the forest on the Nile side of Evandale, when at a sudden bend in the track there was a large pool of water, and as I was riding quickly it was impossible to avoid it. My pony dashed in, but the clayey bottom prevented him from readily picking up his feet, and just as he got through he fell, precipitating me over his head. Fortunately I cleared the stirrups, but in scrambling to regain his feet the pony struck me rather violently on the chest with one of his knees, completely knocking the wind out of me. In a few moments I recovered my breath, and then endeavored to capture the pony. But that was my difficulty. He would trot

away a few yards, then stop and look at me, and as I was almost within reach of his head, he would start off again. This he did repeatedly. In vain I tried to intercept him by dodging through the bush to cut off bends in the track: he had gained the point at which I emerged before me. I kept up this very unsatisfactory pursuit for a considerable time—until, indeed, the animal turned off the track and trotted into the bush; and as the sun had already set, I deemed it prudent to abandon the chase. Greatly disappointed and mortified I walked back to Woodstock—something like three miles, and remained there for the night. Early next morning (Sunday), having borrowed a horse from Mr. William Murray, and requested him to offer a reward for the recovery of my pony and fixings, I resumed my journey to Greenwood, where my non-arrival the previous night had awakened some anxiety as I was expected. Returning to Launceston the following Tuesday morning I called at Woodstock, and was glad to find my pony there. Some time during Sunday a shepherd in the employ of Mr. Gleadow had fallen in with him in the forest, fastened to a tree round which the bridle had twisted. One stirrup had been lost, and most of the oranges were reduced to pulp; otherwise everything was correct. The injury I sustained by this accident was greater than I at first supposed, and was the origin of a chest affection which caused me trouble and my friends uneasiness for several months subsequently. Slight hemorrhage of the lungs set in which required somewhat vigorous and protracted treatment; and before the next winter my medical adviser, the late esteemed Dr. George Maddox, urged that I should make a long voyage to a warmer climate, naming Mauritius as a suitable locality. Recognising the prudence of the course suggested, and yet reluctant to leave Tasmania, I postponed my departure until the winter of 1851 had fairly set in, and its effects could no longer be disguised. I then compromised the matter by going to Sydney, of which I shall speak later.

Several incidents in this book I have been enabled to recall only because I had narrated them to my sweetheart,

and my letters having been preserved have again come into my possession. Though not a bush adventure, the following occurrence may be worth reproduction. Writing on 7th December, 1849, I said :—" Our last tea meeting [St. John Square Chapel], held in the Temperance Hall, was the best attended one we ever had : nearly £18 worth of tickets were disposed of, and about three hundred persons were present. A small piece of fun took place during the speechifying. The Harmonic Society occupied the platform in front, and towards the close of the proceedings Mr. West called upon Rev. C. Price to deliver an address. When about half-way through, he could not resist the temptation which offered for extolling the virtues of cold water. In connection with something he had previously said he asked—' What is it ? what is it ? ' Just at this juncture, Mr. Seer (one of our singers, as you know), in a very bold manner lifted a jug of pure *aqua* to his mouth to clear his throat, when, awful to relate, the handle came off, and the dismembered vessel pitched upon the floor, scattering the liquid in all directions. It was at this moment, as I have said, that Mr. Price was asking ' What is it ? ' when Mr. West exclaimed ' Why, 'tis a jug of water ! ' The whole assembly was convulsed with laughter, whilst poor Seer, the hapless cause of all the merriment, blushed, and smiled, and ' looked unutterable things.' "

The third anniversary of Christ's College, at Bishopsbourne, was held on 18th December, 1849, and I attended as reporter. The Rev. S. B. Windsor was Warden, and delivered an oration in Latin, to which the Bishop, Dr. Nixon, responded. The Rev. Richard Smith, one of the students, is still living, and at the time referred to he was in charge of a very small printing plant that formed part of the College equipment. Dr. Nixon was the first Bishop of Tasmania, and arrived in the *Duke of Roxburgh* on 19th July, 1843.

On Saturday, 24th August, 1850, I went to Longford to report an enquiry into the conduct of a constable in connection with a mask-faced robbery at the house of a Mrs. Brumby. I went on horseback, and when the pro-

ceedings had closed, I started for the Nile. On reaching Perth a "short cut" was pointed out to me by which I was to save two miles to Evandale. The "short cut" was a bush track, which soon got hopelessly mixed with a host of sheep tracks, and I lost it. Realising this, I kept as straight a course as possible, ultimately emerging on the main road near the Cocked Hat. My "short cut" had lengthened my journey and delayed me fully an hour! How many "short cuts" we attempt in life with a similar result.

One event I must not overlook: it was very simple and yet very important. About this time, July, 1851, my brother Fred, Cousin Charles, and I joined the church worshipping in St. John Square Chapel under the Rev. J. West. As was the custom in those days, two Deacons —Mr. W. S. Button and Mr. J. G. Jennings—were appointed to interview my brother and myself. They came one Sunday afternoon, and after questioning us as to our faith and feelings, they concluded by inviting both of us to offer audible prayer in their presence. By God's help we were able to pass the terrible ordeal, and we were admitted, but even now its recollection revives the trepidation which at the moment was intensely painful. The good folks of those days made the mistake of expecting to meet, on the threshold of Christian life, with the same spiritual robustness that should characterise—but frequently does not—matured Christian experience. The discontinuance of the earlier procedure at these "visitations," therefore, I consider to be one of the changes in our methods which is a decided improvement. I am pleased to add that, a little more than a year later, my darling wife and myself became members of the Collins-street Church at Hobart, under the pastorate of Rev. George Clarke —a step to which both had looked forward with eager expectancy.

I have endeavored to recall what occurred at my formal admission to the church, and am satisfied I was not present on the occasion. The visitation to which I have referred probably took place on the afternoon of the last Sunday

in July (27th), to enable the Deacons to report the result at the next church meeting to be held on the evening of Friday, 1st August. But the day before, Thursday, 31st July, I had sailed for Sydney, so that I was enrolled in church fellowship in my absence. I returned to Launceston on Tuesday, 2nd September, and the first Sunday in the month being the 7th, when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is usually administered, under ordinary circumstances I should have been present; but after such a separation from my loved one it was only natural that I should take the earliest opportunity of visiting her, and I find by our correspondence ("Memories," p. 151) that I was in the country from 6th to 9th September. In all probability, therefore, my first communion as a member of the church was on Sunday, 5th October, 1851. Very hallowed and tender associations cluster around these dates.

Without attempting to reproduce here the history of our courting days, fascinating as such employment would be to myself, in large measure I pass over that intensely emotional period, merely recalling a few facts necessary to preserve the continuity of my present narrative.

Leaving Launceston (under medical advice as already stated) in the brig *William*, Captain Coffey, on Thursday, 31st July, 1851, and calling at Kent's Group to pick up a shipwrecked family, we reached Sydney on the evening of Saturday, 9th August. Gold had recently been discovered in New South Wales, and Sydney was beside itself with excitement. Mr. (afterwards Sir) Henry Parkes had just started the *Empire* daily paper (1st January, 1851), and that and the *Herald* (18th April, 1831) were issuing frequent editions containing the latest news from the goldfields. People by hundreds were abandoning their regular avocations in the expectation of becoming suddenly rich. Parties with all kinds of equipments were hurrying to the new Eldorado, and the streets were resonant with the cries of blind men and boys proclaiming the "latest news from the Turon," and all kinds of marvellous discoveries. Certainly there had been a remarkable find:

a mass of quartz thickly studded with gold, and supposed to contain a hundredweight of the precious metal, had been found on the surface, and arrived in Sydney two days before I did. As a curiosity I purchased a fragment that was labelled and exposed in a jeweller's shop, but it is quite likely it never formed part of "the hundredweight nugget" at all.

Just after my arrival at Sydney, I met the Rev. Joseph Beazley, formerly of Tasmania, but then pastor of the Congregational Church at Redfern. He and his wife very kindly invited me to stay with them for a few days until I should decide what I would do. From their house I sent the following letter to my loved one :—

REDFERN, SYDNEY, *Aug.* 11, 1851.

VERY, VERY DEAR EMMA,—I take this first opportunity of writing to you to let you know a few of my movements. We cleared the Tamar Heads, as I suppose you know, on 1st August (Friday), and arrived at Kent's Group on Saturday afternoon. We lay there all that night with two anchors down, the wind blowing in fearful squalls, and expecting every moment that the vessel would drive ashore. However, fortunately we weathered the night, and next day (Sunday) having got on board the family wrecked in the *White Squall*, we proceeded on our voyage ; and after encountering a succession of gales and calms reached Sydney on Saturday evening last, the 9th instant. Perhaps you would like to know something of the family referred to. Their name is Keyes. Mr. Keyes was one of the early settlers in New South Wales, and returned to Britain about twelve years since. Last January he left England in the ship *Montgomery*, bound to Port Phillip, with his wife and six children, the eldest, I should say, between eleven and twelve. Arrived at Melbourne, Mr. Keyes—being very desirous of reaching Sydney as soon as possible—left in the *White Squall*, with about thirty other passengers. Their supply of water falling short, they put into Kent's Group, when the chain cable parting, the vessel went ashore on the rocks, and became a total wreck. The passengers were all landed in safety, but the whole of their personal luggage, as well as the ship's cargo, was lost. Mrs. Keyes had six children in the boat when she left the stranded vessel : when she reached the shore she was the mother of *seven* ! Under these painful circumstances it is no wonder that nature was unequal to the task of supporting the infant, and the luckless "little stranger" was dependent for its existence on the milk of a goat, one of which animals we took on board at the island. The child is to be called Kent, in commemoration of the incidents connected with its birth. Seven weeks were these unfortunate people on the island without any other person to speak to than the lighthouse keeper and his family. Mr. Keyes lost property to the value of £500. I fancy I can hear the little urchin squalling now ! I gave up my cabin to them, and the Captain and I took it in turns to sleep upon the sofa. However, here

I am, but I trust it will not be long before I am again at Greenwood. Sydney is London on a very small scale; but what I most admire is its harbor, which is certainly splendid. If you were here and I had some regular occupation I might, perhaps, see more beauties in the city than now present themselves, for it must be a horrible place indeed which the presence of my own sweet Emma would not render in some degree attractive. There are at this moment five men-of-war in the harbor—two 50-gun frigates, one 18-gun brig, a schooner, and a steamer; besides an immense fleet of merchantmen. The houses here are generally very large, many of them having five floors; and some of the shop windows have glass fronts formed of panes six feet high by four wide. The footpaths, too, are principally paved, and many of the streets are lighted with gas. But I think there is a great deal of villainy here notwithstanding: the public-houses are innumerable. Perhaps you were aware that John West, junior, was staying at Mr. Beazley's. Well, I expected to have seen my noble, but he had flown to the diggings before my arrival; and the consequence is I have just stepped into his place. But I do not think many days will elapse before I follow him. That immense piece of gold, 106 lbs., came down to Sydney last Thursday, and was put on board ship for England. This little trip has quite set me up: I never felt better in my life than when at sea this last time. . . . I have not yet called upon Mr. Allport, but intend doing so to-morrow if spared. Make my best respects to all friends, and accept a very large portion of love from the inexhaustible stock possessed by

Ever faithfully yours,

HENRY.

I had a letter of introduction to Mr. Henry Allport, who resided at Concord, on the Parramatta River, and was an artist friend of old Mr. Glover. I paid him a visit on the 12th, and he insisted on my staying all night. On returning to Sydney next day, I had a sore throat and felt very unwell. During the night I became worse, and the following morning Mr. Beazley sent for his own physician, Dr. Nathan, who attended me for two or three days. (This was the father of Mr. E. A. Nathan who established and successfully conducted the Launceston High School for several years.) I had thought of visiting the diggings, but my plans were altered by my illness. It now seemed to me that I ought to get back to Tasmania at once, and certainly my inclination prompted me to that course. Having a kind of premonition that I should get better quickly when on the sea again, I made up my mind to return by the *William*, and I was only apprehensive that she would sail before I was well enough to join her. By

God's mercy, however, I was able to go on board by the time the brig was ready for sea, and from the moment that we got under weigh my health began to improve. Two or three days later, when in consequence of bad weather we had to run back to Twofold Bay, I was able to go on shore, with a fellow passenger about my own age named Mellish, and execute a small commission for the Captain. When we arrived in Launceston, on Thursday, 2nd September, I was quite well: the short trip had effected a complete cure.

Whilst at Sydney I found out an old shipmate by the *Andromeda*, Mr. Ford, who was in business there. I met him the first Sunday morning when leaving service at Pitt-street Congregational Church, and he invited me to dine at his house at Balmain. In Mr. Ford's garden I first saw the Cape gooseberry, one of the *Solanums*, which in that warm climate is perennial, though it will rarely stand through our winter. At the time of which I speak, Dr. Ross was pastor of the Pitt-street Church. Whilst I was at Sydney the Rev. Mr. Waraker arrived from England, and I heard him preach at Pitt-street.

On my return to Launceston I immediately resumed my duties as reporter on the *Examiner*, though they were not continued long. To tell the truth, I had a feeling that I had not been used quite fairly. Although I had occupied the position, I believe with entire satisfaction to my employers, for the last fifteen months of my apprenticeship, I had been paid only the trifling wages stipulated for in my indenture—twelve shillings a week for the fourth year, and sixteen shillings a week for the last year. When my apprenticeship terminated, I thought that some amends would be made for the past by the bestowal of a liberal salary for the future; but I was mistaken. My predecessor had received £2 per week: the offer to me now was thirty shillings! and this at a time when our entire social fabric had become utterly disorganised by the discovery of gold in New South Wales and Victoria. Here, as in all the neighboring colonies, industry was paralysed: there was scarcely an establishment or a home from which some

did not hurriedly depart for the diggings, and the reports of success they sent or brought back were most exciting. These glowing accounts following closely on the disappointment I had experienced at the paltry value set upon my services, led me to resign my position that I might "try my luck" at gold mining. My brother Fred and I made up a party, consisting principally of men who were employed by my father.

We left Launceston in the steamer *Shamrock* on Sunday, 18th January, 1852, taking with us a tent, tools, a small quantity of stores, a light cart, and my pony. We reached Melbourne on the Tuesday following, and on Thursday, 22nd January, we started for the diggings, far better equipped than most mining parties in those days. In bivouacking for the night we did not pitch our tent, but slept as best we could under the cart, relays of two at a time keeping guard. During my watch, when camped on the edge of the Deep Creek, I was startled by the appearance of the largest and most brilliant meteor I have ever seen: the light it emitted was not much inferior to that from the moon when full. Passing to the west of Mount Macedon we went through the Black Forest which had been desolated by the fire of "Black Thursday," 6th February, 1851. On that date bush fires of a most appalling and unparalleled character burst out simultaneously over all parts of Victoria. Besides burning the forests, there was immense destruction of farm buildings, sheep and cattle, and also of several human lives. Ashes from these terrible conflagrations were borne by the up-draught to a great elevation, and carried thence by currents of air to remote localities; in some cases vessels half-way across Bass Strait had their decks covered with ashes and fragments of charred leaves and bark. On the afternoon of the day in question I had taken some proofs to R. C. Gunn, Esq., at Newstead; they were notes on the flora and fauna of Tasmania written by that gentleman for West's History. The weather had been threatening all the morning, but it became still more so in the afternoon, and I hurried home in consequence, but before I reached it the storm broke—thunder, lightning,

wind, and rain. It was very alarming: even the fowls were terrified and fled to their houses. Later, we heard of what had occurred in Victoria. The effects of that calamitous visitation were still strongly in evidence when we passed through the Black Forest. All the small scrub had been completely destroyed, and most of the limbs of the larger trees had been consumed; but the blackened spars had since put forth a fresh effort, and at the time of our visit they were surrounded throughout their entire length with a young and vigorous growth of bright green foliage which at a short distance might be mistaken for ivy. Many square miles of country presented this abnormal but pleasing appearance. It may be interesting and help to convey a better idea of my digging experiences if I give some extracts from a journal I kept at this time:—

Sunday morning, January 18, 1852.—Sailed from Launceston in the *Shamrock* to enter upon the novel occupation of gold-seeking. Wonder if I shall be successful: if expenses are cleared, with a nugget or two over, shall be satisfied. Again am I leaving dear Tasmania, the native place or home of all I love. May God watch over and protect us, and in His mercy grant that we may once more join our hands and raise our voices in His praise. Fred has been pacing the deck during the last four hours with unwavering resolution to keep from being sick, but in vain.

Monday, January 19.—Last night a steam pipe of one of the boilers was injured, and the paddles were driven for some time by only one engine, but fortunately no other accident occurred Most of the passengers sick: the steerage is now very quiet to what it was yesterday. Entered Port Phillip heads about eleven o'clock p.m.

Tuesday, January 20.—Proceeded up the bay, and anchored at Williamstown to wait for the tide. This is the mouth of the Yarra Yarra river, which being too small to allow large vessels to go up to Melbourne, they take in and discharge their cargoes here by means of lighters. Counted thirty-four ships and barques lying off Williamstown, besides a fleet of brigs, schooners, and other small craft. Went ashore and paid a few calls—a gentleman in appearance for the last time until my return from the bush.

Wednesday, January 21.—Got our things from the vessel this morning, and intended to leave Melbourne in the evening, but were unable.

Thursday, January 22.—The first day of our troubles! Started from Melbourne between six and seven this morning, and had been scarcely more than an hour on our journey when rain fell in torrents. Were compelled to bring up at Flemington at a public-house kept by a man known as Tulip Wright, an old Tasmanian. We were soaked to the skin.

Had to strip, put on dry clothes, and pay two shillings for the horse standing in the stable. When the rain ceased, prosecuted our journey to Keilor, the first place at which we stayed for refreshment, and about twelve miles from Melbourne. From thence we jogged on over extensive plains to the Deep Creek, where we camped for the night. Two of the party mounted guard every two hours. In my watch saw a splendid meteor.

Friday, January 23.—After passing immense plains over which the eye can wander for many miles, we reached Aitkins's Gap, at which was a camping place, but the water was very bad. Pushing on, we came up with the Bush Inn, about thirty-five miles from Melbourne, and here again we halted. Did not feel well: had a glass of hot brandy and water and went to bed: in the night had a good deal of fever. Attribute my illness to the poison of musquitoes with the bites of which I was covered during the nights I spent in Melbourne. Every one else perfectly well.

Saturday, January 24.—On leaving the Bush Inn commenced our passage through the Black Forest. Gold has already been found here, and it is probable that next winter it will be discovered in large quantities. The road through the forest is very bad, and occasionally it required all our strength to help the pony up the hills. As fortune would have it, a man who keeps a store at the diggings was travelling with us, and to recompense us for the assistance we afforded him, he perforated a keg of cider and inserted a small tube, by which simple contrivance we illustrated in a most satisfactory manner a very important principle in pneumatics! In about the middle of the forest, and perfectly alone, stands a tent kept by a man who drives a considerable trade in lemonade. The next halting place was at the end of the Black Forest, at the Five-mile Creek, but the water is bad, being retained in holes where it stagnates. Towards six o'clock we came up with a nice little stream, the Campaspe, and camped for the night about five miles higher up at the township of Kyneton.

Sunday, January 25.—Made a short stage of about six miles to-day to the Coleban rivulet, the best water I have tasted since leaving Melbourne. We stayed here to rest ourselves, to be ready to march into diggings to-morrow. How unlike Sunday! Instead of the church bells, we hear the tinkling of the bells fastened round bullocks' necks; and in the distant tents, as well as occasionally in our own, disgusting jokes are passed in language still more obscene. Often I feel a disposition to be melancholy, and it requires a severe effort to throw it off. A month to-day I was at Greenwood: would that in another month from this time I were there again.

Monday, January 26.—Took the road pretty early this morning, and reached the commencement of the diggings about twelve o'clock. Determined to go at once to the Loddon, and proceeded in that direction down ugly gullies and abrupt though not very high hills which cut each other at every angle and at short distances. Nothing but gold could have made a road for carts over such places. On turning a small hill came to a water-hole where a few men were at work washing. The cradles were ranged round the hole with their lower ends in it, that the water might be preserved after passing through them. Each cradle was worked by

two men, one of whom rocked with his left hand, and with his right hand broke the lumps of earth in the sieve ; whilst the other man kept up a constant supply of water by pouring it into the cradle with a tin jet. A little farther on we came upon a camp of fifty or sixty tents at a place known as the Windlass Hill Diggings, because the holes being from twenty to thirty feet deep, it is necessary to hoist both men and stuff in a bucket. As the earth has to be carted three or four miles for washing, none but that which rests immediately upon the slate and is the richest, will pay for carriage ; although if there was plenty of water close by, it is considered that every load of surface soil would yield at least an ounce of gold. It is not uncommon, however, to take out half a pound or more from the same quantity of lower stuff. We did not stay long at this diggings—just a sufficient time to satisfy ourselves that it was deserving attention. Passing down the Golden Gully and the lower end of Friar's Creek, we came to the Loddon. And what a sight burst upon our view ! Three or four hundred tents pitched in a bottom along both sides of a small run of water which is honored by the name of river. But small as is this stream, I am informed that it flows throughout the summer, and certainly —though before we reached it I had frequently wished for a drink from the Cataract or the Nile—the Loddon water is as good as can be desired. We were told that immediately the tent was pitched our licenses must be paid. As it was so near the end of the month, and they would have to be renewed for the next, it would come rather heavy upon us ; so I resolved upon seeing the Commissioner. He proved to be Lieut. Doveton, and was formerly with his regiment quartered in Launceston. He received me very kindly, told me to pitch where I liked, but pointed out a spot where he said he wished all the respectable persons to camp, and told me he would be issuing licenses for the next month on Friday and Saturday. I took my leave of the Commissioner, and we selected a place in which to camp for the night, and after tea all hands turned in.

Tuesday, January 27.—This morning crossed the river and set up the tent permanently on the ground pointed out by the Commissioner. Two men who accompanied us from Melbourne, and who also came over in the *Shamrock*, left us, borrowing a pick which they promised to return in a few days. Both had been constables in the Tasmanian police, and one of them named Smith was only a passholder, but he managed to stow himself away in the steamer. Whilst the boarding officer at George Town was calling over the names of the passengers, he went below for a glass of grog, and thus evaded detection. Several other prisoners escaped in the same way. Two or three of the party went out " fossicking " (searching in abandoned holes), whilst I remained in the tent to clear up after our journey, and put things a little square. Had a general reckoning, and found that hardly any of the chaps could pay their licenses. . . .

Wednesday, January 28.—A poor fellow named Lewis, formerly a publican at Hobart, was killed this morning at the Windlass Hill Diggings by the falling in of a bank that he was undermining. He leaves a wife and seven children. Two other men who were at work in the hole were also injured. Party regularly hard up : they were depending, it seems, on Fred and me, and all our cash had been spent on outfit and passage fares. Some of our fellows went out this morning and marked out three

sections which we intend to open to-morrow without licenses, and risk the consequences: we have no alternative. Sincerely do I wish myself back in Launceston again. This style of life is not at all suited to me. Shut up exclusively with blackguards whose ungoverned animal propensities lead them to indulge perpetually in filthy jests, I turn from looking at them with disgust. At present I am resolved that as soon as the expenses which have been incurred are covered, I will leave. Should we not be successful enough to do this, it only remains to sell off what we have, and return the best way we can. This is inevitable. In either case no very great time can elapse. David took the pony about two miles over the tiers to feed. Jack Lawson made a stretcher in the morning, and got into a row with Tom Conway for taking his place in the tent. . . . Our party is just twice the size it ought to be, and is composed of the wrong materials. I abhor the very thought of cooking for such uncouth and voracious jackals!

Thursday, January 29.—Two digging parties turned out this morning and commenced two holes, but one was soon abandoned because a man on adjoining ground had come upon the slate (which is always considered the bottom) at a depth of ten feet without finding gold. The party then commenced upon a piece of ground contiguous to a hole worked by Captain Thom, which had yielded very richly. The other party sank about six feet, and hope to come upon the gold to-morrow. There is no post-office here, or I should have written several times. Letters have to be carried to Mount Alexander, a distance of about six miles.

That was the last entry, and there is nothing to show whether the expectation of Thursday was realised on Friday, but the probability is that it was not. Disappointment and dissatisfaction prevailed, and a day or two after the last entry—perhaps the next day—our party broke up, most of the things were sold, and Fred and I went down to Melbourne with the horse and cart, which we sold there. I returned to Launceston in the screw steamer *City of Melbourne*, a poorer, if a wiser, man than when I started. Most of my small savings had been lost, the post I had vacated was filled by Wales, and the prospect of an early marriage, which had been one of the factors in my unfortunate experiment, seemed to have been set back indefinitely. Yet I did not despair. I was young, strong, had learned a trade, and had some claim to be regarded as an efficient reporter, and it was not likely that I should weakly succumb.

> Shame to the coward thought that ere betrayed
> The noon of manhood to the myrtle shade.

I resolved to look my surroundings fairly in the face, and make the best of them.

The *City of Melbourne*, 139 tons, was the first screw steamer that had visited Launceston. She was built at Melbourne by Captain Cole, was small, and anything but a good sea boat. I reached Launceston by her on 10th February, 1852; six months afterwards she was stranded on King Island. She left Melbourne for Launceston on 6th August, and when off King Island she encountered an easterly gale. Finding it impossible to weather the island, Captain Saunders resolved to beach the ship whilst there was daylight. This he accomplished successfully in the afternoon of 7th August, and all the passengers and crew, numbering 250, were landed safely. The spot was about six miles north of Sea Elephant Bay. Captain Saunders sent word of the catastrophe by a boat that left on 9th for Circular Head, but the news was not published in Launceston until 25th August. The vessel was floated again early in January, 1853, and on 13th of that month she arrived at Sydney under steam, apparently but little injured.

Before the advent of the Marine Board the control of the port was vested in the central Government. There was a Port Officer, who resided at George Town, and patrolled the river in his own yacht. And then there was a small vessel of fifteen or sixteen tons, with a captain, and a crew of prisoners, whose special duty it was to see that the buoys and beacons were maintained in proper position and order. This vessel was known as the *Buoy-boat*, and her master, Captain Smith, was vulgarly supposed to hold a sinecure. On one momentous occasion, 14th July, 1852, she was left at anchor in Lagoon Bay, in charge of a prisoner who, not liking to be left alone, made sail to reach companions, got on a reef, and the vessel went to pieces. For this piece of sentimentality he was sentenced to nine months' hard labor in chains. The *Buoy-boat* was not replaced, showing that reforms are sometimes the result of accident and not design!

May I give another nautical reminiscence of this period ? On 13th May, 1852, the grateful passengers by the steamer *Shamrock* presented to Captain Bell a testimonial "on the termination of an unusually short and agreeable passage of twenty-three hours from Melbourne heads to Launceston heads !" The time now is eighteen hours from wharf to wharf.

Owing to the extensive rise and fall of tide in the Tamar (about twelve feet), and before dry docks had been constructed at Sydney and Melbourne, large vessels would occasionally come here to go on "the hard" for repair or cleaning. Thus the steamer *Cleopatra*, 900 tons, Francis Cadell master, arrived from Melbourne on 19th May, 1853. She started to come up to town, but presumably the master was appalled at the task he had undertaken, so after proceeding a short distance, he changed his intention and returned to George Town, where he put his ship on the beach and had her bottom scraped. This done, he cleared the heads on 31st May.

The steamer *Adelaide*, 1125 tons, arrived from Sydney on March 27, 1854, and brought up at George Town for repair. She remained over two months, her commander, Captain Henderson, R.N., expressing his satisfaction with the facilities afforded by the port, but taking exception to the charges. Her propeller was unshipped, and he cleared out for London under sail. When ready for sea the Captain thought of being towed out, but as the L.S.N. Co. asked £100 for that trifling courtesy he declined it, started without assistance, and got aground on Long Tom's Nose. However the ship did not sustain any damage, and she finally got away on 5th June.

The withdrawal of the *City of Melbourne* from the trade with Victoria caused much inconvenience to business, to remedy which a company was quickly formed in Launceston, and early in October, 1852, the new side-wheel boat *Clarence*, 214 tons, was purchased at Sydney for £29,950. Captain Saunders was placed in command. She proved to be a very expensive boat, and was not long continued in the trade. Some years later the Company ordered a screw

steamer to be built at Glasgow, the *City of Launceston*, 368 tons. She arrived at Melbourne on 16th September, 1863, and after being fitted, came on to Launceston, where she arrived on 19th October, under the command of Captain A. T. Woods. For the time she was considered a very fine vessel, and immediately became a favorite with the travelling public. Unfortunately she had but a short career. Leaving Melbourne with the English mail late in the afternoon of 19th November, 1865, she was run into by the steamer *Penola* inwards from Adelaide. This occurred in the West Channel of Port Phillip Bay, about nine o'clock at night, 13 miles from Gellibrand's Point. No lives were lost. Several attempts were made to raise the *City of Launceston*, but without success, and her loss practically sealed the fate of the Launceston Steam Navigation Company.

Another wreck was that of the ship *George Marshall*, 1208 tons, Captain John Davison, bound to Sydney. On the night of 14th January, 1862, she struck a rock near Kent's Group, and next day, finding it impossible to keep her afloat, the Captain ran her ashore on Flinders Island about six miles north of Settlement Point, all hands reaching the land safely. Communication having been made with Launceston, five or six small vessels were despatched for salvage purposes, and were thus employed for several months, so that a large portion of the cargo, which had been valued at £70,000, was recovered, though more or less damaged. In this way I obtained cheaply a handy little Albion card press. In all probability the rock on which the *George Marshall* came to grief was that which the s. *Wakatipu* struck in October, 1903, and which has since been charted.

But perhaps the casualty that cast the deepest gloom over our community was that of the brigantine *Creole*, 131 tons, Captain J. Fleurty. The *Creole* loaded here for Dunedin, taking 200 fat sheep, 25 fat cattle, 15 heifers, and 13 horses, besides a large quantity of provender for the live stock, and other cargo. She cleared Tamar heads on 28th August, 1863, her passengers comprising Mr. and Mrs.

F. W. Townley and child, Mrs. Green, Miss Bain, Mrs. John Rattray * (on her way to join her husband) and three children, Mr. W. Weymouth, Mr. J. Dean, Mr. H. Clayton and his son James—the latter blind. Having so much live stock, the hatches were open when the schooner went away, and her decks were lumbered up with bales of hay and straw to a height of five or six feet. I was on board the afternoon that she left the Wharf, and I felt angry that she should have been permitted to leave in such a condition. The night she went to sea the weather was bad, and ten days after, information was received from Swan Island that the lighthouse keeper had found on the beach, on the morning of 29th August, a quantity of wreckage, but there was nothing to indicate the vessel that had come to grief, and no one dreamt that it was connected with the *Creole*. It was not until 25th September that intelligence was received that left no doubt as to the fate of the vessel. Large quantities of wreckage, trusses of hay, dead horses, cattle, and sheep, letters, cabin furniture, a life buoy and a boat with "*Creole*" painted on them, were found strewed for miles along the beach between Waterhouse and Cape Portland, but I do not remember that any human bodies were recovered.

Two wrecks may be mentioned which, although they occurred much earlier, are worthy of being recalled, as they were attended with terrible results which awakened universal sorrow and sympathy.

The *Mary*, a small barque of 364 tons, sailed from Sydney for London on 19th May, 1845. Captain Newby intended to take the Cape of Good Hope route, but after rounding Wilson's Promontory he encountered a gale from the westward, and thinking the season was too far advanced he determined to take the usual route, and made for New Zealand. The ship's gear was defective, and as she started to leak, he desired to keep near the land, but at midnight on 24th she struck on a reef off Flinders Island,

* Many years after this terrible calamity Mr. Rattray returned to Launceston, and died at the Homeopathic Hospital on 20th September, 1905, aged seventy-eight years.

and quickly went to pieces. Forty-two persons were saved, and seventeen drowned, amongst the latter being three daughters of the Captain, of whom the eldest was nine years; two daughters of Captain Collins, a military officer; and six children of Mrs. Evans, another passenger. The vessel was said to have been unseaworthy.

The other wreck was that of the *Cataraqui*, on King Island, on 4th August of the same year. She was carrying emigrants of whom, with the crew, 414 were lost, and only nine saved. These were rescued by Mr. David Howie, who picked them off the reef, attended to their immediate wants, and was instrumental in securing their removal from the island. This terrible catastrophe sent a thrill of sorrow throughout Australasia. In this instance, as in that of the *Mary*, subscription lists were opened in all the colonies for the relief of the sufferers.

CHAPTER XII

Compositor—assist my father—wedding day fixed—do duty for Wales—heavy floods—in a snow-storm—14th August—"my wife"—take charge of *Colonial Times*—Mrs. Macdougall—wedding presents—a happy home—join Collins-street church—lively times—Mr. A. W. Birchall—arrival of Mrs. Glover and the baby—T. S. N. Company—their first ships—another change—return to Launceston—an Irish girl's fun—visit Greenwood—new land regulations—go to the west coast—letter to my wife from the Forth—Macquarie Harbor—my diary—river Gordon—dense vegetation—Marble Cliffs—opossum mouse—marsupial wolf—Settlement Island—black swan caught—obtain supplies—God's mercy—crossing the bar—return to the Don—home again—narrow escape—novel treatment of a festered finger—ruined buildings—badgers—large barracouta—Macquarie Harbor described—a "lower deep"—abandoned.

SHORTLY after my return from the diggings, I took up work as a compositor at the *Examiner* office—now at £2 per week. Had this been given to me six months earlier, with the prospect of further advances in the future, it is more than probable I should have rested contented; but then my life story might have had a different result. Of this I am certain, that all the agencies that were put in motion were under the control of Infinite Wisdom and Love, and that they were made to work for the best. I commenced my career as a journeyman compositor about 16th February, 1852, but the close confinement did not suit me, and after a six weeks' trial I had to give it up (March 20). Possibly in this I was to some extent influenced by the fact that my father wished me to assist him in his business, though I believe the idea arose quite as much from a desire to give me employment, with a view to facilitating the long desired wedding, as from any special advantage that was likely to accrue from my services. However I gratefully accepted his invitation, though I had a misgiving that it was not my vocation. I entered upon my new duties on

23rd March, and honestly endeavored to discharge them properly—I think with a fair measure of success. At any rate matters went on so satisfactorily that there seemed no sufficient reason for longer postponing the marriage to which my love and I had so long and anxiously looked forward. The 24th of May, my darling's birthday, was first suggested, but it had to be deferred owing to my inability to procure a house. At length that difficulty was overcome, and the 14th of August was fixed upon; and then, O, how we counted the days and hours that intervened and that moved on so tardily!

But an unseen Hand was shaping my destiny quite unconsciously to myself. Wales was to have a fortnight's holiday if he could find a substitute, and he not unreasonably turned to me. Would I do duty for him for the period named? With my father's consent I complied, and I was again reporter for the *Examiner* from about 28th June to 10th July. Short as the period was, however, I have no doubt it had something to do with an important event that very soon followed. But the day for our wedding was approaching. From the barter of some of my things at the diggings, I had procured sufficient gold for the wedding rings, and that invested them with additional interest.

August, 1852, opened with very rough weather which increased as the month advanced. For the first ten or twelve days there were perfect deluges of rain: the country was flooded, and the rivers were torrents. It may give an idea of the extent of the flood to those who know the locality, when I say that at Evandale the water from the South Esk reached up to the table drain on the main road at the depression near where the branch road leads down to the bridge—at that time the ford; and the ground between the present railway and the river, and the wide expanse of flat land on the southern side of the river, were entirely submerged. The weather and the floods were unexampled, and it seemed that amidst such conditions our wedding was to take place. As the event approached I was backwards and forwards pretty frequently, as was to be ex-

pected: one day I rode to town in the morning and back to Greenwood the same evening on some pressing business. The Rev. John West was to perform the marriage ceremony, but he was absent from Launceston, and the Rev. George Wilkinson, the Anglican minister of Evandale, took his place.

Mr. West had gone to Hobart for a little relaxation, and Rev. H. J. D'Emden was supplying for him. On the evening of Tuesday, June 29, there had been a special meeting at St. John Square Chapel, when a purse of 150 sovereigns was presented to Mr. West by his people as a token of their unabated confidence and affection after a pastorate of nearly fourteen years, in appreciation of the great service he had rendered in the anti-transportation cause, and to equip him for the more thorough enjoyment of his holiday. It was in July, therefore, that Mr. D'Emden was in Launceston, and I very well remember that he dined and spent one Sunday afternoon at the house of my father. In the course of conversation he spoke of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, whose poems, recently published, were attracting much attention not only in the United States, but also in the British Islands. I am pretty certain that they had not reached Australia; at any rate we had never heard of poems or author. Mr. D'Emden gave us a specimen of their style by reciting "The Psalm of Life," with which we were much pleased, and I procured a copy of the book at the earliest moment.

My sister Harriett was to have been a bridesmaid, but was prevented by a severe cold. My brother Fred was my "best man," and he accompanied me to Greenwood on Friday, 13th,—he on horseback, and I in a gig in which I carried the cake, and in which I was to take home my newly acquired treasure. After we had ridden three or four miles from Evandale we were caught in a snow-storm which lasted, more or less, the remainder of the journey; and we arrived at our destination wet through, fortunately without either of us sustaining any injury. Greenwood cottage contained only four small rooms, with a detached kitchen and loft above; how Mrs. Glover contrived to

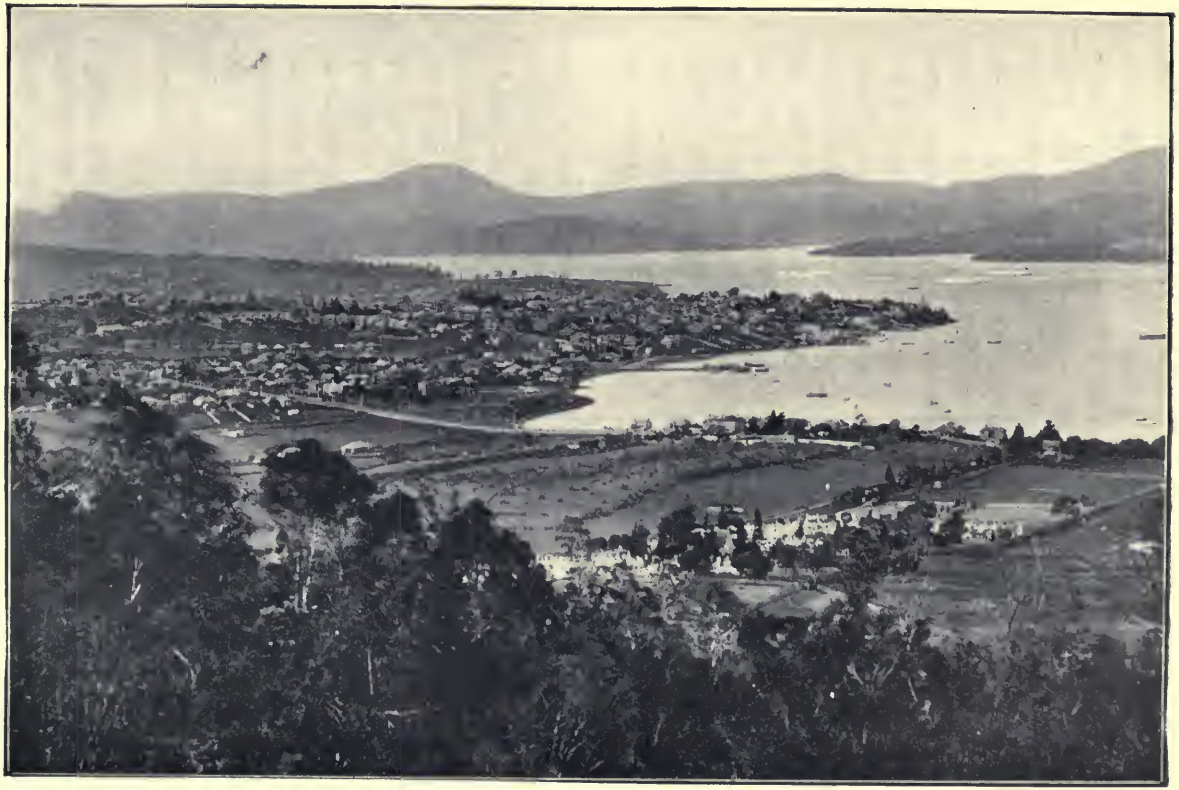
accommodate such an irruption of visitors as then occurred has often been a source of wonder to me. I was too much excited to think about it at the time.

But though the weather had been so wild and wet, it seemed to have expended its last effort with the fall of snow. Saturday morning, 14th of August, dawned bright and beautiful. The sun shone in full splendor, and all nature was clad in virgin white as if to do honor to our approaching nuptials. Of the event itself what shall I say—what *can* I say? I well remember the thrill of mingled exultation, gratitude, and pride with which, as soon as the benediction had been pronounced, I raised the flowing veil of my beautiful bride, and imprinted an eager kiss on the lips of my darling WIFE! The climax of a six years' courtship, it was only an advanced stage in a life-long love-making!

A very few days after our wedding an unexpected change occurred in our prospects which was attended with wide-reaching issues. Mrs. Macdougall was proprietress of the *Colonial Times*, published at Hobart, but the paper was under the management of a gentleman who was about to retire from the position, ultimately coming to reside at Launceston. Mr. West then wrote the leaders for the *Times*, and as he was then in Hobart, it was natural that he should be asked if he could recommend a suitable person to fill the vacancy. Mr. West knew how I was situated, for only a few weeks before, while doing duty for Wales, I had occasion to be at his house more than once in connection with public matters, and doubtless we had talked over the situation. Anyway Mr. West thought of me, and on returning to Launceston, immediately after our marriage, he suggested that I should apply. I went to Hobart by the night coach, arranged with Mrs. Macdougall, and returned to Launceston next night. The *Colonial Times* was published on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; but it had a kind of satellite in the shape of a gratis advertising sheet called *The Trumpeter*, which appeared on Tuesday and Friday mornings. As I had to enter upon my duties immediately, we packed up our furniture and other pos-

sessions and forwarded them by the carrier to Hobart, going on ourselves by the day coach. The coach arrived about eight o'clock in the evening, and we stayed that night at the Ship Inn, kept by Mr. Anson, at the corner of Elizabeth and Collins streets. In the morning we went to the *Colonial Times* office, about a hundred yards lower down Collins-street, when I introduced my wife to Mrs. Macdougall, and immediately they became fast friends. I think that all I have just described, including our wedding, took place within a week: we had only time to receive the calls of a few friends and bid them farewell, when we had to go south. This movement seemed to have been one of the chief turning points in my life, and to have definitely attached me to journalism. It is true that a year later there was a break of a few months, but I then returned to it and pursued it actively and without interruption for over forty-two years.

On reaching Hobart we went into lodgings (a Mrs. Willis) at the top of Elizabeth-street, until our things came by the carrier; we then took a cottage in Murray-street, but it proved a very undesirable locality, and we quickly removed to another in Collins-street, near Harrington-street. It contained two rooms on the ground floor, two attics, with a kitchen and cellar in the basement. An opening from the latter to the footpath, covered with an iron grating, enabled firewood and coal to be admitted, as there was no entrance for a cart. Our household goods were few and simple, and we did not affect a drawing-room. We had a tidy and cheerful sitting-room—conditions always assured by the presence of my sweet wife—with which our few friends were satisfied, and in which they were certain to find a hearty welcome. Our wedding presents had not been numerous or costly. I think I am right in saying that twenty shillings—probably ten—would be the outside value of the articles so received. To some extent, doubtless, this was owing to our hurried departure to Hobart; but the practice in connection with wedding presents had not then developed into one of the fine arts as it has done since; and I fancy the modern



HOBART FROM SANDY BAY.

delicate and ingenious method of asking for them is worthy of being classed in the same category! At any rate we expected only what we purchased: our wants were few, and in the society of each other we were perfectly happy. Although my salary was only two pounds ten per week, the ideal of "home" which we had so long indulged, was realised. Every domestic duty was performed by the skilful fingers of my darling wife,—the table set for two and graced by her bright presence; the evenings spent together, when office duties permitted, in the way I had long before outlined in our correspondence, my wife sewing and I reading to her. Morning and night we read a portion of Scripture and had prayer together. O yes, that was indeed sublimated happiness, and we felt that earth had no sweeter, holier spot than our humble, blissful home! From the outset we attended the Congregational Church in Collins-street under the pastorate of the Rev. George Clarke,* and very shortly afterwards we were glad to join the fellowship.

Not long after we had become settled my wife's eldest brother John, and one of my younger brothers, Edward, came to live with us—the latter that he might attend the High School to "finish his education;" the former went to the State School under Mr. Cannaway. These young gentlemen kept us pretty lively. One of their favorite amusements was to hold a concert in the cellar of which I have spoken. Each provided with a tin dish or fire shovel and a stick, they would shout some popular song, accompanying themselves with the aforesaid musical instruments, making a hideous tumult. Soon a small crowd would gather round the iron grating jeering or joining in the hubbub, which then had to be terminated by the voice of authority.

As I was editor and the only reporter on the staff, it may be supposed—as indeed was the case—I had plenty to do. I have said that Mr. West sent a leader for nearly

* Mr. Clarke had returned to Hobart from College on 4th October of the previous year, and having married a daughter of Henry Hopkins, Esq., became pastor of the Collins-street Church, which subsequently moved to the new and much larger building in Davey-street.

every issue, but occasionally there would be an omission which I would supply; more frequently some local topic would spring up needing to be dealt with at the moment. A German merchant named Haller, a very impulsive but kind-hearted man, was of considerable assistance, as he moved in a circle whence important and reliable information was to be expected. He was good enough to compliment me on my articles, and once he went so far as to say that my style so closely resembled Mr. West's that but few could tell the difference! A short time before I left the *Times*, the *Courier* commenced to publish daily, and then it was thought desirable that we should make an onward move, so another issue per week was added, making four. This, of course, involved more work, and another reporter was taken on. This was Mr. A. W. Birchall (just arrived from Manchester), whose warm friendship I thenceforward continued to enjoy for forty years, until his death which occurred suddenly from heart trouble on 21st June, 1893.

Mrs. Macdougall became much attached to my dear wife: how could it have been otherwise? Often she would call for her and take her out for a walk or to visit friends. More frequently my wife would come to my office in the afternoon to accompany me home, and then Mrs. Macdougall would insist on our staying to take tea with her: this was before the boys came. With the winter vacation of 1853 the boys went home, and then Mrs. Glover came on a visit for a few weeks, and was much gratified at being enabled to revive old acquaintanceships that had been in abeyance many years. While she was with us, by a singular coincidence (!) our first child was born. It was a very critical time for the young mother, but by God's mercy she was brought through safely. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. H. B. Stowe, had just then reached Australia, and its perusal suggested the name for our own little daughter.

Our brief residence in Hobart was very quiet. Perfectly happy in each other's society, we neither sought nor desired external excitement. One incident may be mentioned

that afforded amusement. The Tasmanian Steam Navigation Company had been formed about the middle of 1852, but as yet it had no ships. In December of that year a screw steamer built of wood (iron was then just coming into use for shipbuilding) named the *Rajah Wallie*, 500 tons, arrived at Melbourne from Batavia, for sale. Six weeks later, on 20th January, 1853, she was purchased by the new Hobart Company, and was named the *Tasmania*, Captain Fisher being placed in command. She arrived at Hobart on 3rd February, and after undergoing certain alterations to make her more suitable for her future trade, a pleasure trip down D'Entrecasteaux Channel was given by the directors to introduce the ship to the public. A great many invitations were issued, including Mrs. Macdougall, my wife, and myself, though I was not able to go. A spread worthy of the momentous occasion was provided in the saloon. The day was rather stormy, and my wife thought it prudent to remain on deck; Mrs. Macdougall, however, went below to dinner. Having finished her repast she was about to leave the table when she noticed what in the uncertain light appeared to be a dish of preserved ginger; and remembering that my wife was fond of it, she deftly slipped a bit of the tempting delicacy into a piece of paper, and went on deck. Hastening to my wife she triumphantly displayed her treasure, which proved to be the plump leg of a roast duck! As may be supposed, both ladies were greatly amused.

This simple incident recalls the inauguration of a company that subsequently possessed a fleet of very fine steamers, and for many years rendered good service to the colony. The *Rajah Wallie* was required simply as a makeshift to open and carry on the trade until other and more suitable ships could be provided. The next boat was built of iron to the direct order of the Company, and this also was named the *Tasmania*. The two vessels were distinguished from each other by prefixing the material of which each was constructed. Thus the first was known as the "wooden" and the other as the "iron" *Tasmania*. Following these was the *City of Hobart*, at the time con-

sidered an unusually fine ship, and built specially for this Company. She arrived at Hobart about the middle of 1854, under the command of Captain Thom, who had been for several years engaged in trading between Launceston and Sydney. Subsequently many other noble steamers were built for the Company, and it then extended its operations to Launceston, which soon became its chief support. Reverses came, however, and in May, 1891, it sold the whole of its fleet to the Union Company of New Zealand, which thenceforth took up the trade, and the T.S.N. Co. was a thing of the past.

And now there came another change in our prospects. Both my elder brothers had taken up land on the north coast: one was already residing there, and the other was about to follow, so that my father would be alone in the business. This he did not altogether like, and he proposed that I should go to his assistance. I accepted his offer, and when my wife had sufficiently recovered, we returned to Launceston. We left Hobart about the middle of August, 1853, after a residence of twelve months at the capital. Curiously enough, the gentleman who succeeded me at the *Colonial Times* also came from Launceston. In consequence of my wife's delicate condition we did not attempt to go through to the north in one day; but we broke the journey by taking the afternoon coach to Brighton, and staying the night at the house of Mr. John Hayes (Mrs. Glover's uncle), a distance of about twenty-five miles. Next morning we resumed our journey by joining the Launceston coach after breakfast, a much more convenient time than starting at six o'clock, especially with a baby. Our destination was reached about eight o'clock in the evening. We stayed that night, and I think for two or three days after, at the tannery. My mother had the same servant—a burly, good-tempered Irish girl—that she had several months before our marriage. We had not been in the house many minutes, and she was busy setting the table for our late tea, when she stopped in front of my wife who was sitting down nursing her infant.

After gazing at them for some seconds in rapt admiration, she darted from the room bubbling over with merriment, and blurting out at me as she passed—"Ah, sure, Mr. Hinry, you little divil, what right have you to such a beautiful baby?"

We had re-packed our household effects and sent them on again by the carrier to Launceston, so that we had to await their arrival. I was fortunate enough to secure a snug little cottage in lower Brisbane-street, at the foot of the Cataract Hill (Mrs. Grainger's), in which we resided about nine months. During the Christmas holidays I drove my wife to Greenwood to spend a few days with her parents and friends, and of course to exhibit her baby: my sister Fanny accompanied us. I remained only two or three days, and returned to town alone; at the end of probably a fortnight, going back for the others.

Early in 1854 I found myself involved in an undertaking that I had never anticipated. With a view to stimulate occupation of the waste lands of the Crown, the Governor, Sir W. T. Denison, acting upon chimerical if well-intentioned advice, had issued new regulations conferring what was known as a pre-emptive right to certain lands leased from the Crown, with special concessions in favor of what were designated "the unsettled districts." The latter included all the unalienated land on the western side of an imaginary line drawn from about the mouth of the river Arthur to the V.D.L. Co.'s Surrey Hills block, and thence running south to South-west Cape. As my memory now serves me, this "unsettled" land was open for sale at five shillings per acre in blocks of not less than five thousand acres. It was supposed that a bait so attractive would tempt families and friends to go in groups and brave the toil and privations inevitable to a pioneer's life in the "wild west." As a matter of fact, the "unsettled lands" experiment was an utter failure: I believe not a single acre was disposed of under it. It was, I think, near the end of 1851 that these regulations were promulgated, and at the moment they attracted some attention. My father and Mr. Thomas

Drew had in ordinary conversation discussed them on several occasions, but towards the close of 1853 they seem to have approached the point when fuller enquiry as to the character of the land and the facilities for transit might be desirable. Mr. Drew was the owner of extensive sections of excellent land at the Don and Forth, he was known to be a good judge of the soil, and also shrewd and enterprising. Under such circumstances, therefore, it is hardly surprising that in this matter my father should have deferred to him. Anyway, they decided upon making a trip to the west coast for the purpose of exploring the country, and satisfying themselves as to whether it would be worth while taking up any of the "unsettled" land. The Pieman river was to be their basis of operations—a name which at that time was nearly as indefinite as centuries before had been the fabled "Isles of the Blest." Of course it would not have been prudent to have allowed their project to become generally known, but my father concealed it from every member of his family. When, therefore, Mr. Drew came to Launceston in his little vessel, the *Waterwitch*, late in February, 1854, to pick up my father for the contemplated expedition, a serious difficulty arose. My mother, now for the first time acquainted with the project, was greatly surprised and distressed, and implored that it might be abandoned. No doubt that would have been an extremely awkward thing to do at so late a stage; and so it came to pass, though I cannot say exactly how, that I found myself acting as my father's substitute—I am sure at a great sacrifice of feeling on the part of my dear wife as well as of myself.

We started from Launceston on 20th February, bound first for the Forth, where we had to land my brother Barnard and his wife, with their furniture, stores, and implements of various kinds. Barnard, I may say, had recently taken up some land at the Leven, and was then establishing his home there. Then we intended to go on to the Pieman. The *Waterwitch* was a fore-and-aft schooner of twenty-two tons, and our company of five consisted of Mr. Drew, the master, two seamen, and myself. Not a soul on board

had ever been on the west coast, and we were provisioned for not more than a month, which was probably considered an extreme period. As it turned out, the schooner was six weeks away, and we should have fared badly had we not been able to get some meat from one of the vessels we fell in with at Macquarie Harbor. It is very interesting to note here that on 27th March, 1903, nearly fifty years after our expedition, when clearing up preparatory to removal from Poimena, my daughter Eva found a packet of old letters two of which were from myself to my wife. The earlier one, dated 28th December, 1853, told of my return from Greenwood, where I had taken and left my wife, infant daughter, and sister, and the scare that my younger brothers got one night from supposed burglars when in charge of our house. The other letter, two months later, was written from my brother Thomas's house on my way to the west coast. I was greatly pleased to recover these letters which revived very tender memories. I annex the greater part of the later letter, as it reveals something of the purposes and emotions by which I was stirred. I should explain that prior to starting for the coast I had contemplated the expediency of establishing a brewery at the Mersey :—

River Forth,
26th February (Sunday), 1854.

Dearest Emma,—Instead of from the Mersey, you see, I am writing from "Air Cottage," but that makes little difference, I suppose. We did not lose sight of Launceston till Tuesday morning's [21st Feb.: we had probably sailed on Monday, 20th] tide, and went into the Don on the following afternoon after a fine passage. Barnard, wife, and daughter were sea-sick: needless to tell you that I was not. Barnard's tribe walked to the Forth, about five miles. They started on Thursday morning (23rd), when I left in a contrary direction for the Mersey. Upon arriving at Kelcey's (about half-way, four miles) I learnt that Johnson was in town, at the races, so I proceeded no farther. On my way back I killed a large black snake nearly five feet long. . . . Well, all our passengers went ashore at the Don and walked to their destinations—the Forth and Emu Bay. I stuck to the craft, and we got under weigh on Friday morning, made the Forth a little after noon, and came to anchor abreast of the heads, waiting for the tide to rise to give us water to go over the bar. However with the flood tide the wind got up, and blew up a nasty jump of a sea, which rendered it impossible for us to go in, so we turned tail and ran into the Mersey for the night. On Saturday (yester-

day, 25th) we again put to sea, and the weather continuing fine, we crossed the bar at about half tide, and came to an anchor just before dark. This morning Barnard and one of the ship-builders brought Thomas's boat down, and I returned with them. This is the history of my advent at the Forth. . . .

Dear lovey, I hope you are better than when I left: you are often in my thoughts, and I feel that as often I am in yours. It was a real trial to part, and I think that nothing of merely personal interest could have nerved me to it; but under the circumstances, and how much was considered to be at stake, I felt it to be a duty to offer my services; but, dearest, I sometimes think I did wrong in not first consulting you. But, my love, forgive me this once, and I must be a better boy for the future. By God's help I trust soon to see you when you shall have your choice of remaining in, or leaving, town. Although the Forth is a beautiful district, there are not many inhabitants at present; and after seeing the Mersey, I am not so anxious to establish a brewery, though I have no doubt a trade might eventually be got together.

I think that we start for the west coast on Tuesday or Wednesday, when I trust, if the weather holds fine, I shall soon be back again. I propose calling on Johnson on my way back to hear what he says. Thomas offers me a piece of his land. Has dear little Eva a tooth yet? I wonder if she will recollect me—certainly not before shaving. How do you get on at night? Are you frightened? If I thought you desired it, I would even now return. But I must say "Good night"—my heart beats quicker whilst I write the words. "Good night:" God bless and preserve you in health, happiness, and safety; and that we may be re-united not only here, but in that bright world where parting shall for ever cease, is the earnest and constant prayer of your still devoted and ever loving

HENRY.

It was seven weeks before I returned to my home, and owing to the absence of postal facilities, after leaving the Forth I had not been able to communicate with my family, who became greatly alarmed at my protracted absence. After leaving the Forth I suppose Mr. Drew realised how defective was our equipment, for he steered for Circular Head in the hope of improving it there by at least being able to borrow the plan of Macquarie Harbor made by Captain King when that place was an ultra-penal settlement. But in this he was disappointed, the only help he could get being a small map of the island kindly lent by Mr. Gibson, manager of the Van Diemen's Land Company. Even at this distance of time perhaps the incidents and experiences of that abortive expedition may not prove without interest, and this will probably be augmented if reproduced as recorded in my diary. Having discharged our passengers

and cargo at the Forth, and shipped a bag of potatoes for our own use, my journal takes up the record :—

Thursday, March 2.—Left the Forth at 2 a.m. ; wind E.S.E. ; tide ¾ flood. Brought up at Circular Head at noon ; wind fresh S.E.

Friday, March 3.—Blowing nearly a gale from S.E., with heavy swell ; impossible to move. Schooner *Alexander* for Launceston wind-bound.

Saturday, March 4.—Wind hauled to S.S.W. and moderate ; both vessels got under weigh in company at 3.30 p.m. Made the Hunters, and brought up under Barren Island at 8 p.m. ; scud from westward, and every appearance of wind from that quarter ; let go anchor in nine fathoms. 9 p.m., swell set in from eastward and catspaws from same direction. 10 p.m., wind increased ; hove anchor and stood across to Three Hummock Island, and anchored in six fathoms. Midnight, blowing a gale from eastward.

Sunday, March 5.—Still blowing hard from eastward; made sail under jib and reefed mainsail at 9 a.m. Passed through the strait ; at 1.30 p.m., Cape Grim bearing due east. Heavy swell rolling in shore, which being studded with rocks and reefs threw up grand but terrific breakers as far as the eye could reach. Unable to make out the Arthur river ; hove to off Ordnance Point, but scud coming from westward, again made sail to get an offing, and then stood off and on till daylight when Sandy Cape bore S.S.E., and Mount Balfour S.E. During the night the wind veered to S.E., with thick weather and a middling sea on.

Monday, March 6.—At daylight made sail, intending to beat up for Macquarie Harbor, but unable to make much headway. Noon, a sail in sight bearing S.W.b.W., distant about six miles. Mount Heemskirk, visible at daylight, distant about twenty-five miles, was completely concealed as the day advanced by thick haze. Evening, spoke vessel which proved to be a cutter from Hobart. 7 p.m., abreast of Pieman river, but coming on dark, stood out to sea till morning. The country from Mount Norfolk to the Pieman presented a very beautiful appearance, but the coast-line is exceedingly wild.

Tuesday, March 7.—Day broke very thick, and as it advanced rain fell in torrents. Cutter to windward about six miles, and apparently close off the mouth of Macquarie Harbor, but seems uncertain of the entrance ; now standing off again, perhaps hoping that we will go in first. Weather very thick, but wind died away to a calm. Got the boat ahead and towed the vessel nearly to the outer bar, when a strong breeze showing from the westward, called boat alongside ; before she was made fast, the squall struck us. Down gaff-topsail and triced up tack of mainsail, and the schooner bounded forward before the breeze ; not being in fair way crossed the bar in one fathom water, and brought up for the night a short distance inside. The cutter followed us soon afterwards ; she reported having been out from Hobart seven weeks. Continuing to rain hard, and all hands having been wet through for several hours, about 6 p.m. stripped and turned in.

Wednesday, March 8.—Wind W.b.N., about 9 a.m. the cutter got under weigh for the Gordon and we followed; but before our guide had run a mile and a half she was pulled up by the outer edge of a sandspit, and we shared a similar fate about a mile in advance. Both vessels had to wait till next tide, when the cutter not being so far on got off first, and stood over to the western side in deep water. Unfortunately for us, we were higher on the spit. Meanwhile sent the boat to sound, and found the channel about 150 yards ahead. At flood tide vessel bumping, threw out about two tons of ballast, and at last, at 7.30 p.m., forged off, and ran up the bay. Rounding Grummet Island, at 11.20 p.m. we let go an anchor in six fathoms half a mile above Settlement Island; wind N.

Thursday, March 9.—3 a.m. wind hauled round to W.N.W. and blew a perfect gale, accompanied by occasional showers; rather a high sea running. Cutter half a mile to leeward of us. 11 a.m., schooner dragging anchor, gave her ten fathoms more chain. 4 p.m., cutter got under weigh and proceeded up the Gordon; still blowing very hard with rain. 9 p.m., thunder and lightning accompanied by hail. This day altogether lost.

Friday, March 10.—No improvement in weather, and sea running considerably higher. 10 a.m., bent on another heavy chain, and gave her about thirty fathoms more, making altogether seventy-five fathoms, and let go another anchor with thirty-five fathoms chain. Weather very squally.

Saturday, March 11.—Wind slightly moderated; got up both anchors at 9 a.m., and stood across to mid-channel of the Gordon under jib only. The river being in flood, and the fresh meeting the wind, caused a heavy swell or "rip." Got the mainsail on her, and keeping well to the west side, cleared a spit covered with logs. The bends of the river keeping off the wind, set the foresail and gaff-topsail. After running eight or ten miles, the hills shut out the wind, and the stream beginning to carry us astern, let go a small anchor in ten fathoms, and running a warp ashore ore and aft hauled in close to the bank and "tethered" her to the bushes a four and a half fathoms. 1 p.m., after *breakfast* Tait (the master) and took the boat and pulled a little way up, but rain coming on we soon returned without having been able to effect a landing through the scrub. We then rigged a hurricane house over the companion by throwing the gaff-topsail across the main gaff, lashing each side to the rail, and then hoisting the gaff. When the rain ceased, Drew, Tait, and one of the hands started up the river in the boat. Meanwhile I rinsed out my clothes which had been wetted through on Tuesday, and put them to dry on a pole rigged up in the hold. On return of the boat they reported having fallen in with and boarded the cutter, and seen a topsail schooner (the *Letitia*, belonging to Watson of Hobart) half a mile further up. The master of the cutter had an excellent chart of the harbor and river (King's special survey). Had we had such an one it is probable we should not have taken the ground. The *Letitia* was after a load of pine; so also was the cutter, but whilst some of the men belonging to the latter were cutting the logs, the others were to start for the Frenchman's Cap in search of gold. From the crew of the cutter we learnt that they had lost their way, and when they fell in with us, thinking that we were bound for

Macquarie, determined to follow us—as indeed we had supposed. And fortunate it was for both that we were able to enter a port before the westerly gale set in. I was much surprised at the Gordon : it is a splendid stream, superior to *any* I have seen in the colony. It has an average width of from 150 to 200 yards ; a depth of four fathoms close in at the bank, and from ten to twenty in mid-channel. In fact so deep is this river that one of the men in the cutter who had been here before, and might be supposed to know, said that perhaps it might be possible to find soundings in some parts of the river, but that in most places the bottom had fallen out ! A strange river it certainly is. In trying to warp the cutter up, a kedge was carried to the opposite side, and when the hands were hauling in they were astonished to find it under her bows. It had not touched the bottom ! The vessels propose going up about thirty miles further, to Lempriere's Falls, making the entire navigable distance from the sea about sixty miles.

Sunday, March 12.—The day broke fine and continued so till evening. putting all in good spirits. 11 a.m., got under weigh, but the wind failing we warped up about three miles, and then, as we had done last evening, made fast to the scrub. Upon enquiry there is reason to believe that our provisions will not last long ; so it was resolved to run up to the Falls, and if unable to obtain supplies from either of the other vessels, to cut away at once.

Monday, March 13.—Pouring rain during the night and all the fore part of to-day ; but holding up about 2 p.m., and the wind freshening we moved up, and by taking advantage of every puff and making fast to a tree as soon as it fell, we managed to get up two or three miles. The appearance of the country is much the same ; the river winds along through mountain gorges, the sides of which are covered with a dense vegetation—pine, myrtle, dogwood, and tea-tree, with a ceaseless variety of shrubs. There is also in considerable abundance a small tree bearing strong resemblance to a tropical palm. On the top of a tall slender stem is a tuft of long drooping rush-like leaves, looking not unlike an inverted mop [grass-tree, Xanthorrhœa]. The trees and scrub have attained an immense growth, as if Nature unmolested in her operations were contending with Art for the palm of victory. Where such luxuriant growth is found, it is a fair presumption that the soil cannot be bad; and abounding as the country does with creeks and water-falls, it requires only to be opened up to became a rich and important district. 5 p.m., smart storm of hail—very large hailstones—followed by occasional though heavy showers of rain, then the sun would break through and shine. The weather seems undecided what to do.

Tuesday, March 14.—Rain again, heavy showers night and day ; moved upwards directly after breakfast, but received very little assistance from the wind. The river had swollen considerably during the night, and this in addition to the previous flood, gave us our work to do to make headway. At 1 p.m. passed some perpendicular rocks, apparently limestone, which towered overhead a hundred feet or more. The aspect of the country is much the same ; high and precipitous hills rise directly from the water's edge almost at every bend, and as we advance pine seems to be the predominating timber. At midday sighted the cutter

and schooner, and between three and four came up with the latter. The wind having died away when she was in the middle of the river, to prevent making sternway, an anchor was let go which fouling at the bottom detained her some time, and thus we passed her. A gully favored the cutter with a puff and pushed her ahead a short distance, but we overhauled her at five o'clock. The breeze that carried us up died away whilst we were abreast of each other, and the *Waterwitch* losing steerway was jammed in between the cutter and the scrub. After an unsuccessful attempt to tow off, ran out a warp and got clear, but not until we had carried away our main cross-tree by fouling the stay with an overhanging branch. Continued warping up until near dusk, when we made fast for the night. Just after everything was snug, a puff brought the cutter past us; but thinking she would not go far, Drew told the Captain that if, after bringing up, he came back in his boat, he would give him some newspapers. The schooner let go her anchor about three hundred yards below us. At 7 p.m. a whaleboat pulled by two hands came down the river, bringing the master of the cutter, from whom we now learnt that his vessel was the *Struggler*; that since he had been from Hobart he had been once into Port Davey, and *nine* times into Recherche Bay. At the time we were passing Cape Grim (Sunday, 5th March) he was close in shore fishing his main boom which was sprung. He saw us as he was lying under the "Doughboys," * which he had mistaken for the Hunters. Whilst his crew are loading pine at the Falls he proposes to go in company with a young man named Bowden (a miller who had previously worked at the Cataract Mill in Launceston) to the Frenchman's Cap to look for gold. He also said that a board was fixed up on Settlement Island on which was written a statement to the effect that the *Gem*, loaded with pine, had sailed from Macquarie Harbor on 31st January. [The *Gem* was subsequently wrecked at the entrance to Pieman river.] The Captain of the *Struggler* left us about 8 p.m., and after having some tea we turned in. Showery.

Wednesday, March 15.—Day opened foggy and cloudy, but without rain. Both the other vessels started before us, but we soon left them astern. The country now begins to wear a different aspect. The hills are neither so high nor so continuous, nor do they approach so close to the river. Still the banks are clothed with timber and scrub of which the greater part appears to be pine. On a distant hill there are a few trees, apparently gum, the first we have seen since leaving the mouth of the river. At 2 p.m. we brought up alongside a deserted hut where several ship timbers were lying. A few rods of rusty iron were amongst the ferns, and thinking we could establish as good a claim to them as later visitors, we slipped them in the hold. We discovered that there are two sorts of pine: one a broad leaf (celery-top), and the other a mere sprig (Huon); the former is rejected (though apparently equal to the other), simply, I think, because the other was first used, and prejudice often successfully contends with merit. In the afternoon we secured another prize. Seeing what appeared to be the nose of a boat above water, we made fast a line and hauled it to the surface; then hooking on a tackle-

* Two bluffs that project westward from Cape Grim, and from a distance may be mistaken for islands.

fall fore and aft we bouced her above water, and cleaned her out. She is not by any means a bad boat; she is constructed of pine, and in all probability was built here. In the evening Drew and I went on board the cutter, which had made fast just astern of us, and had a yarn. One thing must be recorded before this day's log is closed: no rain to-day!

Thursday, March 16.—Got two logs of pine on board—one of each sort, and there being a fresh breeze up the river, we sailed up as far as Butler's, or Pyramid, Island, and came to an anchor astern of the cutter. On the way we passed some perpendicular cliffs of limestone [the Marble Cliffs] upwards of a hundred feet high. Here again the course of the river is between lofty hills whose summits are inaccessible unless from behind. Drew, one of the men, and I went up in the boat about three miles, and came to a place where a great quantity of timber had been cut. Ways were laid down for several hundred yards on which the logs were rolled to a precipice a couple of hundred feet deep over which they were launched into the river, when they were secured by a boat. In this way we obtained a very nice log and towed it to our vessel. On our way back we called in at a creek about a mile from the island, at which on going up we had heard a fall of water.* We managed to push the boat in some little distance, but our progress was blocked by sunken trees. Leaving her, therefore, we scrambled across a point about fifty yards, and then suddenly came upon a cascade some fifty feet high, and containing a volume of water equal at least to a cubic yard. A splendid site for a sawmill. Purpose starting to-morrow in a boat for the Falls. Several showers during the day. The river has fallen about three feet.

Friday, March 17.—First thing after breakfast started for the Falls. Four from the *Waterwitch*—Drew, myself, and two hands; four from the cutter—went up in our whaleboat, pulling four oars. Our destination was between four and five miles from the crafts. Rounding a point we came upon the Falls; the current ran very strong, and the boat's bottom touched a sunken rock. The fall was not more than a foot, and would be more correctly described as a rapid. We landed a little below it, and tried to ascend a hill to survey the country. We had to climb over rocks and fallen trees covered with moss, and to crawl on our hands and knees across the horizontal scrub (Baucra); but all to no purpose: it was impossible to see through the trees. On descending the hill we made a fire and had dinner, after which we returned to the vessels about two o'clock. Spliced the crosstree ready for a start downwards to-morrow. [Whilst poking about the water just below the rapid, I found an opossum mouse, a tiny marsupial, I think the smallest of all mammals.† It was scarcely more than half the size of the common mouse, but its hind legs were much longer than its fore legs, showing that it was intended for leaping. The little creature had been in the water some days and was partially decomposed, but from what I remember it corresponded very closely with the jerboa pouched-mouse (*Antechinomys laniger*), figured in the "Royal Natural History," vol. 3, p. 275, but I think it was not

* Since named "Sir John Falls" after the Chief Justice, Sir J. S. Dodds, when visiting it.

† I have since seen larger stuffed specimens in our museums, but possibly this one was not fully grown.

SIR JOHN FALLS.

larger than as there shown.] The schooner came up and passed us this afternoon, the Captain expressing his determination to "go as far as the devil went with a ha'peth of cord." This day was beautifully fine: quite a treat, and the best of it is the weather appears settled.

Saturday, March 18.—Thick fog this morning. Got a cask of bread and twelve pounds of sugar from Basstian [I fancy this was the master of the cutter]. Hove anchor and drifted down. Three hands took a boat and went after a log, leaving Drew and me to bring on the vessel. As we went down Drew took the other boat and went ashore at the log hut, and endeavored to get up an anchor and chain one end of which was fastened to a tree. Being unable by himself, he waited till the other boat went to his assistance, but the anchor was foul at the bottom, and they were compelled to leave it. Day fine and hot. About 11 a.m. the wind drew up the river, and we beat down as far as the second hut, where we took in four round logs and five or six slabs of pine; one log we lost from its being rolled into the water before a rope was made fast and it sank. Filled our water casks and took in firewood, and by this time (between six and seven p.m.) very thick clouds had drawn over, and a thunder-storm appeared imminent. In a few minutes it began: the lightning was vivid and incessant, and sometimes the hills on both sides of the river seemed enveloped in flame. Rain fell in torrents. The storm lasted three or four hours, but the rain continued all night.

Sunday, March 19.—As soon as the rain held up, about 9 a.m., we cast off and let her drift down with the tide and stream: a light air from the south helped us a little. Drew went ashore at Limeburners' Station, and brought off a few specimens of stone (marble). A little before 6 p.m. we made fast for the night, intending in the morning to get a couple of spars—one for a pump, and the other for a gaff. Our progress to-day was equal to that of three days going up.

Monday, March 20.—Cloudy but fine. Went ashore and got several spars and some young trees. Wind S. At noon unmoored and dropped down. Had a nasty job to get through a short reach of the river in which the wind, though fair in other parts, completely headed us. Had a fruitless chase after a duck, for though wounded it gave us the double by diving, and a breeze springing up we soon left it behind. The wind came to us from various directions, its course being altered by the hills; but by persevering we entered the last reach about 4 p.m. Drew and I took a boat and went ashore at the spot noticed on going up, where two whaleboats were fastened. On the better was written, "Do not touch me unless you are sent for me.—H.P." Here we got a couple of pine slabs and a door. [With one of these slabs I made a pasteboard for my wife after returning home.] On our return we had sharp work to catch the craft. Near the mouth of the Gordon, two or three hundred yards from us, we saw a native tiger, or marsupial wolf (*Thylacinus cynocephalus*), trotting very leisurely on the beach: he lifted his head once or twice to look at us as we pulled our hardest to regain our ship, evidently concluding that we had quite enough work in hand without molesting him. About five o'clock we brought up under the southern side of Settlement (or Sarah) Island in a quarter less three fathoms. All hands but one went ashore on the island, landing in a well-made dock about

one hundred feet square. The sides of the dock were composed of very large squared logs. The buildings present an appearance of utter desolation: some without roofs, others with a side or end down, while several have been completely destroyed, nothing but chimneys standing. A stone tablet on one of these buildings intimated that it was erected in 1826: this was the gaol, and it was in a better state of preservation than any of the others. The church was without roof, doors, or windows; indeed the wonder is that such a building had been erected, knowing as we do that moral and religious agencies held but a secondary place in the so-called reformatory discipline of those terrible days. It was getting dusk when we left the island, and as the wind was fresh from the south, we had to pull along the shore before standing over to the vessel, and got alongside by the time it was dark. Settlement Island is more than a mile long, and doubtless contains some good land. Grass (cocksfoot)

BLACK SWAN.

was six feet high, and currants, raspberries, and apples grow luxuriantly. Of the latter we obtained more than half a bushel.

Tuesday, March 21.—Weather cloudy, but wind lulled before daybreak and gradually hauled round to N.E. After breakfast Drew and two hands went across to Kelly's Basin, "prospecting" for gold. Tait and I went ashore on the west side, but found nothing worth having. Shortly after we had returned on board rain fell heavily, and was likely to damp the ardour of our gold seekers. In speaking of this part of the island I think Mr. West says the "skies ever weep," and I believe he is right; certainly the statement is more than confirmed by the experience of the master of the *Struggler*, who declared that around Macquarie Harbor "it rains thirteen months out of the twelve!" Made a "duff" with some apples from the island, and tied it up in canvas, but did not boil it, as all hands must share alike. 4.30 p.m., seeing the boat

coming off, put the pudding on to boil, and had it for supper. The prospectors did not find any nuggets, but in coming back they pulled down a black swan (*Cygnus atratus*) that was moulting and could not fly. They gave the bird to me, and I turned it loose in the hold. 6 p.m., wind freshening from southward, and every appearance of a dirty night. 7 p.m., blow commenced and increased to a terrific gale: let go another anchor. 10.30 p.m., dragged both anchors towards a sandbank, and began to bump heavily with a falling tide. Could do nothing but send down the foresail on to the deck, which eased her somewhat. Continued bumping some time until she apparently forged into deeper water, for she struck lighter and less frequently. A very high sea running, striking her bows and breaking aft over the companion skylight. Gale seemed to increase as morning advanced.

Wednesday, March 22.—At daylight baled out both boats, which were half full of water. Determined to get under weigh to seek a more sheltered place, and had a spring and buoy ready, intending if possible to pick up the heavy anchor, and if necessary to slip the other; but the wind moderating a little we got both, and setting the staysail we ran under the lee of Settlement Island, and let go our heavy anchor in eight fathoms. 9 a.m., heavy rain which in a great measure hushed the wind, and the sea went down. At noon the weather seemed disposed to make some slight concession: the sun winked at us now and then, and the clouds dried their eyes, but still the wind blew fresh from the south. 2 p.m., sent the foresail up again; got one boat on deck, and stowed the loose chain below, ready for sea. Afternoon up anchor and ran down the bay, but a sandspit, opposite to the one on which we grounded before, pulled us up. Ran out small anchor, and after two hours' work hove her off, kedged into mid-channel, and anchored for the night. Fortunately the weather was fine. By the by, this is my birthday: such an one! Some one is thinking of me as I am of her. Yesterday two or three crows flew over from the north-east, and O, how sweet to me was their usually unmusical "Caw-caw." Perhaps my dear wife had seen those very birds a few hours before! O, if I had but wings!

Thursday, March 23.—Got under weigh at daylight, but had not sailed more than two hundred yards before we again took the ground. O, dear, Job was never in the *Waterwitch!* Again succeeded in heaving off and getting down a little further by keeping the lead going, and directly we found the water shoaling letting go the anchor and sending the boat to sound. This we did twice, and so managed to keep afloat. Whilst at anchor the second time a four-oared whaleboat put off from a fore-and-aft schooner brought up below us. They came on board, and informed us that the vessel was the *Fairy*, of Hobart, commanded by W. Gaffen. They remained on board and assisted us to work down to an anchorage. Gaffen kindly supplied us with some beef, and a small quantity of tobacco for the smokers. Drew, Tait, and I manned our boat and went for the supplies, when we had the pleasure of drinking the master's health in a drop of very good grog. After dinner went ashore below Round Head. The whole place is composed of quartzite, covered with long tussocky grass and low honeysuckle scrub. Wind N.W., nearly

our course. The *Fairy* left Hobart this day week, and arrived here on Tuesday. They told us of a disastrous flood at the capital.

Friday, March 24.—Wind N.W. and likely to rain. After breakfast, leaving Tait to mind the vessel, the rest of us went off in the boat to catch swans. Upon a sandbank on which Drew and I landed, there were hundreds of swans and ducks, but though we waded some miles we could not get within shot. As I had left my boots in the boat, Drew crossed to the bush by himself, we having agreed to meet the boat at River (King) Point—I walking round by the beach. I was wading about for two or three hours over these immense flats in water from eighteen inches to three feet deep. On one patch that had bared I saw a shark, about six feet long, that had been stranded. When I made for the shore I was intercepted by a deep channel that ran for a long distance parallel with the beach. At length I found a crossing place, and then I had to walk all the way back to meet the boat. As for Drew, after getting through a honeysuckle scrub which fringed the bay, he came upon sandy plains covered with fine grass and abounding with kangaroo. He was delighted with the place, and was convinced it was admirably adapted for sheep. We reached the vessel between six and seven o'clock, and shortly after the wind increased—still from N.W.

Saturday, March 25.—Fine, but blowing tremendously from N.W. Towards noon wind veered a little more to northward, and about 2 p.m. had hauled round to N.N.E. Had the foresail down on deck, and sent the boat to let go the small anchor. 3 p.m., wind veered to N.W. and blew in terrific gusts, carrying the spray sixty to a hundred feet in the air. 5 p.m., wind moderated a little, picked up both anchors and made sail, intending to keep closer on the western shore where the water is deepest. In turning, the vessel caught on the tail of a spit, but came off almost directly. Let go in something less than two fathoms, and sent the boat to sound. She found a channel of five fathoms and upwards close in shore; so we ran out a kedge and hauled into deep water, and let go the large anchor with twenty fathoms of chain. Night comparatively fine, though squally, and the wind more from westward.

Sunday, March 26.—A week ago I hoped to spend this Sabbath at home; but God is the Sovereign Disposer of all. May He grant unto me patience and resignation to His holy will: may He take those dear to me under His especial care; and O, may my beloved partner be saved from over-anxious solicitude on my account. May she be enabled to trust our Heavenly Father even where she cannot trace Him, believing that He will make all things work together for good to those who love and fear Him. What abundant reason have all on board to bless His holy name. The obstacles we met in coming down the bay prevented us from getting to sea, and thus we escaped the tremendous gales the result of which, had we been exposed to them at sea, would most likely have been disastrous. Verily "His way is in the sea, His path in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known." Here we are—absent from those we love, it is true, but safe and in good health. O that we may entertain a grateful sense of our obligations; and may God of His mercy grant that ere this week close we may be restored in safety

to those who anxiously look for our coming. Wind westerly but not strong, and no appearance of an immediate change. 2 p.m., went ashore with Drew and Tait for a walk. From the top of a hill we had a fine view of the ocean. A heavy sea was rolling in and breaking along the shore. As far as the eye could reach the coast line was a mass of foam. Coming on to rain, we returned on board about 6 p.m. Wind increasing. 10 p.m., blowing hard: midnight, a gale. Foresail blew adrift; sent it down on deck. The main sheet rattling about and making a great noise, between one and two a.m. (on 27th) I went up and lowered the boom on to the rail. The gale did not abate until long after daylight.

Monday, March 27.—Wind still N.W., and we unable to move. After dinner, Drew, one of the hands, and I went ashore to try to get a kangaroo, but though we saw one and the tracks of scores, we were unsuccessful. 6 p.m., sky red and thick, but the clouds appear broken, and have not nearly so much way on as lately, so we begin to hope. 10 p.m., evening fine and starlight; light wind from the west. The sea roars very loudly. Filled in our fresh water to-day.

Tuesday, March 28.—Heavy rain all night; wind variable at daylight, but finally came round to the south. Tait and one of the men took the boat before breakfast to look at the bar. They found a heavy swell on, but thought it would soon go down. Got under weigh about 10 a.m. Being doubtful about the wind, and not liking to take the bar and then be left in the lurch, we brought up for a couple of hours about a mile above Entrance Island. 1 p.m., again made sail under mainsail, gaff-topsail, and jib, but the tide ran very strongly against us. Set the square-sail just as we were abreast of the island. As we expected—or rather feared—the wind failed at a time when most we needed it, and left us gazing with distended eyes at rocks and shoals towards which the tide was setting us, and over which huge swells were breaking. Those were anxious moments; but thank God, when every heart beat quick as the leadsman called out "Half-one" (nine feet), we luffed up a little, and instantly began to deepen the water. The bar was passed! At low water there is about nine feet on the bar, and though we took it at high tide, the heavy swell produced a dangerously fluctuating depth. At 2 p.m. we had cleared the narrows, and hove-to to take in the whaleboat, then filled away again. There was a frightful sea running when we had quite cleared Cape Sorell: our little vessel was becalmed between the rollers which were half a mile long. Towards evening shortened canvas so that we might be up with the Pieman by daylight, Drew still expressing his determination to go into that river, though every one else objected and declared it to be folly. Before it got quite dark, however, the weather looked very threatening, and as there was no probability of the sea going down, we made all sail again. 8 p.m., Mount Norfolk abeam, distant about fifteen miles. Wind S.

Thursday, March 30.—At daylight no land to be seen anywhere. During the night the craft had been kept well away to the N.W. (doubtless to lessen the chance of visiting the Pieman) to secure a good offing! Steered E.N.E. till we sighted an eminence which we took for Steep Island, and some low land we pronounced the West Hunter; but on drawing

nearer, to our mortification it turned out to be Mount Cameron, and the land between it and Cape Grim. We were at least forty miles out of our reckoning. This was owing to the vessel having been allowed to run off her course during the night; in consequence, instead of being able to clear the islands and rocks at the entrance to Bass Strait by noon, it was dark before we could do this. The wind died away during the day, but at 5 p.m. it freshened from S.W. Douced gaff-topsail and set the foresail: Albatross Island abeam (to port), distant about three miles. 6 p.m., the reef off north end of West Hunter on the starboard quarter; half an hour later cleared West Hunter, and shaped our course easterly: wind S.S.E., and heavy clouds drawing over. 7 p.m., calm: Three Hummock Island (East Hunter) about two miles on our starboard side, and the breakers heard very plainly. About nine o'clock there was a singular rippling of the water approaching us, at the moment difficult to account for, but which was probably caused by the tide. Night delightfully fine, and the wind, coming a little more free, freshened to a moderate breeze.

Friday, March 31.—3 a.m., Circular Head Nut, bore South, and at daylight off Rocky Cape. Ran down the land with all the canvas we could crowd, sea smooth, wind light; and made the Don heads at 2 p.m. at turn of tide, which set the vessel on to the inner point, where she had to remain until the following tide. Slept on shore—the first time for six weeks! I omitted to say that during Wednesday night my poor swan was killed. In consequence of the heavy sea, one of the pine logs got adrift and rolled on it. I removed the skin and preserved it with alum, afterwards plucking out all the black feathers, and leaving a lovely white down. [Subsequently my dear wife made this into trimming for the children's dresses.]

Saturday, April 1.—Splendid day. A man from the Forth brought intelligence respecting the mishap to the schooner *Tiger*. Uncertain what to do in order to get home most quickly, but expect to leave for Launceston either Monday or Tuesday.

Sunday, April 2.—Not at home yet, but, thank God, a little nearer than I was last Sunday. 9 a.m., started for the Forth, and reached Thomas's about eleven. Had dinner, went to chapel, thence home with Barnard with whom I stayed the night.

Monday, April 3.—Walked back to Thomas's to breakfast; stayed to dinner, then started for the Don, which I reached in an hour and a half. No tidings of the *Vivid*, more than six weeks overdue. About noon the wind changed to the eastward, but I hope it will not long blow from that quarter. Mr. Fenton came from the Forth this evening and stayed all night.

Tuesday, April 4.—Fine day, but wind still N.E.

Wednesday, April 5.—Again fine, but no change of wind. It is proposed that we shall start in the morning, and got the vessel ready accordingly. Our two seamen left us, and proceed to Launceston in the *Tiger*, so I suppose we shall have to work the craft ourselves. Rev. Mr. M'Clure came from the Forth this morning with the intention of going to town with us.

Thursday, April 6.—Before daylight there was a severe thunderstorm accompanied by rain. No wind, and we were unable to get out. After breakfast Drew rode over to the Mersey. At noon the schooner *Iser*, from Melbourne, anchored off the mouth of the river, and Mr. Huxtable came ashore to learn when she could come in. We told him the tide would not answer before half-past four, and advised him to haul further out in case the wind should come in with the tide. 4 p.m., Tait went off to assist in bringing the schooner in, and found her bumping on the west shore. It was not without considerable difficulty she was got off and brought into safety. 8 p.m., wind fresh from the east.

Friday, April 7.—Wind light from S.E. Got under weigh soon after daylight, but when off Port Sorell Point, about 9 a.m., it fell calm. In the afternoon the wind came from N.E., and towards night it blew fresh, with a heavy sea on. Kept thrashing about all night, making scarcely any headway.

Saturday, April 8.—At daylight stood close in shore, where we got the wind a little more off the land, and by making an occasional short board we managed to lay in to the Tamar heads, which we entered about noon. That tide we ran up as far as Freshwater Point, where we brought up for the night, having passed everything before us except the *Scotia*.

Sunday, April 9.—Started again with the morning's flood, but there being no wind, only succeeded in getting through the Boat Channel. Mr. M'Clure and I went ashore at Newnham and walked to town. The *Waterwitch* got up to the Wharf next tide.

With my return to Launceston my journal terminated. I had been absent from home seven weeks, and nearly the whole of that time the weather had been exceptionally bad throughout the island; to make matters worse, I had not been able to communicate with my family after leaving the Forth on 2nd March. What followed on my home-coming that Sunday morning is described in "Memories," and I cannot do better than transcribe the passage. The Rev. Mr. M'Clure, my fellow passenger from the Don, was to stay at my father's house, to which I conducted him. The narrative thus proceeds:—"Having seen Mr. M'Clure to his destination, I went to my own house, and reached it before my wife had returned from church. One of my wife's sisters, Sarah, was in charge. Our dear little Eva, then about nine months old, was sleeping in her cradle when I entered the room, and as I bent over her she awoke with a frightened stare, not recognising the unshaven, weather-worn face that looked down upon her. A few reassuring words, however, and a tender embrace

quickly restored an understanding between us that was mutually satisfactory. A few minutes afterwards my wife returned. On her way home she had called at my father's house, heard of my arrival, and flew to greet me. I will not attempt to describe our meeting. It was the outgushing of blended love and gratitude almost too deep for utterance, and too sacred for repetition. I learnt that from the prevalence of bad weather, our long absence, and the impossibility of ascertaining anything as to where we were or what was our condition, anxiety was passing into serious apprehension for our safety. With intense indignation I found that my dear wife's alarm had been greatly aggravated by the thoughtlessness of a neighbor, who on returning from his daily visits to town, would look over the dividing fence and tell her there was still no news of the *Waterwitch*, and people were beginning to fear that she had been lost! Thank God, our safe arrival put an end to these dark forebodings and this wanton cruelty."

My journal is far from a complete record of all that occurred during the trip. I had but few conveniences for the purpose, and I usually wrote it up in the evening before dark, for we seldom indulged in the luxury of a candle. I add a few incidents of which I have a very distinct recollection.

One day when going ashore up the Gordon, I took with me a new and sharp American tomahawk. Meeting with a large log lying amongst the scrub, I chopped at it to see if it was sound. The blow was not fairly delivered, and the tomahawk glanced off, the blade grazing my right thigh as it passed. A very slight deflection of the implement would have been sufficient to produce a serious injury—perhaps have severed the femoral artery, and as surgical aid was out of the question, in all probability I should have bled to death. Even now I shudder when I think of what *might* have been, but which was averted by God's mercy.

I was rather amused, and also sorry, at an exhibition

of temper on the part of one of the men on board the *Struggler*. One evening when the two vessels were lying close together in the Gordon, this man was pacing up and down the deck evidently in much pain with a festered finger which he was nursing tenderly. I suppose a fit of impatience came on, but he suddenly stopped in his perambulations, and stooping down he savagely struck the offending finger on the deck! I never knew what was the result, but if it was beneficial it was probably owing to the bursting of the abscess which had caused the trouble.

I spent a considerable time in examining the ruined buildings on Settlement Island—the gaol especially. On most of the cell doors and door frames names or initials were cut or written with pencil or charcoal, and in two or three instances there were very fairly executed drawings of cottages with enclosing gardens—perhaps the work of unfortunates who beguiled their sorrowful solitude by reproducing faded scenes of happiness and comparative innocence. On one of the outer doors was written with charcoal—"Lost: had nothing to eat but badgers * since" —giving a date. There was no name, nor anything to indicate whether the lost one was rescued. In the officers' quarters I found the remains of a child's swing. The framework was standing, and a fragment of rope still depended from one of the iron eyebolts. Could the innocence of children breathe the same air with criminals of deepest dye? Perhaps, however, the swing had been erected for the children of more recent wood cutters.

On our outward trip, after passing the Hunter Islands, and when running southwards, we caught several of the

* The animal here called a badger is the wombat (*Phascolomys ursinus*), sometimes called the native bear. In general form it has some resemblance to a bear, having the same rolling, shuffling walk, its hind feet being plantigrade. Its legs are short and thick, and the tail merely rudimentary. These animals burrow among rocks and tree stumps, are nocturnal in habit, and feed on roots, grass, and other vegetable matter. They are marsupial, and are the largest of our indigenous mammals—the Forester Kangaroo (*Macropus major*) perhaps excepted—ranging in weight from thirty to seventy and even eighty pounds. Gentle in nature, they are easily tamed, and become loyal though awkward pets. Amongst the wilds of the west they were, and I believe still are, numerous. Their flesh is said to resemble pork.

largest barracouta I have ever seen. They were quite four feet long, and were a welcome addition to our commissariat.

Macquarie Harbor is a magnificent expanse of inland water about the middle of the west coast of Tasmania. It is nearly twenty miles in length from its entrance to the mouth of the Gordon, at its southern extremity, with a mean width of five miles, and a remarkably even depth of sixteen to twenty fathoms up the centre. The inlet from sea is very narrow, and this is further constricted by a small rocky island, but the channel is deep. About

WOMBAT.

a mile outside Entrance Island is a bar, on the worst part of which at my visit there was only one fathom at low water —at the deepest one and a half fathoms; and as the rise and fall of tide does not exceed three feet, and is very irregular, depending largely on the winds, at best it is an awkward spot, especially as there is always a heavy sea or swell rolling in. The discovery of vast mineral deposits of great value has attracted a large population, and as Macquarie Harbor is their only port, within the last few years extensive operations have been carried out under the advice of the late Mr. Napier Bell, C.E., for improving the entrance. At the north-eastern extremity

another large river, the King, runs into the bay, the stream from which striking that of the Gordon at right angles has had the effect of producing extensive shoals reaching across the bay for something like four miles from the entrance, but a channel of two to four fathoms runs close in to the western shore the whole distance. When I was there we were not aware of the existence of this channel, and had to find it out for ourselves. In the winter and spring a very large body of fresh water from the Gordon and King rivers is discharged from Macquarie Harbor, and as it is laden with the vegetable matter through which it filters in the forests, the sea is discolored by it for several miles along the coast. We noticed this as we approached the Harbor, and thereby knew that we were in the neighborhood of a large river.

Macquarie Harbor was discovered in December, 1815, by Captain James Kelly, who left Hobart in a whaleboat with four men, and went round the west coast and Hunter Islands, completing his tour at Port Dalrymple, where he was instantly put under ungrateful and ignominious arrest as a supposed runaway convict! Explanations, however, were quickly made, and he became a hero. St. Paul was not the only one who was spurned as a criminal and then worshipped as a god! The remote and inaccessible character of the country around Macquarie Harbor seemed to point it out as peculiarly adapted for an ultra-penal settlement—a place where the dregs of convictism might be subjected to the kill-or-cure treatment of those days. It was accordingly occupied for this purpose under Governor Sorell, in 1821, and those who would learn what convict discipline meant at that time should read "His Natural Life," by Marcus Clarke. There is a rocky islet about three-quarters of a mile to the east of Settlement Island named Grummet Island, which was used even there for extra-penal purposes: "In the lowest deep a lower deep." Drenched by spray from heavy seas that almost always break upon this lonely rock, it is an emblem of utter desolation. Hither for varying periods of hours or days wretched men were brought for punishment, and with not too large

a supply of food, were left to their own bitter thoughts and the depressing threnody of the waves. Under such conditions what could they become but suicides or demons? When Macquarie Harbor was occupied as a penal settlement, the legend placed by Dante over the portal of his "Inferno" might very fittingly have been inscribed at its entrance—"All hope abandon ye who enter here!" Without attempting to describe the diabolical crimes and cruelty that were enacted there, I will content myself by saying that the awful experiment was a failure, and the place was abandoned in 1834. Even this closing act was in keeping with its past history. In the final clear-out, everything that was deemed worth removal was put on board the *Frederick*, a brig of 100 tons, with the remainder (ten) of the prisoners, and a corporal's guard of soldiers. Detained near the heads by adverse winds, soldiers and prisoners were allowed unusual liberty; and whilst some of the former were away in the boat fishing, the latter seized the vessel. All the civil officers and soldiers were put on shore with a supply of food, and the mutineers sailed for South America, where they arrived after a six weeks' passage. Ultimately they were captured at Valdivia and tried for piracy, but were acquitted on a technical objection.

In 1842 Sir John and Lady Franklin, accompanied by Mr. Ronald Campbell Gunn, his Excellency's private secretary, and others, started on an overland journey to Macquarie Harbor. It was said his Excellency wished to see if there was any chance of reviving it as a penal settlement; but probably the principal inducements to undertake so formidable a journey were the hope of advancing science and the gratification of his love of adventure. The difficulties encountered were so great that the party was exposed to many hardships and much delay, and expeditions were hurried off to endeavor to find and relieve it. Fortunately the explorers were fallen in with and rescued, but real peril had been experienced. Nothing more was heard of reviving the penal character of the Harbor.

Many attempts were made to escape, and some by sea

were successful, but in nearly every instance overland parties, after suffering untold hardships, turned back, well knowing that the torture of the triangles awaited them. Others struggled on over rocky mountains, through dense forests, and apparently impenetrable scrubs, terminating their wanderings in cannibalism and starvation, rather than face again that terrible settlement where crime and cruelty held undisputed empire. Yet there were a few who succeeded in eluding capture even overland. One of these was a diminutive man known as "Little Tommy." His real name I do not remember; by trade he was a pastry-cook, and he was recognised as "the pieman." After getting clear of Macquarie Harbor he worked back to the coast and followed it for a considerable distance before turning eastward. In this way he met with a large river about thirty miles north of Macquarie Harbor, and which I have been told derived its name from him. I knew the old fellow very well, and frequently met him in Launceston.

WIFE AND SELF, 1854.

A survey of the entrance to Macquarie Harbor was made by Captain P. P. King, in 1819; the remainder of the bay was carefully surveyed by G. W. Evans, Deputy-Surveyor, in 1822. A chart giving the results of these surveys was printed by the Hydrographic Office; for the

first time I heard of its existence when I was up the Gordon, and I managed to secure a copy soon after my return. What would I not have given for it before that expedition ?

Something like four months after this adventure one of my uncles from Ipswich, Dr. Edward Clarke, arrived. He was a skilful amateur photographer, and he quickly started on his favorite pastime, the annexed portraits of my wife and self being one of his earliest pictures. Mine is slightly out of focus, but my wife's is perfect.

CHAPTER XIII

Join the *Examiner* again—Bible Society deputation—immigration—arrival of Rev. B. Drake—Launceston Immigration Society—Mr. Drake goes to England to select emigrants—returns in *Whirlwind*—second visit to England—arrival of *Southern Eagle* and Rev. W. Mathison—appointed to N.W. Coast—removal to Sydney, and death—Mr. Drake appointed to Cullenswood and Falmouth—removal to New Zealand, and death—excellent class of immigrants—ships arriving—jubilee of *Whirlwind* shipmates—my father's mill burnt—build house on Cox's Hill—conduct service in St. John Square Chapel—*Examiner* printed by steam—published in the morning—a daily paper—dinner to Dr. Kenworthy—wreck of *Dunbar*—illness and death of Mr. Waddell—succeed him in business—a convert to homœopathy—measles—my wife's double bereavement—photography—first portrait of my child—stereoscopic pictures sent to Lady Young—microscopy—discover worm in flathead—Tasmanian devil—an enquiring cow—King's bridge—Parliamentary injustice.

It was probably about the middle of 1854 that the cottage in which we lived changed hands, and again we had to look out for another—still a difficult task. Cousin Charles was living at the Brewery, and his housekeeper leaving at this juncture, he very kindly invited us to share the house with him until we could find one to suit us. This was a mutual convenience, as it relieved us of rent and was more comfortable for him, though of course it was only a temporary arrangement. I think it was some time in June, 1854, that we moved to the Brewery. A few months later I was back in my old position as reporter to the *Examiner*. How that came about I do not remember, but I recall one or two incidents which fix the time with sufficient accuracy. The Rev. H. M. Beecher and Dr. Charles visited Australia early in 1855 as a deputation from the British and Foreign Bible Society. Launceston was honored by being selected as the place in which they opened their mission, a crowded meeting for the purpose

having been held in the Temperance Hall on the evening of 14th March. I distinctly recollect having reported that meeting, so I had joined the *Examiner* again before that date.*

Whilst large numbers of immigrants were annually pouring into the neighboring colonies, there were none for Tasmania. This was mainly owing to the penal character of the colony, free persons not caring to come to a convict settlement, and the authorities fearing additional trouble with both classes in proportion as the free element increased. And yet it was the thrifty, industrious, trained yeomanry and laborers of the old country who were sorely needed, as they are still; and several efforts were made at different times to introduce immigrants of this description. On the occasion of Mr. Henry Dowling visiting England, in 1841, he was commissioned by several colonists to select farm servants and send them out, their passages being partly or wholly paid by their employers. A little later Mr. Joseph Bonney, of Perth, discharged a similar duty. The Bounty Regulations which had been issued by the Emigration Commissioners in England, were found to be practically useless without local organisations to give them effect, and an opportunity for starting one of these soon occurred. The Rev. Benjamin Drake, who had for nine years been pastor of a small Congregational church at Terling, in Essex, arrived in Melbourne in September, 1853, with his wife and two children. It was his intention to engage in secular pursuits, but a suitable opening did not immediately present itself. The Rev. F. Miller, of Hobart, then visiting Melbourne, had been requested by the Northern Committee of the Colonial Missionary Society (subsequently merged in the Congregational Union) to endeavor to procure an agent for the Mersey district, and having been introduced to Mr. Drake, suggested him to the Committee, by whom he was invited to come to Tasmania. Mr. Drake arrived in Launceston in October,

* In the issue of December 22, 1854, there is an article I distinctly remember having written (amongst others) during Mr. Aikenhead's absence at Melbourne. Its concluding sentence spoke of detraction as "a double-edged weapon that would one day lacerate the hand that wields it."

and was tentatively appointed to the Mersey. Before entering upon that engagement, however, he had several conversations with the Rev. John West in reference to immigration, and the class of persons needed, viz., agriculturists, many of whom Mr. Drake was familiar with in the eastern counties. Mr. West felt that here was just the man who was wanted to select immigrants, and on his initiative a meeting was held on 5th November at Mr. Henry Dowling's office, at which the Launceston Immigration Aid Society was formed. Mr. Dowling consented to act as secretary, and fifteen gentlemen present subscribed £100 each to form a fund to pay salary and travelling expenses of an agent who should select desirable emigrants, assist in providing their passage money and outfit, and arrange for their reception—the money contribution to passage and outfit to be repaid by instalments by the immigrants on arrival here. Mr. Drake was appointed agent at a salary of £250 exclusive of travelling expenses, and he was instructed to send out eighty families, besides single adults.

In consequence of this unexpected development, his engagement with the Colonial Missionary Society was suspended for twelve months, a valedictory service was held in St. John Square Chapel on 8th March, 1854, and he immediately started on his new enterprise. Meanwhile Mrs. Drake and family were provided for in Launceston. Mr. Drake's anticipations were fully realised, and on 31st March of the following year he returned in the ship *Whirlwind* with nearly 400 Bounty emigrants. Mr. Drake was now free to take up work at the Forth on behalf of the Colonial Missionary Society, but he had not been many months so engaged when he was invited by the Colonial Treasurer, Mr. T. D. Chapman, to return to England and select another batch of emigrants. In due time the second ship arrived, the *Southern Eagle*, on 27th August, 1857. By this vessel the Rev. Walter Mathison was a passenger, and was appointed by the Colonial Missionary Society to the north coast from the Mersey to the Forth, where he labored with remarkable devotion and success for fifteen

years. As age advanced, Mr. Mathison found the work, which involved constant travelling, too heavy for him, and at the close of 1872 he resigned, and proceeding to New South Wales became pastor of a church in the Illawarra district. Here he remained eight years, when again it became necessary to diminish labor, and he then took charge of a small church in Windsor, where he was stricken by fever, which compelled him to abandon work altogether, and thenceforward he lived in retirement at Croydon, a suburb of Sydney, where his son was pastor of the Congregational Church. Mr. Mathison died on 6th January, 1889, and his widow followed her husband on 13th May.

Mr. Drake returned from his second visit to England soon after the arrival of the *Southern Eagle*, probably early in 1858, though I have not been able to fix the exact date. I find, however, that he was present at a meeting of the Committee of the Colonial Missionary Society on 30th July of that year, and reported the reception he had met with at Cullenswood and Falmouth which he had visited to see if there was an opening for his services. The report was considered satisfactory, and the Committee passed a resolution expressing gratification at the success of his visit, and commending him to the confidence and esteem of the residents. The latter manifested an earnest and liberal spirit, entirely relieving the Society of financial responsibility. On the same occasion the Committee requested Mr. Drake to ascertain if the inhabitants of Avoca and Fingal desired to have a minister located amongst them. An encouraging report having been received, and desiring fuller information, on 28th December the Committee requested the Rev. Mr. Mathison "to visit Avoca and Fingal with a view of effecting the settlement of an Independent minister in that locality." It does not appear that anything came of the latter project, as the Committee had their hands full with the growing requirements and difficulties of the north-west coast. I may add that we engaged an immigrant by the *Southern Eagle*, and shortly after she married a shipmate to whom she became attached on the passage. Whilst I write (March, 1907), both are

living on their own farm a few miles from Launceston, useful and respected, and having reared a large and exemplary family.* I cannot remember how long Mr. Drake remained at Cullenswood, but whilst there he had an unpleasant interview with a bushranger. One morning while milking his cow he was startled by the sudden appearance of the outlaw, but I have entirely forgotten the result.

By the efforts of Mr. Drake and the St. Andrew's Immigration Society, a considerable number of intelligent, respectable, and valuable domestic and farm servants, with their families, were introduced into the colony. One of the ships that brought emigrants for the St. Andrew's Society may be mentioned, as she was the largest vessel that up to that time had entered the Tamar. This was the ship *Commodore Perry*, measuring 2143 tons, Captain Joseph Mundle. She arrived from Liverpool on Saturday, 7th April, 1855, with 800 emigrants, of whom 350 were for Launceston, the remainder for Sydney. She brought up in Lagoon Bay, and did not attempt to come higher. Since then much larger ships have come up to the Wharf. As soon as her arrival was known in Launceston, the Society engaged the tugboat *Cobre* to take a party of gentlemen down on the following day, so that arrangements might be made for landing the emigrants, and the speedy despatch of the ship. The *Cobre* started in good time on Sunday morning, I forming one of the party in my capacity as reporter. I was greatly impressed with the vast dimensions of the ship. Another of the excursionists was the Rev. R. K. Ewing, minister of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, who conducted a short service on the quarter-deck and gave to the immigrants a hearty welcome to Tasmania. Most of the families introduced by Mr. Drake and the St. Andrew's Immigration Society remained permanently in Tasmania, and became successful and respected settlers. The same may be said of other immigrants who came here under semi-private auspices ; whilst a large proportion of those brought out by the Government in the ordinary way left the colony as soon as their periods

* I regret to say that the lady in question has since passed away.

of service expired—some, indeed, before! The reason for this difference was that greater care was observed in selection in the former cases, only those being accepted who were personally known to the agent, or possessed of satisfactory credentials.

As already stated, Mr. Drake's first immigrants arrived on 31st March, 1855, in the ship *Whirlwind*, 978 tons, Capt. E. D. Edgell. Besides Rev. B. Drake, Dr. Ranson, and two or three other cabin passengers, the *Whirlwind* brought 391 Bounty emigrants to this port. In addition to these vessels, the following ships brought immigrants to Launceston direct from Great Britain during 1855:—Black Ball liner *Flora Macdonald*, 666 tons, from Liverpool, 1st February; barque *Fingal*, from London, 23rd February; barque *Raleigh*, from London, 26th March; Black Ball liner *Montmorency*, 700 tons, from Liverpool, 23rd June; ship *Queen Victoria*, from London, 6th July; ship *Storm Cloud*, 908 tons, from Glasgow, 27th August. The ship *Forest Monarch*, 888 tons, from Glasgow, arrived on 18th July, 1857; the ship *Southern Eagle*, 747 tons, from Liverpool, with Mr. Drake's second "batch" of immigrants, Rev. W. Mathison as religious instructor, arrived on 27th August; and the ship *Trade Wind*, with another selection of immigrants by Mr. Drake, arrived at Hobart on 21st February, 1858.

On Easter Monday, 24th April, 1905, at the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Cheek, a number of shipmates by the *Whirlwind* assembled at Camboek, near Evandale, to celebrate their landing fifty years previously. The pleasing incident is recorded in the *Examiner* of 26th April, which remarks:—

The number attending was hardly as large as was at first expected, the threatening weather overnight preventing some from the N.W. coast from being present, while a family bereavement caused some Scottsdale shipmates to return after commencing the journey. The following families were represented by presence or letter:—Mr. and Mrs. Dennis, Perth; Mrs. Harris, Westbury; Mrs. Brooks, Bishopsbourne; Messrs. Nickolls and Ferrall, Launceston; Jessop and James, Scottsdale; Reynolds, Thirlstane; Mr. and Mrs. M'Phail, Penguin. As the gathering was to commemorate the arrival of the *Whirlwind* 50 years previously, it was not expected to be a juvenile one, but the company enjoyed themselves

thoroughly, and were very pleased to have an opportunity of talking over incidents of the voyage and comparing experiences. As showing that our good folk of the passing generation took very literally the command to multiply and replenish the earth, it may be mentioned that those present totted up the number of their families at present living. They numbered 234, not including sons-in-law or daughters-in-law. Mr. and Mrs. Dennis of Perth have a unique record. Fifty years ago they were without children: to-day their descendants number 77, including one great-grandchild. There has not been a single death in the family during the period named, and at the present time they are all living within the State. This family is a good advertisement for Tasmania as a health resort. The great-grandchild has seven living grandparents and great-grandparents. Mrs. Brooks of Bishopsbourne was second to Mr. and Mrs. Dennis in the matter of offspring, this lady having 42 living descendants.

An attempt was made to have a similar reunion of immigrants by the *Commodore Perry*, but it was not successful.

How long we continued to reside at the Brewery I do not remember, but I believe it did not exceed twelve months. A fire occurred in my father's mill very early in the morning of Sunday, 14th April, 1855, by which all the upper part of the building, most of the machinery, and a large quantity of wheat were destroyed. My father was a great sufferer, which led to his retirement from the Municipal Council in the following month.

About the same time changes, actual and prospective, rendered another removal necessary, and then we went back to the cottage in Brisbane-street which we had occupied for a few days before going to Hobart. During this period I conceived the idea of building a cottage as the most effectual way of getting over what seemed to be a chronic difficulty in the way of a dwelling. With the assistance of uncle Waddell I purchased a small allotment at the corner of Lord and French streets at the top of Cox's Hill; and then taking shares in the Building Society which had been recently established, I was able to accomplish my purpose. The house was of wood externally, the internal walls being lath and plaster. It contained four rooms and a pantry, with two small attics. Into this we moved quite early in 1856, and to a limited extent we enjoyed the pleasure of feeling that we were living in our own house, though it was not to continue long.

On the evening of Sunday, 14th December, 1856, I took the service at St. John Square Church, as a supply for Rev. W. Law who was having a short holiday. The subject of my address (undertaken at short notice through the illness of the gentleman arranged for) was Psalm 65, verse 11,—"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness." In my dear wife's diary, kept for a few years at the early part of our wedded life and found after her decease, there is an entry under this date:—"This evening dearest Henry preaches or delivers his first sermon or religious lecture. I pray God that what he may say may be the means of at least some giving God more praise and glory, and teaching them how good our Saviour is." If all preachers of the Gospel were supported by similar prayers by their fellow worshippers, who can venture to estimate the result? Surely Heaven would be opened, and such copious blessings would be poured out that there would not be room to receive them!

On 26th May, 1855, the *Examiner* was printed for the first time on a new machine driven by steam. Something less than two years previously it had been necessary to put aside the hand press for the newspaper, and a machine was purchased from the proprietors of *The Argus* which had been superseded by one that printed more rapidly. But even this machine, though a great advance on the old style of press, was after all slow and clumsy. It was worked by two men who with great labor turned a large flywheel which by means of a belt gave motion to the machine. Then came steam. Five years later (2nd October, 1860) I changed the hour of publishing *The Examiner* from 2 p.m. to 6 a.m., thus giving the good folks of Launceston the convenience and luxury of a morning paper, which they had never before enjoyed, and which they greatly appreciated. On 10th April, 1866, *The Examiner* appeared as a daily; but the experiment seemed to have been premature, and after running rather more than ten months, on 16th February following, it reverted to its previous days—Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. At the close of 1877, the population and commerce of the city having expanded consider-

ably, the time seemed to have arrived when a daily paper was really needed; accordingly on 21st December of that year the change was again made, and it has continued as a daily morning journal ever since.

On 8th January, 1856, a farewell dinner was given at Evandale to Dr. Kenworthy on the occasion of his return to England. He had been one of the earliest and warmest supporters of the Mechanics' Institute, and his lectures on scientific subjects—principally galvanism—were highly popular, being copiously illustrated by interesting experiments that were always successful. Beside this, he was of a kindly and genial disposition, so that he had a wide circle of admirers. The meeting in question was numerous and enthusiastic. I attended in the dual capacity of friend and reporter, and I notice that I was called upon to respond to one of the toasts of the evening—"the press."

On 8th June, 1856, the Pitcairn Islanders were transferred to Norfolk Island. Increasing numbers needed a larger area.

In the middle of August, 1857, Australasia was paralysed by the loss of the ship *Dunbar* off the Sydney heads. Well do I remember the gloom cast over Launceston by the sad tidings, for some of the victims had been residents here, viz., Mr. and Mrs. Kilner Waller and family. Mrs. Waller was a daughter of the Rev. Henry Dowling, and sister to the well known printer and stationer of that name. The steamer *Black Swan* arrived from Melbourne on the afternoon of Sunday, 30th August, and as usual I had gone on board for papers and items of news, when I learnt of this terrible catastrophe. The ship had arrived from England on the night of Thursday, 20th August. In the darkness the officers mistook the depression in the coast line known as "The Gap" for the entrance to the harbor, and steered straight for the cliffs on which the vessel struck with immense force, and instantly went down with all on board, with one exception. This was James Johnson, a seaman, who managed to scramble a considerable distance up the face of the cliff, but could get no farther. He was not observed until Saturday, when he was rescued by a rope

from above, after having been in that perilous position forty-six hours, and without food. There were twenty-four passengers, and a crew of sixty.

In June, 1857, Mr. and Mrs. Waddell had a trip to Sydney, chiefly on account of the health of the latter, though both needed a change. It was whilst they were returning that the *Dunbar* was wrecked. They were absent about two months, during which time I discharged Mr. Waddell's office duties in addition to my own. On returning home in August, Mr. Waddell was very unwell; he became worse, and it was evident that a considerable period must elapse before he would be able to resume work, if ever. So there was nothing for it but for me to continue to act for him, but it was necessary to obtain another reporter. Mr. Waddell suffered from Bright's disease, and it made such rapid progress that soon he was confined to his bed, and he died on 9th December, 1857, in the very prime of life, aged fifty-one years.

In accordance with his expressed wish, I took his place, by purchase, as one of the two proprietors of the *Examiner*, and from 1st January, 1858, my name appeared in the imprint as printer and publisher. This change in our circumstances rendered another removal necessary, that I might be nearer my business. At the earliest moment I sold the cottage on the hill, and we then came down (end of April, 1858) to a house in Cameron-street subsequently pulled down to make room for the one built and occupied by the late Mr. George Fisher. Here "Uncle John" (my wife's uncle) stayed with us a few months until he went to reside at Evandale. When we had lived at this house nearly two years, we had to move again, as Mr. Fisher contemplated building, and we then took a house in Paterson-street that Mr. M'Crackan had just completed. It was here that I first made practical acquaintance with homœopathy. For many months I had suffered from a relaxed sore throat that no treatment seemed able to subdue or relieve. At length it began to tell upon my health and spirits, and I became greatly depressed. I was in this condition when one Saturday evening I went to

consult Mr. J. J. Hudson, stationer, Brisbane-street, who had been an ardent advocate of homœopathy ever since he had been a resident of Launceston. To him I explained my case fully, and concluded by remarking that it was a good opportunity to test his system: if it succeeded after allopathic treatment had so completely failed, he might be sure of having made at least one convert. He gave me two small tubes of globules (globules have since been almost universally discarded in favor of tinctures)—one each of *Mercurius sol.* and *Belladonna*, and recommended me to take them in alternation, a few hours intervening. On reaching home, between eight and nine o'clock, I took the first dose and went to bed; two or three hours later, when my dear wife followed, she gave me the other medicine. When I awoke on Sunday morning, incredible as it may appear, my chronic sore throat was well! From that day we were all pronounced homœopaths. I obtained family medical books, and ordered a well-found medicine chest from England. In her motherly anxiety for her household, my dear wife carefully studied her *vade mecum*, and prescribed for all our ailments with great success.

Very soon after this, all our little ones had measles together. This, although it made a good deal more work at the time, yet was convenient, as all could be kept in one room upstairs, and receive similar attention. With our inexperience the trouble was to know for certain the nature of the ailment, so we called in a medical man who pronounced it measles. Thus enlightened, we treated our little patients homœopathically, to which they were by no means averse, and all recovered quickly, but our consulting physician had a somewhat protracted grievance!

During our residence in this house my dear wife sustained a double bereavement: on 26th July, 1860, one of her younger sisters died at Deloraine, at the age of twenty; and the following day her father died at Greenwood, aged fifty-seven years.

Whilst we were living in Paterson-street I began to devote attention to photography. My uncle, Dr. Edward

PUBLIC BUILDINGS, LAUNCESTON.

Clarke, who, as already stated, came to Tasmania as medical officer of the s.s. *City of Hobart* in the middle of 1854, had been a successful photographer before leaving England, when the fascinating art was only in its infancy. He had a half-plate camera of his own make—of course he did not make the lens: indeed nearly all the appliances of those days had to be produced by the operator. We had to make our collodion—I have even manufactured pyroxylin for that purpose—and to albumenise and sensitise our plates and printing paper. All this is now done by experts with much better results and at a great saving of time and labor. At first photography was limited to wet plate manipulation, so that for landscape work dark tents or other cumbrous contrivances were necessary for developing, fixing, and changing plates in the field. Then came dry plate processes, the sensitiveness of the film being preserved for brief periods by floating it with a solution of oxymel or albumen. As workers increased, cameras, lenses, chemicals, and all kinds of appliances rapidly improved; until at the present day almost everything is done for the photographer except focussing and developing his picture. Dry plates may be purchased at reasonable prices prepared with a skill that has secured a degree of sensitiveness that was altogether unattainable, or even conceivable as possible, fifty years ago.

I commenced to practise the art with Dr. Clarke's small camera, which I had purchased, subsequently obtaining larger and improved instruments; and without boasting I may claim to have done really good work. A picture—9 × 7—that I took of the Launceston Public Buildings just after their completion, about 1861, I have still, and perhaps it is little, if at all, inferior to any that has ever been secured of that very fine structure. A few years ago I sent a print from it to the Northern Camera Club, which I thought would be regarded with interest, for it preserves a relic of old Launceston—the London Tavern and Theatre, the site of the present Post-office: in which respect it is unique. I annex a reduced copy.

My earliest attempts at photography (wet plate) were

in the way of positive portraiture, my wife and children being always available subjects. Very thankful am I now that it was so, for when I had advanced to negatives I laid aside some of these tentative productions and forgot them. After my dear wife's death I found them, and sadly wanting as they are in real merit, they are now amongst my most valued treasures. The first recognisable picture that I succeeded in producing was that of my daughter Eva, and I am never likely to forget it. A second or two after the developer had been poured on the plate its action was

ST. PATRICK'S RIVER.

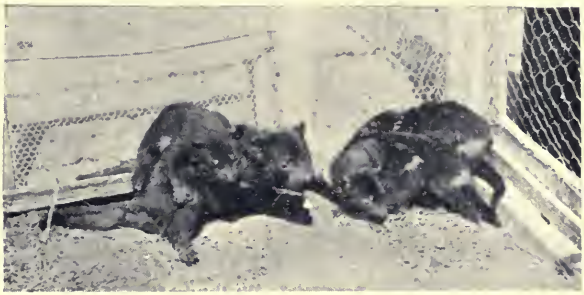
obvious enough: a figure was visible, but at that stage only a practised eye could detect its veiled potentiality. But when the development had been arrested, the plate thoroughly washed, and the fixing solution applied, a marvellous and uncanny feeling came over me. As I watched the hypo. (or was it cyanide ?) gradually dissolving away the undecomposed nitrate of silver, eagerly expecting something—I hardly knew what—there started into life under my wondering eyes, as if by magic, the image of my child! It was an apocalypse—a miracle, to be thoroughly understood and appreciated only by those who have had a similar experience.

I devoted a good deal of attention to stereoscopic photography, with which I had fair success. A set of stereograms of St. Patrick's River, showing the dam, tunnel, &c., illustrative of the Launceston Waterworks, then in course of construction, I forwarded to Lady Young on 20th November, 1861, as she and Sir H. E. F. Young, the Governor, were leaving the colony. Her Ladyship directed the A.D.C. to thank me "for the pictures which she values as pleasing souvenirs of Tasmania." I pursued this fascinating art with more or less constancy for several years, and attained considerable proficiency as an amateur. In my holiday excursions the camera was an almost invariable companion. But the inexorable demands of an increasing business compelled me to give it up entirely. No middle course was open, because if I began to work in my dark room in the morning, perhaps intending to spend not more than an hour in trying some new process—and there was always something new starting up—the time seemed to slip by unheeded, and when I looked at my watch the morning was gone! But though I ceased to work at photography, I continued to take much interest in it, and occasionally made prints from my old negatives. Indeed within the last few years I have done a good deal of this kind of work, especially in connection with my little volume of "Memories."

With the practical abandonment of photography I soon after took up a no less delightful pursuit, microscopy. In this I could indulge after ordinary business hours had closed. I imported one of Baker's Student's binocular microscopes with all necessary appurtenances. With this instrument I did a good deal of work, surprising myself and many others by the discovery of a worm (*Tetrarhynchus*) in the flathead. In some of these fish the worms are very numerous, and being a fairly good hand at mounting, I prepared a considerable number of carmine-tinted slides, which I distributed, showing the boring apparatus of the worm very beautifully. I continued this study intermittently until advancing years rendered spectacles necessary; and as

that materially interfered with pleasant manipulation—as it also does in photography—I was reluctantly compelled to lay aside the microscope too.

From time to time, as memory responds to the demands made upon it, long forgotten incidents rise to the surface. One of these occurs to me just now. Whilst we were living in Mr. M'Crackan's house a friend residing at Prospect Village sent me a Tasmanian devil (*Sarcophilus ursinus*) one Saturday afternoon. It was confined in a small box having pieces of hoop iron nailed in front. The day was too far advanced to attempt to provide a more suitable cage, so I left it in the box. That night, however, it escaped and took refuge in a huge stack of firewood in the yard of a



TASMANIAN DEVILS.

neighbor, who also was the owner of a good many fowls. I was very much annoyed, and alarmed, too, for the poultry; but nothing could be done until the next day, for which I waited in fear and trembling. Whether any of my neighbor's fowls were killed I do not remember, but I fancy they escaped. On Monday afternoon I got Mr. Patison, a gunsmith who lived near by, to come over with two or three sporting dogs, and we commenced an exciting hunt. For some time our operations seemed to be hopeless, nevertheless we continued to turn the logs over, and the dogs gave tongue as they scented the creature and knew it was close by. At length it broke cover and ran across the yard in my direction, when I hurled half a brick at its head, and the dogs completed the kill. The skull was fractured by the blow, but I preserved it for many years, giving it at

last, I think, to our Museum. This creature is rightly named. It is hideously ugly, untameable, and wantonly destructive, killing sheep from the mere lust of blood. Its jaws are wonderfully powerful, and once its teeth are fixed its grip will relax only on its own death or that of its victim. They vary in size, and to some extent in markings, full-grown specimens ranging up to eighteen or twenty-two inches long, and twelve to fourteen inches high. Nocturnal in habit, they are also rather indolent in motion, and ungainly in gait.

At the end of April, 1862, we moved to the house in George-street at the end of Paterson-street, which had been previously used as the Post-office. An amusing though rather awkward incident occurred here one Sunday evening. For several years, before and after, we kept a cow. On the evening in question, after milking, she had left her stable to roam about the yard. Unfortunately the back door of the house was open, as also was the front door, some of our people having just left to go to church. Seeing the way through the house perfectly clear, and perhaps being of an enquiring mind, the cow essayed the passage, but on reaching the foot of the stairs fear or contrition overcame her, and she endeavored to retrace her steps ; but, like other wrong-doers, she found this a difficult task. The banisters so contracted the space that in trying to turn, she got jammed, became frightened, and making a big plunge for freedom, she carried away the railing, and rushed through the hall into the little front garden as a number of people were passing on their way to a neighboring church !

An event of some importance as showing the progress of the community, occurred about this time : I refer to the construction of the South Esk (King's) bridge at Launceston. For many years communication between the town and the west bank of the Tamar had been maintained by a ferry—a boat for pedestrians, and a punt for quadrupeds and vehicles. In earlier pages I have spoken of this ferry : it was one of my favorite resorts, and where I first acquired the art of rowing. As population increased both in

Launceston and on the west bank of the river, so also did traffic, and the ferry being insufficient to meet it, a demand arose for a bridge. But who was to erect it? The Government would not undertake the work, and it was beyond the functions of the Town Council. With great courage and patriotism the West Tamar Road Trust accepted the responsibility, and employed W. T. Doyne, Esq., C.E., who was here in connection with the projected L. & W. Railway, to prepare a design. Owing to the great depth of water and the tremendous floods that frequently come down the Gorge, it was inevitable that a bridge to be permanent must consist of a single span, and that was provided by Mr. Doyne in the graceful iron structure that crosses the South Esk at its confluence with the Tamar. It is of the kind technically described as a lattice girder bridge, and it has a span of 190 feet. An enabling act was passed by Parliament in 1861, and the tender of Messrs. De Bergne & Co., of Manchester, was accepted. The net cost of the bridge in the yards of the contractors was £2000, but packing, freight, insurance, and erection brought the cost up to £6500; to which had to be added the expense of decking, the long approaches, engineer's fees, &c., making a total, I think, of £12,000.

In due time the bridge arrived from England, the abutments and roads thereto on both sides having been prepared meanwhile. The bow was erected on a staging built on the old floating dock, which was then towed up to the mouth of the Gorge by a steam tug. On the first attempt to put it in its place, on 10th December, 1863, a slight alteration was found to be necessary, and before the tide turned the dock was swung round parallel with the river. Next day, the adjustment having been completed, a few minutes before high water, the bow was again very dexterously placed in position and secured to await the turn of tide. Those were anxious moments for all concerned, especially for the engineers. A large number of people had gathered on the side of the hill and in boats to witness the operation. Presently the tide began to fall, and both ends of the bow touched the exact spots on the

abutments where ever afterwards they were to remain. As the water fell, the iron arch gradually assumed its own weight, thus proportionately relieving the dock which, of course, rose in the same degree, and therefore some little time elapsed before it was free and could be withdrawn. When this had been accomplished, and the iron arch spanned the chasm and again united hills that had been separated for countless centuries, the intense interest of the spectators found relief in repeated rounds of gratified applause.

It was a little curious that for the next three or four days an immense quantity of rain fell all over the island, floods were everywhere, and on 16th December they culminated in a terrific torrent that poured through the Cataract Gorge into the Tamar. The old brewery, the low part of the Invalid Asylum grounds, the Wharf, and the opposite swamp were covered: the water rose to the foot-plates of the new bridge, the bow of which for two or three days was the only means of communication between the town and the West Tamar. The punt was swept away, and the dock, carried nearly to the Tea-tree Bend, was with difficulty secured by the Harbor Master. Had this flood occurred four or five days earlier, in all probability the dock, with its heavy top load, would have been capsized, and the bridge precipitated into the depths of the Cataract! A little less than two months afterwards the bridge was completed, and was formally opened for traffic on 4th February, 1864, amidst great rejoicings.

The sequel must be told, though it does not reflect credit upon the Government and Parliament of the day. To assist in providing the interest on the money borrowed to construct the bridge should the tolls be insufficient, the Road Trustees were empowered to levy a rate on all properties in the district. The tolls were necessarily high, though lower than the previous ferry rates. At that time tolls were collected on all the principal roads and bridges. A few years later the Government took over the control and maintenance of all the main roads and bridges, and abolished tolls throughout the colony. But there was one exception, and that was the South Esk bridge at

KING'S BRIDGE, LAUNCESTON.

Launceston, the solitary instance in which a district had had the courage to accept so grave a responsibility: *that* was the district specially exempted from the general amnesty! That was how Parliament recognised, encouraged, and rewarded the self-reliance of the people, and it was but a foretaste of what followed a few years later on a much larger scale in connection with our first railway. Ultimately this monstrous injustice was removed, and for some years past there has not been a tollgate in Tasmania. I may add further, that the greatly increased traffic arising from the growing suburb of Trevallyn, the mining operations at Beaconsfield, and the augmented population of the West Tamar generally, rendered necessary the enlargement of the bridge; and during the session of 1899 Parliament provided funds for this purpose. The second arch (duplicate of the first) was entirely made in Launceston at Salisbury's Foundry, during 1903. It was erected on the Floating Dock, as in the former instance, and was successfully placed in position on 12th January, 1904, in the presence of several thousand spectators.

The construction of this bridge marks a very substantial onward step in the industrial progress of the community. A few years since, such an undertaking would have been simply impossible. On completion of the bridge the official testing took place on the morning of 2nd August, 1904. The Corporation steam roller and a traction engine, having a combined weight of 31 tons, covering a surface of 25 feet, placed in the centre of the new portion caused a deflection of only one-tenth of an inch: on the old portion, after forty years' wear, it was barely one-fifth of an inch.

CHAPTER XIV

L. and W. Railway a necessity—railway bazaar—Company formed—first sod turned by Duke of Edinburgh—Parliamentary perfidy—line surrendered to the Government—Main Line Railway—railway riots—libel action against the *Examiner*—Deloraine and Mersey Tramway Company—L. and W. Company demand repayment—Parliament offers ten shillings in the pound !—Company dissolved—acclimatisation of salmon and trout—correspondence with W. Ramsbottom—beaver-rat—introduction of partridge—Sir James A. Youl—reporting incident—Launceston Mechanics' Institute.

It may be convenient here to mention a great public movement in which I was deeply interested, and for which in one way or another, I did an immense amount of work. This was an effort—or to speak more correctly, a long series of efforts—to secure the construction of the Launceston and Western Railway. Its history is probably unparalleled in colonial experience of patriotism, enthusiasm, courage, and perseverance ; also of pitiful opposition, and of disappointment sometimes approaching to despair. The projected line was to bring the fertile but rather remote agricultural districts of Morven, Norfolk Plains, Hagley, Westbury, and Deloraine into more rapid and cheap communication with the port of Launceston. The idea first assumed definite shape in 1857, though it had been furtively spoken of and desiderated a year or two previously. For a long time New South Wales, Victoria, and even South Australia had looked to Tasmania to supply their regular and large deficiencies in breadstuffs, potatoes, fruit, &c. ; when, therefore, from this cause prices were high, a culpable indifference was engendered amongst our farmers, who seemed to think that they alone were masters of the future. Hence arose slovenly methods of tillage and extravagant

personal habits which crushed many into ruin, and left others struggling with severe if not hopeless difficulties.

But an important change occurred. The neighboring colonies became, first, self-supporting, and then exporters—even to Tasmania! Immense stretches of country on the mainland remote from the coast, and almost free from timber, once thought to be fit only for pastoral purposes, were found to be adapted for the growth of corn. They were made available by the construction of railroads, and vast quantities of agricultural produce were brought into a market which till then we believed to be exclusively our own. Our monopoly was at an end, and we were glad to be permitted to become competitors. But to do this with any chance of success required an alteration in the system of cultivation and mode of transport. The former was a matter of purely personal concern, and each farmer might be left to pursue the plan that he found most remunerative. It was different, however, in reference to the means of conveyance, and the universal testimony borne by countries where iron railways had been adopted was that they were in every way the best. The question then arose, were the necessities and capabilities of Launceston and the rich agricultural districts to the east, south, and west of such a character as to require the rapid and regular means of communication afforded by rail? The promoters replied in the affirmative, and justified their opinion by returns of traffic taken by the tollgate keepers on the roads. Year after year our people implored Parliament to take the matter in hand, and from time to time supplied a large amount of information collected at their own expense. Meanwhile all classes of the northern community were enthusiastic on the question, and liberally contributed the funds required to carry on the agitation. Amongst other means adopted for this purpose was an immense bazaar, which was held in the large hall of the Mechanics' Institute on 11th, 12th, and 13th August, 1864. At the request of the Ladies' Committee I erected a foolscap press in the hall, and each day printed a humorous four-page foolscap newspaper called "The Railway Whistle,"

which was exceedingly well patronised. The bazaar netted to the Railway Fund upwards of £500. No doubt the appeal to Parliament was a new departure, the amount involved was considerable, and perhaps it was not surprising that the Ministers of the day timidly temporised with the question, with the result that every session for something like eleven years the eager hopes of the promoters and people were alternately raised and disappointed.

At length, and apparently as the only means of averting absolute ruin, they accepted the responsibility of forming a company and constructing the line themselves. Mr. Doyne had been engaged to survey the line and give an estimate of cost, which he put down at £400,000. In 1865 an act was passed authorising the formation of a company for the purpose; it was to have a subscribed capital of £100,000 (afterwards reduced to £50,000), the whole of which was to be expended on the works, and then it might borrow the remainder, the Government guaranteeing interest and taking a re-guarantee to itself by a rate leviable on the lands within prescribed limits. The latter was an altogether unique feature in colonial legislation suggested, I think, by Mr. W. R. Falconer, Director of Works at the time, and who represented that the system had worked satisfactorily in America; it was accepted by the landholders on assurances frequently given by Ministers and endorsed by Parliament, that the same principle would be applied to all similar undertakings in the future. Indeed on one occasion, in 1860, Ministers went so far as to put this declaration into the mouth of the Governor in his opening speech to Parliament. Severe as was the condition, the railway district accepted it by an overwhelming majority, 2238 votes being recorded in favor, and 564 against liability to the rate. The Company was formed, by a huge effort the £50,000 was subscribed, and the line commenced, Messrs. Overend & Robb being the contractors. Taking advantage of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Directors requested his Royal Highness to turn the first sod, which he did on 15th January, 1868. In due time the railway was completed, and was

officially opened by Governor Du Cane on 10th February, 1871. The event was celebrated by joyful demonstrations at Launceston, and in the evening there was a grand banquet in the Town Hall, Mr. J. W. Simmons, of the Brisbane Hotel, being the caterer. His Excellency Sir Charles Du Cane, and Ministers were present, and the warmest congratulations and anticipations found expression. But though earlier difficulties had been overcome, misfortunes were still in store. Consequent upon the long delay that had occurred in authorising the construction of the line, agriculture in Tasmania had undergone serious declension, production had diminished, and as the inevitable result, anticipated earnings were not realised; in addition to which the cost of construction and early maintenance was greatly increased by abnormally heavy rains and floods. Thus it came to pass that the Company having quite exhausted its resources, the line was absolutely surrendered to the Government on 3rd August, 1872, that being the only condition on which the Government would interpose.

A few weeks later, in the same year, Parliament passed an act authorising an English Company to construct the Main Line Railway, which was to connect Launceston with Hobart and was desired by the latter, and pledging the colony to an annual expenditure of £32,500 for interest —all this without requiring the southern and midland people to spend a shilling or give the smallest guarantee. The whole liability, whatever it might be, was thrown upon the general revenue, to which our railway district had to contribute its share! That was how a Tasmanian Ministry kept promises made by its predecessors!

Can it awaken surprise that the northern colonists were incensed at being treated so unjustly, or when the time arrived for imposing the special rate (the railway being then in possession of the Government) that they should have stoutly refused to pay it? Then came wholesale seizures of goods and intense public excitement which was blatantly designated "railway riots." They were not that, though probably not far removed from it. Attempts, more or less successful, were made to collect two half

yearly rates, but public hostility was so determined that the impost had to be abandoned, though the people were then insulted by being charged with repudiation! So a thief sometimes tries to evade arrest by himself raising a hue and cry! Arising out of these proceedings was an action for libel brought by the Attorney-General against the *Examiner*. The case was tried before the Supreme Court, not at Launceston, but at Hobart, on 20th and 21st January, 1874, damages being laid at £1000. The jury being unable to agree, the prosecution failed and was not renewed; but though practically triumphant, the paper was involved in heavy law costs which were promptly defrayed by public subscription, so universally and strongly was popular sympathy with the proprietors.

About the same time a company was projected to form a tramway from Deloraine to Latrobe, the head of the navigation of the Mersey, the real intention being, it was believed, not so much to execute the work as to create a diversion hostile to the L. & W. Railway. The moving spirits were a few southern residents who had always been credited with a desire to block northern aspirations; but as their scheme developed they saw a chance of turning it to profitable account. A Syndicate was formed which undertook to construct the tramway in question on condition that it received a grant of 1280 acres of land for every mile of tramway when the whole had been completed and opened for traffic. That was the thin end of the wedge, and it was soon driven home! The distance to be traversed was thirty-seven miles. The line—on a 4 ft. 3 in. gauge, with rails thirty pounds to the yard—was started at its intermediate and easiest part, in the vicinity of Kimberley's Ford, or as it was graphically described at the time, "beginning nowhere and ending nowhere;" whence it extended a short distance south to Coiler's Creek, and north to Railton; eventually it reached Latrobe. In February, 1871, Mr. John Davies was on a political visit to the latter place, and being a director of the Tramway Company, on 19th, he induced the engineer in charge to put a locomotive on the line, and an experimental trip was run as far as Kimberley

and back. In July the line was reported ready for opening as far as Coiler's Creek, about fifteen miles, but during that month it was inspected by Mr. S. V. Kemp who suggested certain improvements before opening, which the directors undertook to execute, and also to complete the whole line without delay. Practically that was the end of the affair, except that when this stage had been reached the directors modestly applied for the proportion of land to which the Syndicate would be entitled when the whole line was completed; and a sympathetic, if not directly interested, Executive being in office, the concession was granted. Over twenty thousand acres of land was thus vested in the Syndicate! Not another mile of road was made, and after the work had been abandoned several years the Government bought back what it had previously given (land for the line, &c.), together with such of the permanent way as remained, for about £6000, and then started *de novo* by extending the L. & W. line to Devonport. But the Syndicate was permitted to retain its 20,000 acres!

Reverting again to the Launceston and Western line. Years elapsed during which the shareholders were not only without their £50,000, but they were also without interest upon it or the slightest equivalent. The statute which empowered the Government to take over the line provided that when its earnings, after working expenses, exceeded £27,000 per annum (the annual amount of interest then payable) the surplus should go to a fund for the benefit of the shareholders. In order that this might be done the Railway Department would have had to keep very elaborate accounts, because the earnings had been complicated by new lines, extensions, and alteration of gauge; and the General Manager stated that such accounts could not be kept without adding considerably to the clerical staff. An important point in favor of the Company was the fact that the whole of the original debentures had been replaced by others at little more than half the former rate. Meanwhile the shareholders began to ask that they should be repaid. Thirty years had passed since their money had been spent; the colony had received the benefit of it gratuitously, and

they now requested that their money should be refunded. This very reasonable demand was met by southern members in the old spirit: the request was scornfully rejected, and the shareholders were roundly accused of trying to swindle the colony! But the reversionary interest remained on the Statute Book fortified by a proviso which was pronounced to be practically impossible. Here was a case for compromise: what shape should it take? The shareholders, with great liberality, were willing to abandon their just claim for interest on the capital they had invested, which would considerably exceed the original amount, but they demanded the latter in full. There was, however, another scheme: a Minister suggested that to get rid of the twofold difficulty Parliament should extinguish the rights of the Company by a payment of £25,000—that is, ten shillings in the pound! The suggestion was scouted by most of the shareholders, who justly felt that if they were entitled to any they were entitled to the whole. Had their claim been doubtful or the colony been bankrupt, they could have understood the proposal, but under the circumstances they felt it to be paltry and insulting. And so the matter drifted on a few years longer. Meanwhile death was busy amongst those who alone were familiar with the case, and it was felt that if some arrangement were not arrived at speedily the opportunity would probably be lost for ever. In pursuance of this feeling Parliament was again approached in 1898, when a select committee was appointed to enquire into the subject. They reported that a just claim had been established, and they recommended that a compromise should be effected. Proceeding on this deliverance, next year a resolution, followed by a bill, passed both Houses authorising the Governor-in-Council to purchase and extinguish the existing rights of the L. & W. Railway Company for a sum not exceeding £25,000. Early in 1900 a meeting of shareholders in the Company was held, when it was unanimously agreed to accept the sum named. At the same time steps were taken to put the Company into liquidation, and Mr. Alexander Webster and myself were appointed liquidators. Only two of the original directors

survived, Mr. Webster being one; and so it came to pass that he and I, who had a prominent hand in calling the Company into being, were engaged in carrying out its obsequies. On the afternoon of 14th October, 1904, was held the final meeting of shareholders to receive the liquidators' report and accounts. And so the L. & W. Railway Company, to which the colony owed so much, disappears from history. The matter was not settled too soon, for in less than three years Mr. Webster had passed away (8th April, 1907), and the difficulty of adjusting it would have been greatly increased.

A very important and interesting scientific and economic problem was solved in 1864. The possibility of acclimatising the English salmon and trout in Tasmanian waters had often been discussed, and at length the question reached the stage of actual experiment. In 1862 the *Beautiful Star* brought out a quantity of salmon ova under the care of Mr. W. Ramsbottom. Very soon after starting, however, the whole shipment perished; but it was found that in one small box that at the last moment had been placed in the ice-house, and in which some ova had been packed in moss, vitality had been preserved for a longer period than in any of the other cases. This suggested further investigation, and Mr. Ramsbottom was sent back to England for that purpose, and he was ably assisted by Mr. (afterwards Sir) J. A. Youl, who was then residing in London. From experiments made in the Wenham Lake Ice Company's vaults it was ascertained that ova packed in clean moss and kept in a refrigerating chamber would retain vitality for at least 140 to 150 days. This was a great step in advance, and it was decided to submit it to a practical test during the season of 1863–4. Messrs. Money Wigram & Sons, in a spirit of enlightened liberality, gratuitously placed a space of fifty tons in their fine clipper ship *Norfolk* at Mr. Youl's disposal. This was carefully fitted up with ice chambers and the most approved means of ventilation. But when Mr. Ramsbottom proceeded to the Ribble river, in Lancashire, to get ova, every fish captured had shed its

spawn. In this new dilemma Mr. Youl appealed to the proprietors of salmon fisheries, and thus succeeded in procuring 100,000 salmon ova and several thousand ova of trout and salmon-trout. These were very carefully packed and shipped in the *Norfolk* under the direct supervision of Mr. Ramsbottom, who also accompanied his charge. The *Norfolk* sailed on 21st January, 1864, and arrived in Hobson's Bay on 15th April, when one of the boxes was opened and the ova found to be perfectly healthy. H.M.S. *Victoria* being in readiness for the purpose, the ova were transhipped to her and conveyed to Hobart, where they arrived on 20th April, and were immediately transported to the breeding ponds at New Norfolk. Several thousand of the three kinds of *salmonidæ* were successfully hatched and reared, from which nearly all the rivers and lakes of Tasmania have since been stocked with trout (*S. fario*) and salmon-trout (*S. trutta*); some have also been sent to the adjacent colonies. Of the salmon itself (*S. salar*) I speak with less confidence. When the proper season arrived the fry were liberated that they might migrate to the sea, but I am doubtful if any ever returned. Some enthusiasts have unhesitatingly affirmed that they had seen, and even caught, specimens of the true salmon, but I still remain incredulous. The number liberated was so insignificant when compared with the enemies and other perils they would encounter, that I think the chance of escape was very small. After the proper method of packing and conveyance had been discovered, it is much to be regretted that shipments of salmon ova were not made every year until it had been demonstrated beyond the possibility of doubt that breeding fish had been thoroughly established in the colony. The expense would have been trifling, and ultimate success would have been assured. I do not forget that a second shipment of ova was received by the *Lincolnshire* two years after the *Norfolk's*; but though a good percentage hatched, the fate of the salmon by that vessel is quite as uncertain as that of the others.

In these experiments I was profoundly interested, and when two or three years later trout ova could be ob-

tained from the River Plenty breeding ponds, I actively assisted the late Dr. Clarke in hatching and rearing fry which were transported to the Waterworks at St. Patrick's River, where by permission of the Municipal Council a small rill had been constructed for their reception, and when strong enough were there liberated. At the earliest moment I had written to Mr. Ramsbottom, to warn him against a very destructive little creature which I feared might give him trouble before he was aware of its existence. My letter was as follows :—

LAUNCESTON, *3rd June*, 1864.

W. RAMSBOTTOM, Esq., New Norfolk.

DEAR SIR,—I have been an attentive observer of every step that has been taken in reference to the introduction of salmon into this colony ; and now that so large a measure of success has attended the last experiment, I assure you my interest and anxiety have in no wise diminished. I am well aware that the young fish are exposed to many dangers, some of which it may be impossible to foresee and guard against. The enterprise cannot be said to have completely succeeded until we have our own breeding salmon, which may, perhaps, be earlier here than in the mother country ; but if the fry survive the first twelve months, the chances of success will be much increased. Now that the proper method of packing ova is ascertained, and the exact cost of transit can be calculated, would it not be desirable to procure another shipment next season, and even another the year following ? If this plan were adopted there would be a succession of fry coming on each year until those first hatched in the colony were spawners. Certainly it would be a safe precaution, and would very materially hasten the stocking of our rivers.

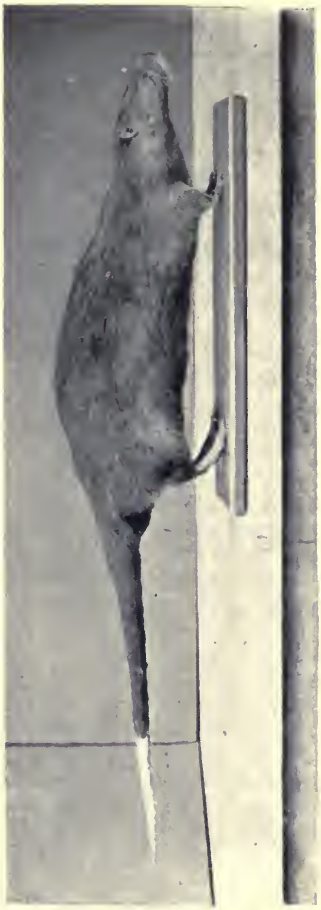
However, the immediate object I have in writing now is to put you on your guard against a foe with which, perhaps, you are unacquainted. From the descriptions I have read of your ponds, I fancy that none of the few finny enemies to the ova or fry that exist in our freshwater streams can gain admission ; and the fish-eating birds (cranes, divers, ducks, &c.) you will probably be on the look-out for. But there is a foe equally destructive and far more difficult of detection to which your precious charge is exposed—I allude to the beaver-rat (*Hydromys chrysogaster*). The creature is described and not very correctly figured at page 571, Vol. I. of Rev. J. G. Wood's Natural History (Routledge). As there stated, its habits are nocturnal, but I add, it is an inordinate fish-eater. I speak from personal observation, having had one in my possession for a considerable time, and it afforded me much amusement. I placed a small tank in its cage, and every evening I put into it a number of little fish known here as trout. On retiring a short distance from the cage, the animal would creep from its dark corner, raise itself on its hind legs and peep into the tank for a few seconds, as if selecting a victim ; then

suddenly making a plunge, it would emerge again almost as quickly with a fish wriggling in its mouth. This process was repeated until the supply was exhausted or its appetite was sated, but it usually ate from twenty to forty of the little fish mentioned. Indeed it is as expert in the water as an otter. Now if only one of these creatures should find out your delicate fry it would make sad havoc amongst them.* Fancy forty or fifty thus disappearing every night! But *Hydromys* is by no means a rare animal, and it is as likely that there would be two or three as one. How to guard against them is the question. I would suggest the removal of scrub, logs, bushes—indeed everything that might give them harbor—for a considerable distance from the edge of the ponds, and that two or three terriers or other vermin destroying dogs be kept constantly loose on the spot. To the latter suggestion I attach much importance.

For the last fortnight my intention has been to write to you, but pressure of business has driven the subject from my memory until it was too late for the mail, and then it was deferred till another day; and so on. But you have it now, and I hope it will not weary you. I shall be glad to hear from you that my warning has been of service, and especially that the fish under your care are progressing favorably.

I am, dear Sir, yours truly,

H. BUTTON.



BEAVER-RAT.†

* "The caretaker of the Salmon Ponds has reported that a water-rat had got into the hatchery troughs and swallowed in one night over 800 rainbow trout fry, intended for the northern streams. Mr. Jones killed the rodent, and has forwarded it to the Tasmanian Museum. The fry were the last of the season, and the loss is regarded as being serious, owing to the limited supply available for 1904."—*Examiner*, November 28, 1904.

† The beaver-rat, which might be more appropriately designated the otter-rat, when full grown measures from twenty-one to twenty-six inches in length, of which the tail is not quite one-half. The feet are wide and partially webbed, the posterior limbs being considerably larger than the others. The fur is dark brown—almost black—on the back, passing into a bright yellow on the belly; the tail is very thick at the base, and colored like the back except about two inches at the tip which is white.

I received the following reply :—

SALMON PONDS, NEW NORFOLK, *8th June*, 1864.

H. BUTTON, Esq., Launceston.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am in receipt of your long and very thoughtful etter, for which I beg you to accept my best thanks. I assure you that I am indeed much pleased to find in this colony, and I think more particularly in Launceston, gentlemen who have such an interest in our present work (the introduction of salmon), and who are so anxious to aid in or give every needful advice.

Now with regard to having more ova next season and until we have our own breeders, I think it would be one of the most foolish things possible should the Government of this colony not put into the hands of the Commissioners the means of sending home at once. I look upon the matter thus :—We now know every farthing it will cost to bring out another batch of ova ; we also know that we shall get the full value of the money on the receipt of the ova, and in course of time we shall reap more than a hundredfold. Not to send for more ova would be worse than a farmer growing one year's crop, and then neglecting to sow his seed for the next three years, in hope that only one year's produce will be sufficient for all his wants. However I think that I can say we have got the right men at our head, and things will go on satisfactorily.

Now, Sir, with regard to the enemies which you mention, and which you say the young fry are likely to be subjected to, I must tell you that we have done everything we can to destroy them. I have a man to watch both night and day who is provided with a gun ; I have also a gun myself, and four terrier dogs ; so you may rest assured that in a little while it will be a hard matter either to find a beaver-rat or anything else in the shape of a fish-eater. I may also say that at present, while the young fry are on the nursery beds, they are covered over with a good tent, and it would be next to an impossibility for anything larger than a mouse to get in at all. So you see we have in every way, I think, attended to the safety of our precious charge, and I am happy to tell you they are doing well. I think it is one of the nicest sights ever seen in this country to behold at least 3000 young salmon swimming about.

I must now conclude, thanking you again for your kind and interesting letter, and I promise should I ever visit Launceston I shall be most happy to call and have a little chat about many things.

I am, my dear Sir, yours very respectfully,

W. RAMSBOTTOM.

It only remains to be added that Mr. Ramsbottom redeemed his promise by calling on me at the *Examiner* office ; I also visited him at the breeding ponds which he very kindly showed and explained to me with much minuteness. I should like to know if he is still living.

On the subject of acclimatisation generally I was very enthusiastic, and greatly desired to see some of the principal

game birds of the British Isles introduced to Tasmania. In 1835 the thrush and blackbird were introduced by Mr. Muston: probably they were never set free. The pheasant had been bred and liberated in the bush around Entally by T. Reibey, Esq.; and the partridge at Quamby by Sir Richard Dry; but in both cases the birds had been ruthlessly destroyed by pot-hunters. Several years previously the late James Maclanachan, Esq., of Ballochmyle Ross, introduced a great variety of English singing birds and pheasants, and for some little time he succeeded in rearing young ones; but I never heard what became of them ultimately. At the same time Mr. Maclanachan had a number of partridges, but the box containing them was washed overboard shortly before reaching Tasmania. After our removal to "Poimena" I made a very humble attempt to again introduce the partridge, though unfortunately the experiment proved a *fiasco*. In response to my request Sir Edward Braddon, who was in London as Agent-General for Tasmania, very kindly procured for me three brace of partridges, and shipped them per steamer *Aorangi* early in December, 1892. They arrived in due course at Hobart, whence they were forwarded to me by rail, and were put in a large wire-covered enclosure specially provided for them. Every care was taken of them, but though I had them for two or three seasons they never bred; once only I found an egg, and that without shell. After keeping them some time, one by one they died, and the solitary survivor I at last gave to the collection in the People's Park. The birds cost £2 19*s.* 6*d.* in London, and freight and other charges (including a bonus to the man who looked after them in the steamer) brought the total up to £6 12*s.* 4*d.*; * and then there was the cost of

* The items taken from the account were :—	£	*s.*	*d.*
Dec. 8, 1892—3 brace partridges at 14*s.*	2	2	0
Coop 10*s.*; bag food 3*s.* 6*d.*; porterage 2*s.* 6*d.*; rail 1*s.* 6*d.*	0	17	6
Bill lading 3*s.*; Customs entry 2*s.* 6*d.*; dock dues 1*s.* 1*d.*; insurance on £6, 1*s.*; policy 3*d.*; telegrams 3*s.*; freight (1 ton space !) £2 2*s.*	2	12	10
	£5	12	4

A pretty fair list! besides which I gave the man in charge (the butcher of the ship) £1.

preparing the enclosure and their subsequent keep. I certainly was disappointed, but I hope some one will take up the work again and with more success. Especially should I be glad if the capercailzie, or wood-grouse (also known as cock-of-the-woods), were introduced and firmly established here. I think it would do well amongst the heather of our mountain ranges.

SIR JAMES A. YOUL

I have referred to the valuable help given by Sir James Arndell Youl in connection with our salmon experiment: a few details respecting his parentage may be interesting.

Mr. John Youl was one of a party of thirty missionaries sent by the London Missionary Society to Tahiti in the Society's ship *Duff*. This was her second voyage in that service. She sailed on 21st December, 1798, but on 19th February, 1799, she was captured by the French, and taken into Monte Video. After many disappointments and hardships, the missionaries returned to London on 12th November following, and there awaited arrangements to be made by the directors. Not deeming it wise to purchase another vessel, the directors adopted the alternative of sending on the missionaries in a convict ship bound to Sydney, and thence to Tahiti. The *Royal Admiral* was selected for the purpose, and she sailed from Portsmouth on 5th May, 1800, with 300 prisoners, and twelve missionaries as passengers. Soon after sailing disease broke out amongst the convicts, and a great number died. The *Royal Admiral* arrived at Sydney on 20th November, and after discharging the convicts, and a tediously long stay, she proceeded on to Tahiti, where she arrived on 10th July, 1801, and landed nine missionaries, one of whom was Mr. John Youl. Several years elapsed before there was any apparent result from their labors. During most of that time the natives were engaged in sanguinary strife, and the Europeans were in imminent peril. So discouraging were the prospects that in 1807 several of the missionaries, including Mr. Youl, became disheartened

and removed to Sydney. He remained in that colony for some little time, then returned to England, and in 1813 took orders in the Church of England, and was appointed a chaplain of Tasmania. His place of residence was at George Town, at that time head-quarters, though his labors were divided with Launceston. Until his arrival no clergyman had ever visited the northern districts of the island. In 1819 (says West, p. 84) he made a tour and baptised sixty-seven children, and married forty-one couples, many of whom were recognised as man and wife before his interposition. He was accustomed to call his congregation together by the sound of an iron barrel which was swung to a post and was struck by a mallet; or he announced his arrival by walking through the settlement in his canonical dress. The historian of Tasmania continues:—"Launceston was destitute of a clerical resident until 1824, when Mr. Youl returned with the establishment from George Town. The people were sometimes weeks without a service and three years without a clergyman. Shortly after, during a visit of the Governor, the church was crowded—an event said to be unparalleled in the history of Launceston. The church was a wooden building of small dimensions: sometimes occupied as a court, sometimes as a temporary sleeping place for prisoners, sometimes as a stable. The disposition of Mr. Youl was amiable, and his professional reputation unblemished. Placed in a situation of little promise, he cultivated the minds and affections of the young, and discountenanced vices he could not extirpate." He died at Launceston on 25th March, 1827, and was interred in the Anglican cemetery at Elphin, where his monument may be seen to this day.

This was the father of Sir James, who was born at Parramatta, N. S. Wales, on 28th December, 1810, and came to this colony with his parents. He was the owner of large landed property in the vicinity of Perth and Evandale, which he managed with great success, and took a prominent part in all the social and political movements of the day. I frequently met him in the course of my duties, and I have him very distinctly before my mental

vision now. Many years ago he returned to England, the management of his Tasmanian estates passing into the hands of his sons, Messrs. Charles and Alfred Youl. He resided at Clapham Park, not far from London, and devoted much of his time to furthering the interests of the colony in various ways. As I have implied, he was enthusiastic in his efforts to get the *salmonidæ* acclimatised in Tasmanian waters, and the large amount of success that has been attained is unquestionably due to the devotion and perseverance of Mr. Youl when the experiment was looked upon by many as Utopian.

But it was not only in the cause of acclimatisation that Mr. Youl was indefatigable. From long residence in the island he was well acquainted with its political, social, and commercial condition and requirements, and being on the spot he was able to impart information to British statesmen which was useful to them and the colony. Especially was this the case in the early days of Parliamentary government, when the assistance he rendered gratuitously was perhaps scarcely inferior to that which was afterwards obtained from a highly-paid Agent-General. In recognition of these valuable and long continued services Mr. Youl received the honor of knighthood, but advancing years compelled his withdrawal from active life. He died at Clapham Park on 5th June, 1904, having almost reached the extreme age of ninety-six years.

It may be added that Miss Charlotte Youl, youngest sister of Sir James, a very old, respected, and useful resident of Perth, died there on the evening of 19th September, 1905.

A REPORTING INCIDENT

Here is another of my experiences as a reporter. The Administration of which Mr. James Whyte was Premier, proposed to materially reduce the number of articles on which Customs duties were paid, and to compensate the revenue for the loss which would follow, they intended to impose an income tax. Immediately the country was in

arms against the project, and public meetings were held in various districts to denounce it. A large and influential meeting was held at Campbell Town on Saturday, 1st September, 1866, John Nicolson, Esq., of Camelford, in the chair. For what reason I cannot now remember, I undertook to report it, and proceeded to Campbell Town by the morning coach, intending to return by the night coach. Somehow or other I miscalculated: perhaps I forgot that the mail did not run on Saturday nights; any way when the meeting was over, after three o'clock in the afternoon, I found myself stranded forty miles from home! What was to be done? If I could only get a lift down to Perth I could manage to walk the twelve miles into Launceston, but that was not practicable: no one from anywhere in that vicinity had attended the meeting. Mr. James Gibson, of Bellevue, Epping Forest, very kindly offered to take me as far as his gate, some ten miles on my way, and as that was the best I could do I accepted his offer with some misgiving. We left Campbell Town about four o'clock, and reached the Bellevue gate at five. Passing the Forest Hotel I noticed a chaise cart standing at the door, the horse's head turned townwards. Thinking this might be an opportunity to get a lift in, I asked Mr. Gibson to stop a minute, and went into the house. In the bar were two rough looking men, their top coats open, hands in their pockets, and pipes in their mouths. I enquired if they were going to town, if so I should be glad if I could arrange to accompany them. Without deigning to reply, or even to turn their faces towards me, they simply stared at each other in stolid stupidity. Quickly concluding that they would not be desirable companions for three or four hours, and telling them not to trouble—which, indeed, they did not manifest the slightest inclination to do—I left them to their beer and tobacco, and rejoined Mr. Gibson, and we drove on. He took me a little past his gate, and then put me down with many expressions of regret that he could not go further. This, as I have said, was about five o'clock in the evening, I was eighteen miles from Perth, had on a pair of new boots painfully

small, carried a heavy top coat and a small valise. I started in good spirits on my solitary journey, but with a slight feeling of uneasiness as to the character and possible behaviour of the men I had left at the hotel. At that part the road is very straight, and covered with light colored gravel, so that objects upon it can be seen at a long distance. As I proceeded I kept looking back to see if the men were coming, taking the precaution to walk close to the side of the road, which was pretty thickly fringed with tussocks of grass and shrubs. All this time the light was waning, and just before dusk I saw an object coming down a slight incline in the road at a distance of more than a mile. This, I was persuaded, was the cart, and I formed my plan of operations. I knew the men could not see me, but I kept more closely to the edge of the road, and walked more briskly. Presently darkness fell, and after a few more minutes I heard the approaching vehicle. When it was within perhaps a couple of hundred yards, I stepped behind a convenient clump of bushes and waited until it had passed. When it had gone by fifty or sixty yards I emerged from my hiding place and resumed my journey. After walking eight or nine miles I began to feel that I had done enough, and almost resolved on staying at Snake Banks (the Eagle's Return); but on approaching the hotel there was so much noise and revelry that I deemed it prudent to give it a wide berth. So avoiding the house and its lights I passed on and continued my journey. On arriving at Perth bridge I was fairly knocked up, and threw myself down on the parapet to rest. But I did not know the time, and fearing that I might fall asleep and not awaken until the hotels were closed—ten o'clock, in which case I should be shut out for the night—I started again for Russell's Hotel, on reaching which I found it was exactly half-past nine o'clock; thus I had walked the eighteen miles in four and a half hours, including stoppages. I asked Mr. Russell to let me have supper and a bed, and whilst the former was being prepared, I lay down on a couch and went into a sound sleep from which I had to be awakened when the viands were

ready. After supper I bathed my feet with hot water for several minutes, which was a great comfort, and then I went to bed. Next morning (Sunday) Mr. Templar, the postmaster, took me into Launceston in his chaise cart. It is hardly surprising that such an experience should be very distinctly remembered.

Casual reference has been made to the Launceston Mechanics' Institute; but it is deserving of more special notice, as it is one of the very oldest and most useful of our institutions. The Rev. John West was its projector. A preliminary meeting was held in the Infant School-room in Frederick-street, on 8th March, 1842, at which it was decided to form the Institute. The Police Magistrate, Lieut. W. H. Breton, R.N., presided, and the movers and seconders were—William Henty, Thomas Button, Rev. John West, Robert De Little, W. H. Luckhurst, Peter Kelly, Thomas J. Connor, Michael Kennedy, J. Ferguson, A. M. Milligan. A provisional committee was appointed to draw up rules, arrange for a course of lectures, and carry out the resolutions, consisting of W. Henty, R. De Little, P. Kelly, J. Aikenhead, V. W. Giblin, W. H. Luckhurst, T. Button, J. Tozer, T. Stubbs, J. Drysdale, J. W. Bell, T. J. Connor, M. Kennedy, I. Sherwin. At the close of the meeting about fifty persons enrolled themselves as members. The formal business having been concluded, the introductory lecture was delivered by the Rev. Charles Price on "The objects and advantages of Science." Six weeks later, on 26th April, a public meeting was held in the same room to receive the report of the Committee, which stated that promises had been given for seven lectures, 160 members had been enrolled, 80 volumes had been presented towards the establishment of a library, and permission given to use the public school-room in Cameron-street for the purposes of the society.

The first general meeting of members was held on 10th May, when the rules were adopted, and the following officers appointed:—President, W. H. Breton; joint secretaries, V. W. Giblin and T. J. Connor; treasurer,

I. Sherwin ; board of management—J. Drysdale, J. Tozer, W. H. Luckhurst, W. Capon, sen., W. Tyson, J. Tevelein, F. W. Townley, P. Kelly, J. W. Bell, W. Henty, Joseph De Little, Thomas Button, M. Gaunt, A. Learmonth, S. E. Harvey, James Ferguson, T. Alcock, W. Wilson, M. Bates, A. M. Milligan. The following were appointed trustees :—I. Sherwin, J. W. Bell, W. Henty, P. Oakden, J. S. Waddell. In September of the following year a special meeting of the Board was convened for the purpose of addressing Sir John Franklin on his departure from the colony. His Excellency was evidently greatly touched by this expression of kindly feeling towards Lady Franklin and himself. The original reply in Sir John's own handwriting is still preserved in the archives of the Institute, and should be very highly prized as a memento of a great and good man who has made the world his debtor.

Almost coincident with its establishment the Institute was embarrassed for suitable premises, and the Board lost no time in initiating measures to supply the desideratum. After much importunity and many disappointments the site of the present Hall was granted by the Government, and in 1856 decisive steps were taken to obtain for the Institute "a local habitation" as well as a name. Plans and estimates prepared by Mr. H. W. Clayton, architect, were approved by the Board on 12th November ; in January, 1857, tenders were invited, and that of Mr. G. R. Russell, at £5370, was accepted on 16th February. The foundation stone was laid with Masonic honors on 24th June by the Rev. R. K. Ewing, Provincial Grand Master, and at the time President of the Institute. It was a notable day in Launceston : business was entirely suspended, the banks, public offices, and shops being closed. The Mayor, Aldermen, and all the public societies assisted at the ceremony, and in the evening a banquet was held in the Cornwall Assembly Rooms. Subscriptions were now vigorously solicited and liberally given ; and at the annual meeting of members on 13th October the President stated that the entire sum subscribed to that date amounted to £3400. In addition the ladies had consented to get up a bazaar,

and were working most zealously. The bazaar was opened on 17th February, 1858, and netted £670. In 1859 Parliament voted £3000 in aid, which, in addition to subscriptions, the proceeds of two concerts given by the Sacred Philharmonic Society, and other entertainments, totalled the large sum of £8896. The new Hall was opened on Easter Monday, 9th April, 1860, by the President, Dr. Casey. This duty was to have been performed by the Governor, Sir H. E. F. Young, but he was indisposed, and his address had to be postponed until the closing of the carnival on Saturday evening, 14th April, after a week of pleasurable excitement and mutual congratulations, a continuous bazaar, an exhibition of pictures and other works of art, addresses by several leading men, and a final lecture by Mr. Stutzer. All classes of the community joined heartily in the undertaking, but perhaps no individual contributed so much to its success as the Rev. R. K. Ewing, whose enthusiasm and efforts in the cause knew no limits. One deplorable accident occurred whilst the building was in progress. In placing one of the huge principals in position, it capsized and in falling unfortunately killed one of the workmen.

The Institute celebrated its jubilee on 8th March, 1892, and in view of this the Board of Management requested me, as one of the first contributors to the library, and more or less closely associated with it ever since, to prepare a sketch of its history. The Board further invited me to preside on the occasion. After reading my paper a vote of thanks was passed, and I was requested to place it at the disposal of the Board that it might be printed with the next annual report.

In November, 1890, the Institute was incorporated by act of Parliament under the altered title of the Launceston Mechanics' Institute and Public Library, provision having been made for the free admission of the public to a reading room set apart for that purpose.

It is interesting to compare the early days of the Institute with its present position, and to try to realise the amount of anxious thought and care by which that position

has been reached. At the annual meeting of members held on 26th February, 1907, the report showed that the library then contained 26,420 volumes, the circulation for the year had been 31,907 books and 20,300 periodicals, the receipts had been £1118, and the expenditure £715. Still the complaint, so familiar at the beginning, was repeated, and the Board of Management was specially requested to devise steps for increasing the accommodation. This is now (August, 1908) being done at a cost of about £4000.

May I add that during the years 1885 and 1886 I was honored by being elected President of the Institute ?

CHAPTER XV

Sir Richard Dry—Irish exiles—Home life in Paterson-street—trawling experiment—sunset glows—Krakatoa eruption—Town Hall built.

A FEW words respecting Tasmania's most illustrious, patriotic, and popular statesman will not be out of place.

Richard Dry was born at Elphin, near Launceston, on 15th June, 1815, and was educated by the Rev. James Mackersey, a Presbyterian minister, at Campbell Town. My earliest recollection of him goes back to my boyhood, when he had entered on the heyday of life, and had scarcely begun to realise the duties and responsibilities which wealth and station involve. He was a genuine sportsman, the race-course and the hunting field being his especial delights. To the public of the north, at least, in which was his home, he was "Dicky Dry," always genial and always welcome. But amidst all his gaiety he did not forget that he was a gentleman. Hilarity never descended to vulgarity, nor did inborn courtesy invite rude familiarity. He was generous almost to a fault. On his entrance into political life, a new arena was opened for the display of his great natural talents which until then had awaited development. In 1845 Mr. Dry was appointed by Sir Eardley Wilmot as a member of the nominee Legislative Council, and almost immediately he bounded into prominence as one of the "Patriotic Six." Besides seven or eight unofficial members, the Council consisted of five or six official members,—the Chief Justice, Colonial Secretary, Colonial Treasurer, Attorney-General, Solicitor-General, and sometimes the Chief Police Magistrate,—the Governor presiding. Financial embarrassment had overtaken the colony in consequence of the heavy expenditure forced upon it through the con-

tinuance of transportation and the tyrannical proceedings of the Home Government. The Governor, a mere tool of the Colonial Office, sought to please his masters at the expense of the colonists. On 3rd October, 1845, the Council met in not the most amiable mood. Several proposals for delaying the estimates were defeated by the double vote of the Governor, but before the Appropriation Bill could be submitted the country, or popular, party withdrew from the Chamber. Those remaining did not constitute a quorum, and the session was abruptly terminated. The gentlemen who thus entered an effectual, if temporary, protest against official despotism were Richard Dry, Michael Fenton, Thomas George Gregson, William Kermode, John Kerr, and Charles Swanston. The *Gazette* of 4th November notified that they had resigned their seats. When, shortly after, Mr. Dry returned to Launceston, he was met on the Sandhill by an immense cavalcade, and conducted to his hotel with every demonstration of popular esteem. This episode in Tasmanian history is mentioned again when dealing with the evolution of Responsible Government.

Rather more than a year subsequent to the foregoing incident, Mr. Dry sustained a very serious accident. On 5th December, 1846, he had attended the opening of a new church at Paterson's Plains (St. Leonards), and whilst returning on horseback with others he attempted to jump a fence, when the horse fell, crushing him beneath it. For some days his life was in danger, but he recovered.

On 9th July, 1855, Mr. Dry was compelled to resign through ill health. In announcing to his constituents his retirement Mr. Dry said, "From the people of Launceston I have ever received—through bad as through good fortune—the most unvarying kindness and support, and by their voice I was sent as their first representative to our partially elective Council, which, imperfect as it may be, I trust is but the stepping-stone to full and perfect representative government. Gentlemen, in taking leave of you permit me to thank you most sincerely for the past, and to express my confident hope that, under a more liberal form of government and more extended municipal institutions (institutions

which you cannot value too highly nor guard too jealously —institutions which if properly carried out will be productive of as great or greater benefit to the community than the Legislature itself, and which, had they been introduced at an earlier period, would have been of incalculable value in training the people for self-government), Launceston will shortly take that rank amongst the Australian seaports which her natural resources and her position mark out for her." When, a week after Mr. Dry's resignation, the enlarged Legislative Council met, Captain Fenton was elected as Speaker. On 26th Mr. Chapman moved the following address to Mr. Dry, which was carried by acclamation :—

We, the members of the Legislative Council of Tasmania in Council assembled, cannot allow the occasion of your retirement from the Speakership, and from your seat in this House, to pass without expressing to you our deep sense of the valuable services which you have rendered in both capacities, and our sincere regret that illness should have compelled you to withdraw for a time from public life. We are justified in saying that our regret is shared by the whole body of the colonists of Tasmania, who have regarded with natural pride the able and dignified manner in which you, a native of the colony, have discharged the onerous duties of Speaker in its first elected Legislature. As a lasting memorial of one for whom we entertain so much esteem and respect we request that you will present us with your portrait to be placed in the Library of the Council.

The request of the Council was promptly acted upon, and an excellent portrait was painted by Mr. Conway Hart, at a cost, it was said, of £300. It represents Mr. Dry, in the Speaker's robes, in the attitude of submitting a bill to the House, and saying, "The question now is, that this bill do pass." The painting is in the Parliament House at Hobart.

A public meeting was held in Launceston on 10th August, at which an address of sympathy to Mr. Dry was adopted, regretting the cause of his retirement, and expressing a hope that it was only temporary. A committee was at the same time appointed to collect subscriptions for the purpose of procuring a portrait of Mr. Dry, to be suspended in some public place in Launceston. For some reason which I have forgotten this project seems to have fallen through ; but in August, 1871, Mr. Henry Dowling

presented to the people of Launceston an excellent portrait painted by his brother, Mr. Robert Dowling, from a photograph by Charles Woolley, of Hobart. This portrait is the one now in our Art Gallery.

After a complete rest of several months Mr. Dry was well enough to undertake the voyage to England, and whilst there, in May, 1858, he received the honor of knighthood at the hands of the Queen. One who knew Mr. Dry intimately, having been long closely associated with him in the anti-transportation movement, the Rev. John West, held him in very high esteem. Speaking at Sydney, in March, 1856, at a banquet given to Mr. Gavan Duffy, Mr. West said :—

Among all those who sympathised with Mr. Smith O'Brien, there was no one who manifested greater sympathy than did Mr. Richard Dry. A gentleman himself, the son of an Irish exile, brought up in Tasmania, a man whom he (Mr. W.) watched in the heyday of his youth, and stood by when he first entered public life ; a man whom he had seen raised to the highest position in the government of the country as Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the people ; a finer specimen of a man than Mr. Dry he never saw ; a nobler mind than his he never saw developed (cheers). He was a man faithful and true to the cause of his country, and he maintained that cause as his noble father had done before him, though he had done so in peaceable times, and he saw that cause at last gloriously triumph (cheers). How happy that father would have been in his exile could he have foreseen the dignity and station his son would obtain ; could he have foreseen how dear that son would become to the people of the country amongst whom he himself had arrived as an exile. Could he have anticipated these things his tears would not have been shed with regret for the land he had left (cheers). Mr. Dry, the son of an Irish exile, was the darling of the people of Tasmania—a son of the soil The last time he saw Mr. Richard Dry in public was at the celebration of the jubilee of Tasmanians at the regeneration of their country from the yoke of convictism, in which he was supported by his friend Mr. Parkes and others, and upon which occasion he called upon thousands of his countrymen to join with him in singing the following anthem :

Sons of Tasmania sing,
Daughters sweet garlands bring ;
All joyful be.
Raise, raise your banners high,
Star of the southern sky,
Cross of the free.

God bless our father-land ;
God bless the patient band,—

Staunch have they been.
Truth has confounded spite—
Justice has conquered might—
Heaven has maintained the right,—
God save the Queen.

That was the last public act of Mr. Dry's career of which he was a witness. That gentleman had since gone on a voyage to Europe for the good of his health, but though absent he would not neglect the interests of his native country (cheers). Such were some of the men that Australia produced—men who would be an honor to any country from which their fathers sprang—an honor to the land that gave them birth. He trusted that their friend, Mr. Duffy, would soon have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of that eminent Australian.

Sir Richard and Lady Dry returned to the colony in January, 1860, arriving at Launceston by the s. *Royal Shepherd* on 16th of that month, very much improved in health, and in excellent spirits. Sir Richard met with a hearty welcome on landing, and after luncheon at the Launceston Hotel they left for Quamby. Nearly two years later, on 10th December, 1861, he laid the foundation stone of the Hagley Anglican church, which he liberally endowed.

For three years after his return to the colony Sir Richard resolutely abstained from engaging in politics, thus enabling his constitution to gather strength. But at the close of 1862, though even then his health was far from thoroughly established, he was induced again to enter upon public life. The seat for Tamar, in the Legislative Council, became vacant, and the only candidate was the late Mr. Alexander Stewart. The election was fixed for 23rd December, and at the eleventh hour, on 17th, a requisition was presented to Sir Richard Dry begging that he would allow himself to be nominated. To this he consented, stating that his health was so far restored as to impress on him the duty of endeavoring by more active means to forward the welfare of the colony ; but in doing so he thought it prudent to seek the comparative quiet of the Legislative Council. His formal reply to the requisition was written on 18th and published next day, so that there were only three clear days before the poll. But in the case of Sir Richard that was ample, and he was returned. Mr. Whyte's Ministry took office in January following (1863), and con-

tinued in power until 24th November, 1866, when it was displaced by Sir Richard Dry's Cabinet, of which he was Premier and Colonial Secretary until his death, on 1st August, 1869.

Universally beloved, his death was universally deplored, and the removal of the body to his home at Hagley, occupying four days, was a truly sorrowful function. When the funeral cortege left the capital the shops and business places were closed, and the Governor and principal officials followed to the city boundary; and at Launceston his Excellency again joined the procession, together with the late Premier's colleagues and an immense concourse of mourners. It was proposed to erect a statue to his memory in Launceston, but ultimately it was decided to add a chancel to the Hagley church, a work which Sir Richard was anxious to see accomplished during his life. The chancel cost £1000, and was consecrated by the Bishop of Tasmania on 24th August, 1871. The east window was erected by his widow, the subject being Guido's "Crucifixion."

When the Duke of Edinburgh was here early in 1868, he formed an acquaintance with Sir Richard Dry, and on hearing of his death and the proposed memorial, his Royal Highness forwarded a contribution of £10, remarking in the accompanying letter :—"I have a wish to subscribe to this memorial as an expression of my personal regard for Sir Richard, and my feeling of the high position he held in the esteem and affection of his fellow colonists." Above a door on the north side of the church is the following inscription :—"This chancel, beneath which repose the remains of Sir Richard Dry, Knight, the first Speaker of the House of Assembly, at the time of his decease Premier of the Government of Tasmania, and the founder of this church, was erected by his fellow colonists as a permanent memorial of their affection and respect."

I was personally acquainted with Sir Richard Dry, having frequently met him on public matters, especially in the long protracted struggle for the Launceston and Western Railway, of which he was an ardent advocate.

At the bazaar held in Launceston in aid of the funds to carry on the agitation for that great work, a number of Sir Richard's portraits, photographed by Mr. C. Woolley, of Hobart, were on sale. One of these I purchased, and at my request he kindly attached his autograph as here reproduced.

SIR RICHARD DRY.

In 1853 (April 27) Sir Richard Dry married Miss Clara Meredith, a daughter of the late Mr. George Meredith, of Cambria, near Swansea. She was a fine type of woman, mentally as well as physically, and with rare devotion and ability aided her husband in his domestic and public duties. Some years after Sir Richard's death, and when the Quamby estate had been disposed of, Lady Dry proceeded to England, taking up her abode at Teignmouth, in South Devonshire, where she purchased a property which she named "Wybellenna." Here she spent the last twenty-four years of her life, going to Italy or Egypt every winter because of liability to bronchitis. Although so long in England she never forgot Tasmania or her friends there, and she sent many valuable contributions to the Art Gallery and Museum in Launceston, and also to the Museum at Hobart. Lady Dry died on 20th May, 1904, aged seventy-five years.

The Rev. William Dry, late of St. Leonards, a brother of Sir Richard, was born in Launceston in 1820, and died on 18th June, 1908, aged eighty-eight years.

Very early in my journalistic experience I heard of the Irish Exiles. I was brought but slightly into personal contact with any of them, but I know that very real sympathy was felt for them throughout the island. They had been leaders of the "Young Ireland" party who sought to redress the wrongs of their country at all risks—by force of arms if necessary. This was directly opposed to the policy of Daniel O'Connell, who hoped to attain the same end by moral suasion alone. During the terrible famine of 1846–7, O'Connell died, and the "Young Ireland" party, deprived of his moderating influence, was precipitated into rebellion which was quickly suppressed, and seven of the leaders were exiled to Tasmania, where most of them arrived at the close of 1849. They were Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher, John Martin, Thomas Bellew M'Manus, John Mitchell, Kelvin O'Doherty, and Patrick O'Donohue. M'Manus, Meagher, and Mitchell effected their escape from the island with the assistance of devoted sympathisers. All were formally pardoned in 1854. With Meagher's name I was familiar from the circumstance that under the signature of "Virginius" he wrote a series of stinging letters which appeared in the *Examiner*, in confutation of letters by Mr. John Donnellan Balfe, signed "Dion," published in the *Hobart Town Advertiser*.

Many of the events to which I have alluded with something like fullness because of their interest or importance, though having their genesis long ago, have stretched on in their far-reaching issues to much later times; and in following their development I have been led to pass over many intervening years. It is now time to return.

The house in Paterson-street adjoining the *Examiner* office having undergone great alteration and renovation, we moved into it on 1st January, 1864. In this house we continued to reside for nearly twenty-eight years. It was very convenient for me—indeed, too convenient, for it tempted me to spend a much longer portion of my time in the business than was good for my family or my own health. But I was young, strong, full of energy, and

hopeful ; and beyond these qualities, and superior to them all, I was blessed with a loving, high-spirited, sympathetic wife, whose one aim and effort it was to help me and promote my happiness and that of her children. What we all owe to her untiring solicitude can never be estimated in the brief space which we call time, but it will be made clear some other day. Thanks to her wise and loving management, ours was a typical home, and I rejoice to think that her example was not in vain.

In earlier chapters I have referred to Captain Ditcham, which reminds me of a trawling expedition he and I undertook in November, 1879. When engaged in nautical pursuits in England he was brought into frequent contact with trawlers, and he had often expressed a wish to see what could be done in that way in our waters ; he knew, too, that I was similarly interested. He procured a medium sized trawl and fitted it for use, and when an opportunity offered he invited me to join in the experiment. We left Launceston on 29th October in a fifty ton schooner, the *Esk*, and cleared Tamar heads on Saturday, November 1. After running out seven or eight miles the net was put over and kept down in thirty-five or thirty-six fathoms for several hours ; but the night coming on stormy the net was taken up between nine and ten o'clock, and everything made snug. Next morning we ran into the Leven, and the following day Mr. Ditcham and I went on to Table Cape, where we visited the sawmill of Messrs. Moore & Quiggin, returning to Launceston by coach and train. Our trawling operations were a failure. With the exception of two or three small crustaceans, I do not remember anything of interest, but there was a great mass—probably two or three hundredweight—of slimy, gelatinous matter like decayed sponge, in combination with sand and comminuted shells and coral. It was quite dark when the net was taken up and its contents turned out on the deck, but next morning the smell was so offensive that we were glad to heave the lot overboard. Ever since I have cherished a hope that another attempt under more favorable conditions would be made and attended with more satisfactory results. Why

should not trawling in Tasmanian waters be as profitable as on the coasts of Britain ?

About the middle of 1883 residents in Tasmania and on the mainland began to notice very bright and beautiful glows attending sunsets. These had existed for several days without eliciting more than an occasional remark of admiration, but persistence and increasing brilliance led to speculation as to the cause of the phenomenon. Nor was there long to wait for an explanation. On 26th, 27th, and 28th August the small volcanic island of Krakatoa in the Strait of Sunda broke out into the most violent eruption of historic times. The volcano had been active during the preceding part of the month, but on the days named the crater walls fell in, together with part of the ocean bed, carrying with it two-thirds of the island, an area of eight or nine square miles, and creating two small islands which subsequently disappeared. The noise of the eruption was heard over 2000 miles, and the sea was covered for miles with floating pumice. At the same time a huge volcanic wave inundated the neighboring coasts of Java and Sumatra, causing the loss of 36,500 lives, the destruction of 300 villages, and encircling the globe before its energy was expended. Dust and other finely divided particles of matter forced by the explosion to enormous heights were carried by concentric atmospheric waves which travelled at least three times round the earth. This was the cause of the glows to which reference has been made, and which lasted, with gradually diminishing effect, for fully two years.

As an incident without any personal bearing, I place on record the fact that the foundation stone of the Launceston Town Hall was laid by Governor Colonel Thomas Gore Browne, on 21st April, 1864. Alderman Abraham Barrett was then Mayor.

CHAPTER XVI

Electric telegraph—submarine cable—congratulatory messages of Governors—electric communication with Europe—first direct message in *Examiner*—Pacific cable—inroads by death and their effect—Launceston Hospital.

WITH the vast influx of population and wealth that followed the discovery of gold in Australasia, of necessity came the demand to share in the conveniences and luxuries attendant on the marvellous advance in science and mechanics which especially signalised the latter half of the nineteenth century. Railways were among the earliest of these innovations, and next to them came the electric telegraph. In Victoria the first line constructed was a short one between Melbourne and Williamstown, which was opened on 3rd March, 1854. Others quickly followed, and then of course Tasmania entered upon a similar career of progress. The first aerial line (Morse's system) in this colony was between Hobart and Launceston, the contractor for which was a Mr. Butcher. It was opened to the public on 10th August, 1857, and before the end of the month Mr. James Scott was engaged in surveying a line between Launceston and the Tamar heads. This was much needed, for the distance exceeds forty miles, and for shipping intelligence, inwards and outwards, the public was entirely dependent on semaphores, which were useless at night or in foggy weather.

For a long period the telegraph was a mystery to the general public, and very droll notions about it were entertained by many. For instance, a short time after the Hobart line was opened I had occasion to go to Evandale on horseback. I had not proceeded more than a couple

of miles on my journey before I began to be annoyed by the legs of my trousers working up, so I stopped at the cottage of a shoemaker near the Sandhill tollgate to get a pair of leather straps. The telegraph wire passed close to the man's cottage, and as he was cutting the straps he began to talk about the new invention. "It is wonderful," said he, "to think that they can send messages along them wires all that way. They was very busy last night: we heard 'em all night long!" There had been a breeze which had caused the wires to vibrate more than usual, and my informant supposed that the sound he heard was caused by the passing messages!

Soon after telegraphic communication had been established between Launceston and Hobart, and Launceston and the Tamar heads, a desire was awakened for a similar connecting link with the neighboring colonies: indeed the demand arising from growing personal, social, and commercial relations rendered it indispensable. Accordingly the Tasmanian Government entered into a contract for a submarine cable, which was opened on 10th August, 1859, but the inaugural congratulatory messages between the Governors of the respective colonies could not be exchanged until 29th September. On 3rd October the auspicious event was celebrated in Launceston by a public holiday and a banquet to Captain Norman and officers of H.M.S. *Victoria* (which had assisted in laying the cable), and Mr. M'Gowan, Superintendent of Victorian Telegraphs. In the messages of the Governors the opinion was expressed that the cable would prove one of the earliest and strongest factors in Australasian federation.

But these patriotic vaticinations were a little premature. Submarine telegraphy was still in the experimental stage. Cables were considered necessary evils, to be avoided wherever possible. Agreeably with this idea, our first cable started from the eastern side of the Tamar heads, skirted the north-west coast (there was no land line along that coast then) to Stanley, thence to Three Hummock Island (one of the Hunters) across which there was a short

aerial line, thence by cable to Currie Harbor at the south-west of King Island which was crossed by another aerial wire to its northern extremity, thence by cable again to Cape Otway where it joined the Victorian land line to Melbourne. It is not surprising that a cable laid under such conditions was rarely in working order. Constantly fretting on rocks in the shoal water currents and so losing insulation, or the poles on the islands burning or blowing down, communication was continually interrupted, and it altogether ceased in February of the following year. By this unfortunate event the colony lost over forty thousand pounds, and the cable question was allowed to rest awhile.

After an interval of seven or eight years, however, it was again revived, and a contract was entered into with the Eastern Extension Telegraph Company to lay and work a cable, and this was completed on 27th April, 1869. A very different route was adopted on this occasion. Avoiding all intervening land, the cable stretched across direct from East Bay (Tamar heads) to Cape Flinders on the Victorian coast, and was provided with much heavier shore ends. The resulting improvement was enormous, and communication has been maintained ever since with remarkable constancy. As a safeguard against possible accident and to relieve the pressure of work sometimes experienced, a duplicate cable was laid by the Company in 1885. Tasmania was thus brought into touch with the great and ever-extending system of Australian telegraphy, and consequently was prepared to join the wider system of the whole world when electric communication should be established with the mother country.

Nor was there long to wait for this. Lieutenant Waghorn had already shown (October, 1845) how the journey to India could be materially shortened by going overland through Europe ; and it was still further reduced by the Suez-Alexandria railway in 1858, and the Suez canal in 1869. But the saving thus effected in distance and time (from twelve thousand to six thousand miles, and from three months to four weeks) did not satisfy the ever-growing

demands of modern civilisation. Very soon after the second cable had been laid across Bass Strait, the same Company entered into a contract to establish telegraphic communication between Australasia and Great Britain by way of Java, India, Red Sea, Mediterranean, &c. Whilst the cable was in process of manufacture and other preparations were going on in connection with it, the Government of South Australia boldly undertook to construct an aerial line, two thousand miles in length, across the continent to connect Adelaide with Port Darwin in the Northern Territory, which was to be the terminus of the Company's cable. Work was pushed on with great energy by all parties, and on 22nd August, 1872, the first message was flashed across the Australian continent. The Company's part was not far behind, and two months later telegraphic communication with England was completed.

In anticipation of this important event I had arranged for the messages to Melbourne to be transmitted to the *Examiner*. The first came through to Melbourne at 3 a.m. on 24th October; we received it six hours later, and it was published as a second edition at 11 a.m., so that we were able to give contemporaneously with the journals of the mainland the first direct telegraphic message from the old country. The *Examiner* was the only newspaper in Tasmania to display this spirit of enterprise. The space occupied by this telegram was a column and a half, and several items were really important. It was an event of scientific and historic interest, and the proprietors of the *Examiner* received much commendation. But it was an expensive distinction, for the cost of that single message exceeded £14!

In November, 1900, a contract was entered into between Great Britain, Canada, Australian Colonies, and New Zealand with the Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company to lay a cable across the Pacific to connect all those countries: cost, £1,999,000. This was completed and opened to the public on 1st November, 1902.

I had not been long in Tasmania before some of my

shipmates and others took another and concluding journey —this time to that

> Undiscovered country from whose bourn
> No traveller returns.

Indeed this was to be expected from age alone, seeing that they were well advanced in years when they left England. With the death, one after another, of the elder members of the family I had a feeling that, though at all ages and in all conditions, life is uncertain, we younger ones had now reached a stage when the solemn truth was borne in upon us with peculiar force. It seemed as if the first line of our defences had been carried by assault, and we were now helplessly exposed to the random shafts of an unseen but ubiquitous and unslumbering foe. For a time this had a somewhat depressing influence, but as months and years followed without any further vacancy occurring in our ranks, our isolated position became familiar, and ceased to be startling. At least it was so in my own case, and I think that ripening Christian experience and a growing faith in a risen and loving Saviour, tended to materially dissipate the shadows that, more or less, invariably gather around the close of our earthly pilgrimage. This was greatly promoted by the illness that I had in later years, followed by the death of my dear wife—the latter especially seeming to relax the tendrils that so fondly clung to earth.

Amongst my recollections of primeval Launceston I have mentioned the old Hospital that fronted on Wellington-street at its angle with Balfour-street. Truly it was typical of the age and place. The warders were male prisoners, the food was of the coarsest kind served on tin plates, with tea or skilly ("stir-about") in tin pannicans, and walls and every crevice swarming with vermin! Such was the wretched provision then existing for sick and suffering humanity. It is scarcely surprising that by many the Hospital was regarded as the certain precursor to the cemetery, and it was shunned with the earnestness of

geniune alarm. Those, too, were the early days of dentistry, and some who professed to know its secrets declared that there were no artificial teeth: what passed as such were real human teeth whose excellence had been tested in other situations. Patients, it was said, dying in hospitals, and happening to have good teeth, were relieved of them before interment. Why waste such useful articles? The bodies of convicts who had been executed were frequently sent to hospitals for anatomical purposes, and they were sure to be divested of any sound teeth they might possess. These, I was informed, were the perquisites of the dispenser, who sold them to dentists by whom they were adapted to the jaws of gentlefolks who could afford the luxury! It must not be supposed that this system of tooth culture was peculiar to Tasmania, I understood that it was the invariable custom at that time wherever dentistry was practised; I believe that long since it has been entirely discontinued, art having supplied more agreeable substitutes. When a lad, I was once sent to the Hospital with "sealed instructions," that I suspect had reference to second-hand mastieators.

With the altered condition of the colony, improved Hospital accommodation and management were forced upon the Government, and it was decided to erect in Launceston a building more in accord with the requirements of the time and the progress of modern science. The site selected was at the southern extremity of Charles-street, on rising ground known as Mulgrave Square, in every way admirably adapted for the purpose. In August, 1860, the tender of Messrs. Miller & Francis * was accepted at £14,334, the building to be completed in sixteen months from the date of signing the contract. Since then large sums have been expended in additions and improvements of various kinds amounting altogether, I believe, to considerably more than the original cost. A new operating theatre has just been completed; it is equipped with the

* Francis was the madcap youth who visited Tasmania at the expense of the Crown for having, for the sake of notoriety, fired a pistol at the Queen on 30th May, 1842.

most modern instruments and appliances, at an expense of over £3000, a great part of which was subscribed by the residents. The institution is one of the best in the Australian States, though how long it will remain so is doubtful, as Parliament has more than once manifested a disposition to tinker with the management.

Whilst I write (August, 1908), a Children's Hospital is in course of erection at a cost of about £3000.

CHAPTER XVII

Mineral discoveries—gold—E. H. Hargreaves—first crushing plant at Mathinna—Tasmania Gold Mining Company—tin—James Smith—Mount Bischoff Company—copper, lead, silver, iron, coal—Port Arthur coal—Mersey Coal Company—Thomas Hainsworth—Mole Creek Prospecting Association—discovery of cannel coal—Marsupial wolf.

THE discovery of gold in what seemed fabulous quantities in California in 1846, attracted vast numbers of people from all parts of the world. Thousands went from Australasia, and met with varying fortune, as is always the case in mining, especially gold mining. A few acquired great wealth, some died there, but most returned poorer than when they left. Several prisoners escaped from this island, and the conditions of San Francisco life being favorable, their old propensities were revived, and they had to settle accounts with the Vigilance Committees. I have two such cases before my mind now. One was a constable in Launceston, the other was in business. Both were caught red-handed in burglary, and were summarily lynched.

But though a large proportion of emigrants to the modern El Dorado were unsuccessful in their special quest, the experience of all was not entirely thrown away. From what they saw of the country they were convinced that Australia was as richly auriferous as California, and as soon as they got back exploration—or "prospecting" as it was termed—started vigorously. Parties were out in all directions, searching rivers, creeks, and flats. Reports of finds of the precious metal soon arose, but for several months all were illusive. Flakes of supposed gold turned out to be mica! At length success was really attained. Amongst the Australians who had returned from California was Mr. Edward Hammond Hargreaves, who immediately started

prospecting, and on 12th February, 1851, he discovered gold in New South Wales in the neighborhood of Bathurst. A similar discovery quickly followed in Victoria, and both struggling colonies were precipitated into embryo nations.* In the course of a geological exploration of Australia in 1839, Count Paul E. Strzelecki had found the precious metal, but he suppressed the fact at the request of the Governor, who feared, if known, it would lead to serious consequences amongst the laborers and prisoners.

When the existence of paying quantities of gold in New South Wales was announced, there was an immediate inrush of people from the adjacent colonies. A great many left Melbourne for Sydney by sea to go to the diggings. Three years before it was publicly known that gold existed in Victoria—that is, about the middle of 1848—an Italian jeweller in Melbourne named Brentani had purchased thirty ounces of gold from a sailor who said he had found it near Mount Buninyong, about seventy miles west of Melbourne. Brentani had previously been in business at Launceston. In recognition of the services rendered by Mr. Hargreaves the Parliament of New South Wales voted him an *honorarium* of £10,000 and a pension of £250 per annum ; Victoria also made him a grant of £5000.

The question was then asked, why should not Tasmania be as auriferous as her neighbors ? In 1856, in response to a request from the Government, the Rev. W. B. Clarke, of Sydney, a high geological authority, came to Tasmania on an exploring expedition. He expressed a very decided opinion that the island was auriferous, and he indicated localities which should receive special attention—amongst them Fingal and the Frenchman's Cap. Even my own humble prediction conveyed in a letter to my love dated 10th July, 1851, has been fulfilled. I then wrote :—" We will yet find gold in Tasmania—aye, on Ben Lomond, too, if I am not mistaken ! " Launceston had a slight attack of the prevailing mania. On 13th of November, 1851, a rumor was started that gold had been found in a lump

* At the end of October, 1845, the population of Melbourne was estimated at 11,440 persons. In 1850 it was 76,000 ; in 1854 it was 312,307.

of conglomerate in the vicinity of David-street. From fifty to a hundred persons went to the spot and watched the operations of a small party of prospectors, who worked all that day and part of the next without success. They then transferred their labors to the Devil's Punchbowl, needless to say with a like result. But a spirit of enquiry having been awakened, it was not long before gold was found in varying quantities in almost every district. One indefatigable prospector named Hoyle worked the bed of the South Esk in and near the First Basin for a considerable time, obtaining sufficient of the precious metal to pay his expenses.

In 1864 a considerable sum was subscribed on the northern side of the island, and it was supplemented by a Parliamentary vote, for the purpose of inviting Mr. Hargreaves to Tasmania to show the people where and how to look for gold. He came, but no benefit was derived from his visit, unless perhaps it may have encouraged a few prospectors to persevere. Ere long, however, alluvial gold was found, the first paying field being at The Nook, near Fingal. This was in 1852, a good many diggers were at work, and a mining mania broke out. Soon attention was directed to auriferous quartz, and then innumerable companies were formed, but most of them succeeded only in spending the money of the shareholders. Fenton says that of ninety gold mining companies which existed in 1870, only two remained in 1875—one at Fingal, the other at Nine-Mile Springs. A few enterprising residents in the Midlands formed the first quartz crushing company. They obtained a crushing plant from Russell & Co., of Sydney, and erected it at the Black Boy (now Mathinna), and I was present at the starting, at the end of 1858 or early in 1859. The company had a brief and troubled existence, and ultimately closed down.

Amongst the early discoveries of gold in this island may be mentioned those at Waterhouse, Nine-Mile Springs, the Den (now Lefroy), on the eastern side of the Tamar; and at Brandy Creek (now Beaconsfield) on the west side of the Tamar. For several years Brandy Creek

was regarded as alluvial diggings, and it was worked mainly by Chinese; but Mr. Dally, a local resident who had lime kilns at Blythe's Creek, near by, discovered what he believed was an auriferous reef, and which eventually developed into the famous Tasmania mine, some details of which, kindly furnished by the local Advisory Board (early in 1908), are worthy of being placed on record here.

The Tasmania Goldmining and Quartz Crushing Company, Registered, was formed in October, 1877, with a capital of £15,000 in 3000 shares of £5 each, 300 fully paid up, and 2700 contributing. In June, 1881, the capital was increased to 30,000 shares of £5 each, of which 3000 were paid up, and 27,000 contributing paid up to 24*s*. each. In June, 1888, the Florence Nightingale, Lefroy, and Dally's United Companies were incorporated, and the capital increased to £225,000 in 45,000 shares of £5 each. In 1895 the capital was further increased to £240,000 in 48,000 shares of £5 each. Again in 1897 the capital was increased to £300,000 in 60,000 shares of £5 each. Then in 1903 the Company was recontructed and floated in London and became The Tasmania Gold Mining Company, Limited, with a capital of £500,000 in 500,000 shares of £1 each, all of which are now fully paid up.

The total length of underground workings, *i.e.*, drives and cross-cuts, is approximately 38,500 feet. There are nine shafts with a total depth of 6640 feet, including two main working shafts down about 1300 feet each. The pumping plant is said to be the most powerful in the world, and consists of three horizontal compound Cornish engines with a total capacity of about 8,000,000 gallons a day from 2000 feet. Total horse power, 4200.

Since mining began up to early in 1908 685,905 tons of quartz had been treated, producing 670,227 standard ounces of gold, or over 20½ tons, of the total value of £2,609,698; the average yield per ton being 19 dwts. 13 grs. standard. The battery comprises 105 heads of stamps; the treatment being by amalgamation, Luhrig vanners, jigs, Wilfley tables, roasting, chlorination, and cyanide plant.

The amount paid in dividends to shareholders in the old Company was £772,071 15*s*. Hitherto the present Company has not paid a dividend, all the earnings so far having been expended in coping with the constant enormous influx of water and otherwise improving the property.* It is to be hoped that the enterprise and perseverance that have characterised this re-constructed mining venture will eventually meet with due reward.

TIN

At the period of the gold excitement Mr. James Smith (or as he was afterwards familiarly termed "Philosopher Smith") was pursuing his solitary but pregnant explorations in the far north-west. A native of Tasmania, he had visited the Victorian goldfields, and on returning thence he was obsessed by a desire to examine the country lying between his home on the Forth and the west coast, which to all intents and purposes was still a *terra incognita*. The hardships he endured, the fatigues he underwent, and the indomitable perseverance he displayed almost exceed belief. Many a time he has narrated to me some of his adventures, and I simply looked at him in amazement, wondering how any human being could have gone through what he did and lived to tell the tale. After putting in his little patch of potatoes at the Forth, he would pack his knapsack with flour, tea, sugar, bacon, matches, and a small calico tent, and asking a neighbor to give an eye to his hut, he would be off into the bush for three or four weeks, a dog his only companion. He had many narrow escapes from a variety of dangers, but chiefly from want of food. When forty or fifty miles from home and his supplies nearly

* The London office of the Company (1908) is 5 and 6 Queen-street Place, and in Launceston at 25 Paterson-street. Managing and Consulting Engineers, John Taylor & Sons. Secretary, W. F. Garland. London Board of Directors—A. Hoffnung (Chairman), W. T. Jones, John Taylor, Hon. Mark F. Napier, W. Frencheville, Robert Taylor. Local Advisory Board—A. Simson (Chairman), Hon. F. W. Grubb, E. M. King, C. B. Grubb. Superintendent at the mine, C. F. Heathcote. Local Secretary and Agent, Harold Evers. The general meeting of shareholders is held annually about the end of January.

exhausted, he has lingered longer than prudence would dictate that he might satisfy himself in reference to some mineralogical indications that he had met with; and then he would hurry back, performing the greater part of the distance without food, and reaching home at last exhausted and emaciated. That had occurred several times. His dog was not only an agreeable companion: it was also a useful ally, as now and then it added to their common stock of food by catching a wallaby or wombat; but once he was reduced to such straits that he had to kill it to prevent the poor animal dying from starvation. He told me that one night when sleeping in his tent he was awakened by a noise, and on opening his eyes he saw a native tiger burrowing into his knapsack in an endeavor to extract the fragment of bacon there concealed. It had scented the delicacy and crawled under the tent to get it, but on Mr. Smith moving and calling out, the creature made off.

This nomadic style of life went on for years, no amount of privation, or toil, or disappointment diminishing his faith in the mineral wealth that, he was persuaded, simply awaited development. At length his efforts and self-sacrifice were rewarded. On 4th December, 1871, Mr. Smith found what he believed to be tin in one of the creeks that flowed from Mount Bischoff. Returning home by way of Table Cape, he smelted some of the specimens in a forge on the establishment of Messrs. Moore & Quiggin, and obtained a globule of white metal. But what was it? Those around thought it was tin; but one of the party —I think it was Mr. Quiggin—pressed it between his teeth, and recognising the peculiar crepitating sound which tin gives under such treatment, he unhesitatingly pronounced the true nature of the metal. That was the genesis of the Mount Bischoff tin mine—perhaps the most wonderful tin mine in the world. Many formidable difficulties had to be surmounted before the immense wealth there entombed could be made available; but ultimately these were overcome. The Mount Bischoff Company was formed and registered in October, 1873; active operations were then begun and have been continued ever since, and up to the

31st December, 1906, the total output represented the large sum of £4,102,058; dividends paid, £2,088,000; wages, £1,188,000; income and dividend tax, £79,985. The Company was started with a nominal capital of 12,000 shares of £5 each, of which 4400 were issued as paid up to the full amount, and were allotted to the discoverer and others who had assisted in the flotation of the Company. The remaining shares, 7600, were paid up to £1 each, representing £7600, and of this £1500 was paid to Mr. Smith, leaving £6100 of the shareholders' money to be spent on the mine, the rest of the expenditure having been provided for entirely from profits. Not many mining properties can equal this, and it may be safely said that still fewer can surpass it.

I had known Mr. Smith intimately for many years, and esteemed him very highly. Undoubtedly he was peculiar, but he was a man of high moral principle, loyal to conscience, and of unimpeachable integrity. Unassuming and taciturn almost to a fault, he was equally simple and generous. It cannot be doubted that the phenomenal success that attended the working of the Mount Bischoff Company contributed very largely to keep alive the mining industry at a time when it was languishing through the depressed condition of affairs generally in Tasmania. In recognition, therefore, of the great service he had rendered to the colony, he received a testimonial in the shape of an address and a silver salver on which were placed 250 sovereigns that had been subscribed by the people. This was presented to Mr. Smith by Governor Weld on 8th February, 1878; in addition, Parliament conferred on him a pension of £200 per annum during his life, and by a special act this was continued to his widow. He died on 15th June, 1897, from apoplexy with which he was attacked in a railway carriage as he was about to leave Launceston for his home a few days previously.

Very soon after operations had been commenced at Mount Bischoff, tin was found in other localities, especially in the north-eastern part of the island, and many mining companies were profitably employed and are so still. They

have raised many thousands of tons of tin. It should be stated that most of the tin exported was smelted at the Mount Bischoff Company's works in Launceston.

COPPER, LEAD, SILVER

It can hardly be doubted that Mr. Smith's discovery contributed very largely to the subsequent mining development on the west coast, which may also be described as phenomenal. The most celebrated mine in this locality is situated at Mount Lyell, the ore from which yields copper, lead, silver, and a small percentage of gold. An immense quantity of these metals has been raised by this Company and others, and smelted in the vicinity.

In view of the marvellous proportions which mining has attained in Tasmania within the last thirty years, it is amusing to recall the opinions expressed on the subject half a century back. In the *Examiner* of 12th June, 1847, occurs the following paragraph :—" Lead in Van Diemen's Land.—We have been informed that a gentleman holding a public appointment has discovered a valuable ore of lead in the mountain limestone which extends from Macquarie Harbor to the territory of the Van Diemen's Land Company." The same paper a few days later, 30th June, states that a specimen of lead ore had been taken to the office obtained from a lode seven feet wide, within two miles of Launceston, and with a level road to the spot! It would be interesting now to know what has become of that lode!

IRON

Iron has long been known to exist in many parts of Tasmania, but only in two localities have attempts been made to introduce it to commerce, namely, the rich and extensive deposits of hematite at the Blythe river, on the north coast, and at Ilfracombe, on the west bank of the Tamar. Respecting the former little more has been done than to keep it before the public, in the hope that capitalists

might be induced to embark in the production of a marketable article. Comparatively small quantities of ore have been exported to New South Wales for reduction in the works there, and in this way its excellent quality has been demonstrated, but it still awaits fuller development.

The West Tamar iron deposits have had more systematic treatment, but unfortunately the experiment was not permanently successful. In 1866–7 the Government Geologist, the late Mr. Charles Gould, reported very favorably of these deposits, and four or five years later a Company, consisting principally of Melbourne investors, was formed to work the Ilfracombe ores.* This was the Tasmanian Charcoal Iron Company, having a capital of £80,000 in 40,000 shares of £2 each. The original intention was to begin on a small scale, and make charcoal iron by the direct process in open Catalan forges, producing malleable iron blooms to be forged into rough shaftings, &c., for the Victorian market. A jetty was built 310 feet out into the West Arm (a charming inlet of the Tamar), and a wooden tramway made up Anderson's Creek to the ore deposits four to five miles distant. The first attempt appears to have been made in a furnace designed to reduce the ore by a process invented by Mr. W. H. Harrison. Operations commenced in December, 1872, and it would appear that a considerable quantity of high grade steel was produced from which valuable tools were manufactured. Its tensile strength was said to be far in excess of the best steel procurable from Europe and America. Meanwhile the directors determined to adopt the blast furnace system, and having spent ten or twelve thousand pounds in preliminary work, the Company was re-formed under the designation of the British and Tasmanian Charcoal Iron Company, with a capital of £100,000. A blast furnace plant was obtained from Scotland, the iron-cased cupola was erected at Port Lempriere, and on 17th June, 1876, Governor Sir F. A. Weld inaugurated the new works by blowing in the furnace. Forty coke ovens were constructed having a capacity of one

* Report on the Mineral Resources of Beaconsfield and Salisbury, by W. H. Twelvetrees, Government Geologist, 1903.

ton each per day; a new deep water jetty 600 feet long was built at a cost of £1500 to accommodate vessels of heavy draught; and a railway six miles long was laid to the mines; twenty wagons to carry five or six tons each were built on the works for the transport of ore, &c. Smelting fairly commenced on 25th October, 1876, and the furnace was blown out about Christmas, having in the interval turned out between 2000 and 3000 tons of pig iron, or from 250 to 300 tons per week. Some of the softer sorts realised £6 10*s*. per ton in Melbourne. On 5th February, 1877, the furnace was again in blast, and working well. It was cast three times daily, yielding about thirteen tons pig iron at each tapping. But now the presence of chrome, from two to ten per cent., forced itself on the attention of those engaged in the enterprise. For such articles as stamper heads and shoes, and all purposes requiring a combination of hardness and toughness, the iron was looked upon as the best that had come into the Victorian market. But it was soon evident that the local demand for this special metal was limited, and endeavors were made to secure an outlet for it in England. In February, 1877, 1500 tons of pig iron were shipped to London, but the numerous trials that were made with it under various conditions were unsatisfactory, the iron proving too hard and brittle. The result was that in the following August it was decided to suspend operations, and they have never been resumed. It is estimated that the total output of the furnace was about 10,000 tons pig iron.

Great disappointment was experienced at the unfortunate termination of a promising enterprise, but it is not improbable that ere long it may be resuscitated. The gradual exhaustion of present sources of iron supply, together with the advance that has been made in metallurgy, which has doubtless devised—or will devise—a successful and inexpensive method for ridding the ore of its objectionable ally, will again direct attention to the ferruginous wealth of the Beaconsfield district, and the silence of its solitudes will once more be broken by the roar of furnaces, the whirr of machinery, and the hum of busy men.

COAL

In a general sort of way it had long been known that minerals of various kinds existed in Tasmania, but I think the fact was accepted by the public more as a demonstration of the laboratory than of any practical value. Occasionally a specimen of galena or coal would be found, but it led to nothing and was soon forgotten. It is true the anthracite coal on Tasman's Peninsula, known in commerce as Port Arthur coal, had been worked by the prisoners there for several years. At one time (1835) the output was 500 tons per month. Then and later it was supplied as fuel to the Government establishments in Hobart and Launceston, but it met with but little favor. As it was non-bituminous, it was useless for the manufacture of gas, and for the same reason it was unsuitable for steam boilers and domestic use; it could not be safely used in a stove without a wire guard, as burning flakes would fly out half-way across a room. It gave out tremendous heat, but it was concentrated at the spot of combustion which, whether boiler or stove, soon succumbed. It is not surprising, therefore, that when Port Arthur was abandoned as an ultra-penal station, coal mining also collapsed. But with the discovery of gold, there was a sudden awakening of interest in mining generally, and the country was invaded by an army of prospectors. Gold, of course, was the primary object sought, but meaner metals and minerals were not refused.

Thus it came about that outcrops of coal were discovered on the north coast in the neighborhood of the Don and Mersey, and a strong company was formed (end of 1852) in Launceston to work it. But local residents had but an imperfect knowledge of coal mining in general, and of this coal district in particular. The mineral was known to exist in the locality, the most likely spot for a shaft was selected, the shaft was commenced and sunk 300 feet, miners were obtained from England, huts were erected for their accommodation, a powerful steam engine was erected—and when all this had been done, and nearly £20,000 had been expended, the coal could not be found!

Naturally consternation ensued, and after fruitless attempts to find a payable seam, the company was dissolved. Great expectations had been formed, and visions of wealth that at the time did not seem unreasonable, were indulged by those who had been fortunate enough to secure shares—myself amongst the number—and thus disappointment was proportionately aggravated. Yet there was coal in the district, and many thousands of tons have since been brought to market, and continue to be brought, but it was obtained in a much more primitive way than that contemplated by the Company. When a seam was observed to crop out on the side of a hill it was followed by adit until, cut by a fault, it ran out, and had to be sought for at some distance at a slightly higher or lower level. In his admirable work on the "Geology of Tasmania," * Mr. R. M. Johnston, F.L.S., says :—"From the study of these and similar sections, and from the occurrence of certain faults throwing out the coal seams, it is evident that the available coal-bearing area within the Mersey basin is very limited. This conclusion is in harmony with the reports of Dr. Milligan and Mr. Selwyn, and has been recently confirmed by more extended bore-tests by means of the diamond drill, carried out under the direction of Mr. T. Hainsworth on behalf of the Government of Tasmania. The bore-tests indicate that the basin is very probably a shallow one throughout."

Mr. Hainsworth was one of the miners engaged in England by the Mersey Coal Company, and when the latter suspended operations he was employed as a State school teacher having charge of the school at Latrobe, and afterwards at Wynyard. Though largely self-taught, he was a most intelligent, studious, and well-informed man, and best of all, I believe he was a sincere Christian. I had the pleasure of a very intimate acquaintance with him for many years, which led me to form a high opinion of him, a feeling which I think he has cordially reciprocated. He was an ardent student of geology, which involved an acquaintance with its correlated sciences biology, botany, and mineralogy. Imbued in my humble measure with

* Government Printing Office, Hobart, 1888.

similar tastes, Mr. Hainsworth and I were close friends, and we corresponded on matters of common interest. He was a frequent and valued contributor to the *Examiner*, and his articles were always characterised by an unaffected style, thoughtfulness, and perspicuity, and they received the attention from experts which true merit alone could command; and yet he was as simple and trustful as a child. The following extract from a letter he sent to me shortly after I had recovered from my severe illness is characteristic of the man. It was written from Sherwood under date 7th February, 1889:—

> Mr. G. Atkinson told me yesterday that you were in Latrobe last Monday or Tuesday, and were enquiring for me. I am sorry I didn't know: I was in the bush, but I would have come in ten miles to see you. No one outside your family circle, I think, was more anxious about you when the tan was laid in the street opposite the *Examiner* office and your own dwelling, and I have followed you where report has made known your "whereabouts" and your condition, feeling sad or glad according to the tone and tenor of the report. God is a merciful Father, and it is in affliction and in restoration to health when we most realise our Father. Once when walking with my father a neighbor said—"I thank God, Jonathan, for sparing me. I have had a narrow escape. I fell in the river, and providentially caught an overhanging twig, and escaped drowning." "Oh," said my father, "I have more cause to thank God than you have." "Indeed," said our neighbor, "have you been in the river?" "No," replied my father, "I have to thank Him for preserving me from falling in." We all have to thank God in this way, but we frequently forget His mercies, and it is chiefly when we feel His hand the heaviest that we realise His love and power. May He spare your life and give you health for many years to come is the sincere prayer of one who feels deeply—most deeply—when he refrains from an open expression of his feelings.

When residing at Wynyard Mr. Hainsworth revelled in the wide field of research open to him in the cliffs of Table Cape, which enshrined memorials of vastly remote epochs that had been disinterred by marine or fluvial agency, and promiscuously mingled in a more recent deposit, which in its turn is now but the crumbling remains of an almost inconceivable antiquity! So does "the great world spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change."

Perhaps I should add that the coal measures of the Mersey district are not the only source of our native coal supply. Large quantities have been annually obtained

from deposits in the vicinity of Fingal and St. Mary's on the Ben Lomond Range; York Plains and Jerusalem, in the southern midlands; a company has recently been formed for working promising seams at Sandfly Creek, a tributary of the Huon; and an attempt is being made to revive mining operations at Douglas River, on the east coast, which were discontinued some years ago.

The mining developments on the west coast some years since pointed to the desirableness of providing more easy, certain, and rapid communication with that vicinity than was afforded by water. Generally the passage to Macquarie Harbor is rough and for most travellers unpleasant; it was natural, therefore, that attention should soon be directed to the possibility of establishing overland communication. As a matter of fact two companies were projected for the purpose of constructing railways from the settled districts to the west coast mining centres—one to proceed via the Derwent Valley to Hobart, the other to join the Launceston and Western line at Mole Creek. The syndicates of both projects got enabling bills through Parliament, but they led to no practical results. An Association was formed in Launceston for the purpose of exploring the country between Deloraine and the west coast, to endeavor to find a suitable direct route between those points, and to prospect for minerals on the track. Being greatly interested in the work contemplated, I at once became a member of the Association, and soon afterwards was elected a director. Skilful bushmen were employed to select and mark a track, and experienced prospectors to search for minerals, but this effort also ended in comparative failure. An available route was certainly found, but it was used almost exclusively for fat stock sent to the western market, and very occasionally it would be traversed by small parties of pedestrians. I refer to it now simply to mention a discovery that raised the expectations of the Association, and made the members jubilant. Somewhere in the vicinity of Mount Pelion our prospector met with detached blocks of cannel coal of excellent quality, but though a careful and persevering

search was instituted, we were never able to locate the deposit. Once, indeed, we were almost tempted to cry "Eureka!" At one place several test holes were put down a few feet apart, and the coal being met with at the bottom of each, the conclusion hastily reached was that the bed had been found. Further excavation, however, revealed the unpleasant truth that the block of coal though large was of limited area, and was only a "floater," *i.e.*, a lump that had been detached from the main body and transported by water to where it was found. The whereabouts of that deposit of cannel coal is still a problem that awaits solution, and may prove a fortune to some lucky explorer in the future. Several small specimens of a highly bituminous coal were also found in the same neighborhood, but I have not heard that they have led to more important discoveries.

Though coal is known to be rather widely distributed throughout Tasmania, fairly adapted for domestic purposes, nothing that has yet been brought into the market can be pronounced first class. Nearly every working contains a large amount of sulphur, and I have never seen any, except mere cabinet specimens, that would bear comparison with the coal of New South Wales, with which the Mersey measures are contemporaneous. The Ben Lomond coal is regarded as more recent. To be quite sure on the latter point I enquired of Mr. R. M. Johnston, who very kindly replied as follows:—"You are quite correct. There are two great geological periods or systems wherever the principal deposits of coal are found in Australia, viz., the Permo-Carboniferous and Mesozoic. The former is, by far, the more extensive as well as the more valuable. New South Wales has large developments of coal belonging to both geological periods, but she works only the more valuable seams of Permo-Carboniferous age. Tasmania's seams of Permo-Carboniferous age (the Mersey, Port Cygnet, and Adventure Bay) are very similar in extent, and of indifferent quality. Tasmania's principal seams are worked from the Mesozoic system of rocks of a later age (Mount Nicholas, Fingal, Sandfly, Port Esperance, York Plains,

Longford), and though fair in quality, are inferior to the fine Permo-Carboniferous seams of New South Wales and Queensland."

MARSUPIAL WOLF

(*Thylacinus cynocephalus*)

This is the largest of our carnivorous mammals, and is the sole living representative of its genus, though fossil remains of closely allied species have been found in recent deposits of the main land. It is much smaller than the common wolf, and from the cushions on the posterior

MARSUPIAL WOLF.

portions of its feet it seems at one period to have been semi-plantigrade in its method of walking, though now it is entirely digitigrade. Its general anatomical structure seems to place it amongst the *Canidæ*, for it has five toes on the forefeet, armed with non-retractile claws, whilst the hindfeet have only four. The dentition, too, though peculiar to the Dasyures, resembles the *Canidæ* more than the *Felidæ*; indeed the only evidence in support of the latter is the striped marking of the skin. It is thus the connecting link between the two orders of Australian carnivorous mammals as the chita, or hunting leopard, is between those of Africa and Asia. The head is somewhat like that of the wolf, but the muzzle is more attenuated; the eyes are full and dark, giving it an aspect anything but ferocious. Its general color is greyish brown with

dark stripes across the back beginning with small lines just above the shoulders, increasing in length and width to the top of the thigh, thence diminishing to the base of the tail which is tapering, covered with short hair, and is carried straight and stiff. It hunts by scent, and it will follow a wallaby with untiring persistency for miles until the latter gives up the struggle from exhaustion. Unless sorely pressed by hunger the Thylacine will never attack man, but when compelled to fight it is a foe not to be trifled with. It is nocturnal in its habits, and plays terrible havoc amongst sheep, killing several in one night as though for the mere love of slaughter. War was soon waged against these animals by flock-owners, and Parliament authorised the payment of one pound per head for their destruction. In consequence of these repressive measures, the Thylacine is now limited to the wilder parts of the island, and it cannot be doubted that ere long it will be exterminated. [I have referred to these animals at pages 222, 301, 333.]

CHAPTER XVIII

Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society—Alexander Duthie—social to Mr. Cowper—branch of Royal Society—Museum started in Mechanics' Institute—Victoria Museum and Art Gallery—tender memories—first portrait of my wife—her devotion and sympathy—child saved from drowning—railway disturbances—*Little Nell* destroyed—holiday excursions—adventure at the Styx—Patterdale neglected—Silver wedding—our children's present—birthday verses.

In January, 1852, Mr. Alexander Duthie commenced business in Launceston as a bookseller and stationer. For some little time previously he had managed for Messrs. Huxtable & Co., whom he succeeded (Huxtable & Co. had previously bought out Mr. Tegg), and occupied the shop in Brisbane-street now in the possession of Messrs. Birchall & Sons. A little Scotchman, he was full of energy and affability, and I believe he was a Christian. He quickly ingratiated himself with the public, and was specially a friend and companion of young men. If not at his suggestion, it certainly was with his warm approval and co-operation, a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society was formed. It numbered a dozen or fifteen members of whom I was one, and we used to meet, I think fortnightly, in a room behind the shop kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. Duthie. Sometimes these meetings were simply conversational, but usually a paper was read by a member, a general discussion following. A paper prepared by myself for one of these gatherings, "Vestiges of Antiquity," I have by me now. Great interest was taken in these meetings, and it can hardly be doubted that they were productive of good. Politics were not excluded from our deliberations. Every one of us was an uncompromising anti-transportationist. A conference of delegates from

various branches of the Australasian Anti-transportation League in the adjoining colonies was held at Hobart at the latter end of April, 1852. Mr. Charles Cowper, of Sydney, was elected first President, and before the delegates left Hobart they were entertained at a public dinner on 7th May, and at a public breakfast at Launceston on 11th. Mr. Cowper remained in Launceston longer than his colleagues, and on the evening of 31st May our Young Men's Society invited him to a social entertainment in the Cornwall Assembly Rooms. The building was densely crowded, a large number of ladies being present. The Union Jack and League banner formed part of the decorations. Sir Richard Dry was to have presided, but he was detained in Hobart by important political business, and in his absence Joseph Archer, Esq., M.L.C., occupied the chair. It fell to my lot to read Sir Richard's letter of apology, and then an address was presented to Mr. Cowper, to which he replied. A number of excellent speeches followed, interspersed with music by a band, and towards the close cousin Charles made a neat little speech in which, on behalf of the Committee, he thanked the guests for attending, and all who had assisted in carrying out the programme. On Mr. Cowper's return to Sydney a meeting of the League was held (June 29) to receive a report of his mission to Tasmania. After detailing the proceedings of the conference, he referred to the invitation he had received from the young men of Launceston, and said that nothing had given him greater gratification.

Probably it was in some measure the outcome of this unpretentious association that in subsequent years cousin Charles, Fred Wales, and myself lectured several times at the Mechanics' Institute.

There may still be some old residents who remember a building that stood on the right-hand side of the main entrance to the Horticultural Society's gardens (now the City Park). This was named the Franklin Lodge in memory of a former Governor; here the committee of the Society met for business, and the room was generally available for

meetings for the discussion of public matters. The building has long since disappeared. On 26th September, 1853, a number of gentlemen met in the Lodge to consider the propriety of establishing a society for the promotion of science. Amongst those present were Messrs. W. Henty (chairman), R. C. Gunn, J. M'Arthur, C. Henty, W. Cleveland, Rev. C. Price. It was resolved to form a branch of the Royal Society of Van Diemen's Land, and the chairman was requested to correspond with the Council of that institution for the purpose. I rather think nothing came of that movement, but nine or ten years later a few residents of Launceston obtained permission to form a Northern Branch of the Royal Society. I think we mustered twelve or fifteen members, including Mr. Cleveland, Mr. T. Stephens, and myself, and we held monthly meetings in an unoccupied upper room of the newly erected Public Buildings. Later, three or four show cases were obtained from Hobart, which were devoted to specimens of geology and mineralogy, both these sciences having been brought into prominence by the recent discovery of gold, and the impetus which it had imparted to mining generally. Occasionally a paper on some scientific subject would be read, followed by an interesting interchange of opinions, but the community was too limited to supply a sufficient number of members to keep up the interest. Ere long the fervor of first love declined; meetings lapsed from want of attendance, soon they were entirely discontinued, and the branch withered. The cases, however, remained and were locked up in the room for a long time.

Meanwhile I had been endeavoring to induce the Board of the Mechanics' Institute to start the nucleus of a Museum as I had seen done in Ipswich. For a considerable time my efforts seemed to be unavailing, but I did not relax them. By and by the idea took root: one and another (Rev. W. Law and Mr. A. W. Birchall being the earliest) supported my views, and eventually the Board consented to make a commencement on a very modest scale. With that I was satisfied, feeling certain that once started ultimate success would be assured. Contributions were invited,

the cases of the Royal Society were purchased, others made here, and by degrees a very interesting and useful collection of specimens of natural history, geology, mineralogy, ethnology, and curios was secured.

But now the Government required the room in which these articles were kept, and they had to be removed at short notice to the Institute itself. This was found to be very inconvenient, and then a suggestion was made to provide a building for the purpose. After the matter had been agitated for a little time the idea was carried out. A Parliamentary vote was obtained, and the Victoria Museum and Art Gallery was erected in the grounds facing the harbor now used for the Benevolent Asylum, but which are eventually to become our Botanical Gardens. It is a very fine building, well suited for the objects for which it was designed. The foundation stone was laid by the Mayor, Mr. Robert Carter, on the occasion of celebrating the jubilee of the reign of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, 21st June, 1887, hence its designation, and it was opened in 1891. At the present time there is an admirable and well arranged collection in both departments, and increased accommodation is now (August, 1908) being supplied.

On 6th January, 1872, appeared the first number of the *Weekly Examiner*, which was prepared specially for country residents; afterwards its name was changed to *The Tasmanian*, and it became very popular. Five years later an illustrated monthly supplement was added without extra charge, but the increased cost of production did not warrant its continuance. The invention of photo-zincography started a new era in illustrated printing, and I was the first to introduce it into this State. *The Tasmanian* was illustrated by the new method, and when subsequently the name of the paper was again changed to the *Weekly Courier*, it achieved a leading position in that department of journalism. The *Courier* is a little larger than a demy folio of forty pages, of which eight are crowded principally with Tasmanian scenery, persons, and events; with a colored four-page wrapper.

With the opening of the year 1855 my wife commenced a sort of diary in which from time to time she made notes respecting her spiritual condition. Of this I was not aware until after her death. Many of the entries are very touching, and show that she was at that time passing through an anxious experience. But her heart was truly given to the Saviour, and thenceforward every effort was consecrated to His service. She was the most loving and considerate of wives and mothers, never sparing herself if she could in any way promote the happiness or comfort of any one about her or within the circle of her acquaintance. Love of children was with her a passion, and her devotion to her own was sublime. Never were they for an hour relegated to the care of others, nor did they miss the inspiration of her loving, cheerful, and self-sacrificing example. With her, religion was not a state of feverish excitement or ostentatious display. It was a thing of the heart, and found expression in a daily life of singular beauty and self-abnegation. She was always quietly yet earnestly seeking for opportunities for kindly service to others. To a remarkable degree she had

> a thoughtful love,
> Through constant watching wise ;

and her help to those in need was limited only by the means at her disposal.

When our children were young we generally managed to take them near the sea for a week or two during their summer holidays, occasionally going to the Mersey (in the coasting steamer *Titania*), but more frequently to George Town, near the Tamar heads. Once when we were at the latter place (close of the New Year holidays, 1874), a serious accident occurred that caused all of us great alarm. My wife and most of our young folks were lodging in the house that fronts on the road leading to the lighthouse, which a few years previously had been kept by the late Mr. B. Hyrons as a hotel. I was to have joined them by the steamer on Saturday afternoon, but something prevented me—probably the disturbed state of the town, owing to the

enforced collection of the railway rate and the angry passions it evoked.* But as the steam launch *Little Nell* was leaving for George Town early on Sunday morning, I went by her. We were rather late in reaching our destination, and dinner was somewhat delayed in consequence. It was finished, however, the table had been cleared, and several of us were chatting in the sitting-room, when we were startled by a succession of screams. I hastened out to ascertain the cause, and found that a little three-year-old son of our hostess, Mrs. Edwards, had fallen into a well in the back yard. How long he had been there nobody knew, but having been missed, a search was instituted, and the screams we had heard announced his discovery. Excepting myself, there were none but females about the place, and the duty of attempting a rescue of course devolved on me. The well was deep, bricked round, and between three and four feet in diameter. It had a wooden cover with a square hole in the centre large enough to admit an ordinary bucket, and the water was four or five feet from the surface. On looking in, the child could be seen clutching a stick which was probably floating there when he fell, and the ends of which had fortunately caught in the brickwork. He was quite unconscious, and his mouth and nostrils were enveloped in froth. A ladder was not on the place, nor even a rope,

* Great excitement prevailed throughout all the northern districts. The people had been grossly deceived, and they were indignant and furious. To make matters worse, there was an ostentatious display of force by the Government. Territorial police gathered from other districts were concentrated in Launceston, and at night perambulated the streets armed with carbines. It was a critical juncture, and a very tiny spark might have produced a serious outbreak. Fortunately this was averted. Recently on opening an old pocket-book I found a scrap of paper on which I had pencilled the following lines, suggested by the state of things herein mentioned :—

"They came to the north, those warriors bold,
With carbines and bayonets gleaming ;
Their courage they plied, and their powder they fried,
To ensure for the rebels a steaming.

"The Commander-in-Chief,† like a long-headed man,
Who well knew his worth to the State,
Stayed at home far away where no bullet could stray
To injure his precious old pate."

† T. D. Chapman, then Colonial Secretary.

and action needed to be prompt. If I could get my body through the opening in the cover I thought it might be possible to reach the child. I managed to squeeze the upper half of my body through, and two or three of our party holding on to my feet, I succeeded in grasping one little wrist with my right hand, but then the real difficulty began. How was I to get back? I scarcely know how it was done, except that by hard pulling at my legs by those who held me, aided by my own violent muscular exertion, I was at length drawn through the hole still retaining my grip of the child until other hands than mine were

MY WIFE AND SELF (ABOUT 1872).

able to reach it. The poor little fellow was taken into the house, and my dear wife superintended the operations for restoring animation; in a short time she had the satisfaction of knowing that they had been quite successful. Needless to say that the mother was deeply grateful, and we were all very thankful that we had been enabled to avert a great calamity. Only a few weeks after this occurrence, on 18th February, the *Little Nell* was destroyed in the neighborhood of Dilston. She was racing the tug *Tamar*, and the safety valve having been fastened down to secure greater pressure, the boiler burst. Of eleven persons on board, eight were drowned, and others were injured.

Very pleasant and invigorating to all were these brief periods of relaxation. In later times, when our young folks had grown up and had their own special methods of recreation, my wife and I took our holidays by ourselves. Thrice we visited Melbourne, and once we went to Sydney and Brisbane, our return on the latter occasion having been delayed by the maritime strike of 1890. Once we drove by easy stages from Launceston to Falmouth and George's Bay; and once from Launceston to Emu Bay, taking the railway thence to Waratah. Frequently we have driven from Latrobe or Ulverstone to Emu Bay, this being a favorite outing. On one occasion our journey was extended from the Bay to Table Cape, the late Captain W. Jones having very kindly placed his carriage and ponies at our disposal for the purpose.

Our trip to George's Bay in March, 1877, was rendered memorable by an incident that might have been attended with unpleasant, possibly tragic, results. We were staying for a few days at the house of Mr. Michael Steel, Falmouth, when we resolved to make an excursion to the Bay, about eighteen miles distant. Shortly after leaving Falmouth the road ran through a lagoon known as the Styx—classical nomenclature having been freely indulged in for places in that part of the island. The lagoon is formed by rain water that gathers in a hollow between sand dunes that skirt the coast and the hills behind. A considerable body of water accumulates here, and when it reaches a certain height, it bursts through to the sea, the breach being quickly repaired by washed-up sand. The lagoon was filled with vegetation —a sort of seaweed which as it died and decayed became a mass of black slime that when stirred gave off a most offensive odour. I had been cautioned about the crossing place, and was told to be very careful not to get out of the track, as there were dangerous holes which had led to accidents. As the mail coach was leaving Falmouth for George's Bay the morning we intended to go, I resolved to be on the safe side and to follow closely behind it. Something delayed us, however; the coach started first by several minutes, and it was out of sight when we reached the

lagoon. The road led down to the edge plainly enough: there could be no doubt where the coach had entered: the question was, where had it emerged? There was a wide expanse of water; the land around was flat; and though we strained our eyes to the utmost, no sign of wheels could we detect on the opposite side. A guide was not available, and there was nothing for it but to attempt the passage, and hope for further light as we advanced. With some misgiving I drove into the water, following the wheel marks of the coach as long as they were discernible. But soon they became invisible, and I had an uncomfortable feeling that we were astray. Very carefully I turned the horse's head towards the spot we had left only a few moments before, and I was thankful when we got out safely, though our erratic procedure had disturbed the foul deposit of decayed seaweed, causing it to give off an effluvium anything but agreeable. On regaining *terra firma* we held a council of war, and not without some trepidation essayed the task again. This time we were more successful, for the water having now become quiet and clearer, we were able to follow the wheel marks further, and then we could see where the coach had gone out on the opposite side, which we reached in safety. On our return next day we were fortunate enough to overtake two carts going to Falmouth, and we followed them into the lagoon without hesitation. In conversing with one of the drivers he gave me information that on the previous day would have been invaluable. He told me that the proper crossing place was kept free from weed by the traffic, and I then noticed that the line of clear water could be distinguished very plainly. Since that time another road has been formed which avoids the lagoon of ominous name.

On one occasion (about 1882), when visiting Mr. Matthew Ralston at Hampden, we drove to Patterdale to have another look at the old homestead endeared by many cherished associations. We had heard that it exhibited signs of sad neglect, but we were scarcely prepared for the mournful spectacle it then presented. Agricultural operations appeared to have been entirely discontinued: the two

large gardens we had known so well were wildernesses: the buildings were in ruins. Sheep were supreme, and instead of the busy groups at one time to be seen, a solitary shepherd was in charge. The spectacle filled us with sorrow, and we almost regretted that we had re-visited a spot so strangely altered for the worse.

When very young, my wife developed a tendency to spasmodic asthma, and after marriage she frequently had severe attacks. On these occasions her sufferings were acute. The spasms would be induced by a slight cold, damp weather, excessive exertion, or excitement. They usually came on an hour or two after going to bed, and the remainder of the night had to be passed in a sitting posture. Various expedients were resorted to, but their effect was not always the same, sometimes one thing giving relief and sometimes another. We principally tried a cup of strong coffee, smoking stramonium, æther by inhalation or pearls, inhaling nitrous fumes by burning blotting paper soaked in a solution of nitrate of potash and dried, and a mixture of lobelia, laudanum, chloroform, &c., by means of a Maw's inhaler,—the latter being the most reliable. After something like twenty years, we noticed with surprise and gratitude that these attacks became less frequent and severe, until they practically ceased, although she was liable to "tightness of breath" in cold damp weather, or after violent exertion. A few years before her final illness my wife was laid aside for several weeks by rheumatic fever, which I fear had something to do with the heart trouble under which she ultimately succumbed.

An event of much interest to our family occurred in 1877. This was our Silver Wedding, which was celebrated on the evening of 14th August, by a large party given in the Town Hall, where we received the congratulations and kind wishes of numerous friends. It was an occasion for much gratitude, for my dear wife and I had been permitted to pursue together the journey of life for twenty-five years, with its mingled difficulties, dangers, disappointments, responsibilities, sorrows, surprises, and pleasures, and at that brief halting place we could say, "Having obtained help of God

we continue until this day." In anticipation of the event, and quite unknown to us, our dear children had prepared for us a very touching and precious tribute of love. When we came to breakfast a parcel addressed to us was lying upon the table: it was a collection of all their portraits mounted and suitably framed. As I gaze upon it now it recalls vanished joys and widely altered conditions. Our "baby" then, is himself a parent; and the gentle mother whose untiring love and watchfulness had, under God, reared and trained all her children in the path of virtue and industry, has been removed to higher service and felicities. But O, how we miss her! Our children have grown up, and most of them have entered into new relationships which gradually heal over the wound at first so deep and agonising. But for myself there cannot be this anodyne. Time does indeed alleviate the shock, as gathering ivy may conceal the rent in a trunk shattered by lightning; but the rift is there and will remain until the tree itself shall disappear. Thank God, the prospect is not limited by what we call time. The eye of faith looks beyond, and though natural tears will fall, we do not sorrow as those who have no hope. There is a meeting place in the Father's home, and for that I trust we are all preparing through the infinite merits and love of our adorable Saviour. With humble confidence I can say—

> I'm waiting till the Master
> Shall bid me rise and come
> To the glory of His presence,
> The gladness of His home.

And there I pray we may every one be gathered at last.

Having reached the silver stage of connubial life, it was natural that we should send forward our thoughts into the future, and wonder whether we should be permitted to see a Golden Wedding. Such a distinction falls to the lot of but few; yet as the years followed each other without leaving on either of us very marked indications of growing infirmity, we indulged the hope that, after all, we might be privileged to see 1902. But that was not to be: four years and nine months were wanting to complete the term. Like

Rachel, my loved one "died by me in the way . . . when yet there was but a little way to Ephrath."

It may not be out of place to introduce some verses which, four years after our Silver Wedding, I addressed—

TO MY WIFE ON HER BIRTHDAY

Time's clock has struck another stroke, dear wife,
Of the determined number of your years;
This day another milestone in the path of life
Is left behind, with all its joys and tears.

When first we met you were a little dot,
With bright blue eyes and waving flaxen hair;
Five summers scarce had fallen to your lot
When were exchanged for school your mountain home and air.

I at that time had reached maturer age,
And claimed the deference that was due to ten!
Child though I was, I watched with spell-bound gaze
Your fairy form that had entranced me then.

Sylph-like you moved amidst companions gay,
Who almost envy whilst they fondly love;
Your cheery voice rang out in merry lay,
Blithe as a bird that carols in the grove.

And still the music lingers in that voice,
Mellowed by sympathy, the growth of years;
How the loved accents make our home rejoice,
And from the couch of suffering banish tears.

Years passed away, and as we onward moved
Through childhood's dreamy days to ardent youth,
I found at last unconsciously I loved,
And gladly saw that you had guessed the truth.

How well I recollect the time and place
When with a trembling lip my suit I spoke;
How my heart throbbed as with averted face
You whispered what I scarcely dared to hope.

Time rolling on, with constant change attended,
Made you my wife, and love grew day by day;
Just as two streamlets that have met and blended,
Thenceforth pursue their undivided way.

Though smiling sweetly as in earlier youth,
Anguish you've had known only to a mother:
Devoutly grateful we recall the truth—
Ten times *your* life has trembled for *another*.

Yes, and by God's blessing on your ceaseless care,
  Patience, and self-denial nought could move,
The ten are with us now and joyful bear
  Their fervent tribute to a mother's love.

And to remind us 'midst our social joys
  That life's midway we've reached—or rather
Its hill-top gained, one of our boys
  Has found a partner, and is now a father!

Your winsome smile and happy words of cheer
  Their brightness have diffused on all around;
And hearts bereft of hope, long sad and drear,*
  Have caught new life from the thrice welcome sound.

Dear wife, if 'tis our Heavenly Father's will,
  May many birthdays be for you in store,
Each happier than the last, and brightening still
  Till fleeting years shall measure time no more.

Then when the silver threads of human love shall sever,
  And tearful eyes shall strive to pierce the gloom,
May the dear Saviour fold you to His breast for ever,
  Whilst you expectant wait to welcome each one home.

LAUNCESTON, *May 24th*, 1881.

What a pathetic interest attaches to the undesigned prophecy of the last verse! It did not occur to me when writing that possibly my darling wife would be the *first* one called away; yet so it was. "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." The passage marked with an asterisk refers to my wife's visits to the old women in the Benevolent Asylum, whither she went nearly every Sunday afternoon when we lived in town. She used to read and converse with them, and what I suspect was still more to their liking, she generally took them some little unaccustomed luxury, so that she was always welcome. If from any cause she was prevented from going to the Depot, the women had a sense of injury sustained, and did not fail to give it expression when next they saw her. When we went to reside at "Poimena," of course the Sunday afternoon visits to the Benevolent Asylum had to be discontinued, but my wife soon found fresh objects for sympathy and help in the neighborhood of her new home. While speaking of her Sunday duties I may say that she made it an

invariable rule on these evenings to write in rotation to one, often to two, of her married daughters. So unremitting was she in the discharge of this duty that if from any unavoidable cause it was omitted, a letter would quickly come from the disappointed one anxiously enquiring if anything was wrong. This custom, often complied with when she should have been resting, was a source of great pleasure to those with whom she corresponded. From an early period she displayed considerable epistolary aptitude, which by long and constant exercise developed to an unusual extent. Her letters were always delightful—varied, vivacious, and overflowing with tenderness. Alas! there will be no more!

CHAPTER XIX

Municipal government—assessment rolls—elected an Alderman—Public Health Act—control of police—progress of Launceston—collection of indigenous animals—municipal fête at Sydney—"Boosey" joke—trip to Brisbane—a magistrate of the territory—Licensing Bench—Launceston a city—Tasmanian Agricultural and Pastoral Association—St. Patrick's River weir—Tasmanian International Exhibition—centenaries: colony, Hobart, and Launceston.

MUNICIPAL government was conferred upon the residents of Hobart and Launceston by an act of the Legislative Council passed in 1852. The inaugural election of seven aldermen (subsequently increased to nine) was fixed for 1st January, 1853. For Launceston the result was as follows, the names standing in the order in which they appeared on the poll:—Thomas Button, Charles James Weedon, William Stammers Button, Adye Douglas, Henry Dowling, John Crookes, and Francis Evans. Mr. W. S. Button was elected Mayor, an honor which was repeated the two succeeding years. At that time the assessment roll of Launceston comprised 1400 properties, of the total annual value of £65,000—a greatly inflated value owing to the recent discovery of gold in the neighboring states. During two successive years, 1883–4, the Council reduced the annual assessment of the town ten per cent. each year. to bring it more into unison with the general assessment of the colony. Notwithstanding this large reduction, however, at the close of 1905 the Launceston roll embraced 4700 properties of the aggregate annual value of £150,000.

At the annual Municipal contest in December, 1879, I was a candidate. I had often been urged to take this step,

and indeed to seek legislative honors, but I had persistently declined, feeling that my business demanded all my attention and energy Beside that, I held that the conductor of a newspaper occupied in some sort a judicial position, and that he was more free to criticise public men and measures if he were not committed to either by personal considerations. While still holding this to be a sound principle in the abstract, I admit that in small communities where selection is necessarily limited, it may not be wise to push it to an extreme. At any rate on the occasion in question a considerable number of the burgesses pressed it upon me as a duty that I should become a candidate, and I yielded. The contest took place on 11th December between seven candidates, the three elected being P. Barrett, 774 votes; Button, 749; Frank Hart, 721; all the others were quite out of the running, as they were several hundred votes behind. The period of office was for three years, and on 7th December, 1882, I again offered my services to my fellow burgesses. On this occasion there were four candidates, the voting being as follows :—Hart, 1364; Barwood, 1353; Button, 1317; Galvin, 779. During the closing year of that term (1885) my brother Aldermen honored me by placing me in the Mayoral chair. On vacating office I was again urgently requested to continue my civic duties, to which I assented. The election took place on 10th December, 1885, when I was returned at the head of the poll. There were seven candidates, the votes standing thus—Button, 1350; S. C. Sadler, 1008; Carter, 998; the other four not being within "coo-ee" of the lowest of those named. Thus it will be seen that at the three consecutive elections to which I submitted I was returned

MR. W. S. BUTTON.

by constantly increasing majorities—on the last occasion at the head of a heavy poll, notwithstanding that there were seven candidates to divide the votes. This was encouraging, as showing unequivocally that my endeavors to serve my fellow townsmen were appreciated.

My ninth year of office as Alderman expired in December, 1888, but in consequence of my long and severe illness during that year, I did not feel able to continue the duties. Some time subsequently, perhaps five or six years, when there was a good deal of excitement in reference to municipal matters, I was again strongly urged to offer myself for election. At first I refused, but the appeal being intensified, in a moment of weakness I yielded, and immediately fell under the displeasure of my medical adviser, who questioned my sanity, and insisted upon my withdrawal. With the best grace I could command I complied with his order, and have not since similarly transgressed.

For many years I had taken a deep interest in the public health question, and one of the objects I had in view in undertaking municipal duties was that I might be able to serve the cause more effectually. Not long after my election, therefore, I began to move in the matter, and I am pleased to say that from most of my brother Aldermen I received cordial support—indeed without it I should have been powerless. Amongst other steps taken was the appointment of a Health Committee, of which I was elected chairman; but previous to this the question had been before the Sewerage Committee. One of our first measures was to address a circular to all the local medical men, requesting them to reply to a series of questions; this was followed by a *viva voce* enquiry by the Committee. The result of these investigations, with recommendations suggested by them, was submitted in a report which I drew up and was adopted by the Council on 8th October, 1883. The Committee was then instructed to frame by-laws under *The Police Act*, to achieve the object in view. A Health Officer, Mr. Bushman, was appointed, and he rendered valuable assistance; but it

was soon found that *The Police Act* did not meet the case. Ultimately Mr. Douglas's Ministry took the matter up, and in 1885 Parliament passed *The Public Health Act*, the first practical legislative attempt to promote the sanitary condition of the people of Tasmania.

I also took much interest in the management of the Police force, and in the water supply and sewerage of the town. I never shirked work, and whenever there was anything of a special character to be done I generally found myself in the van of it—possibly because of my long press experience it was thought to be no trouble to me, if I did not actually hunger for it! Two instances occur to me at the moment: one in which the Inspector of Territorial Police brought an ill-natured and unfounded charge against the Launceston Superintendent of Police; and the other an attempt by the Main Line Railway Company to enlarge their station by closing and acquiring possession of Willis-street. Both matters were referred for enquiry to the respective committees, and I was requested to draft reports, both of which were adopted by the Council.

Some years after the Municipalities had obtained control of their police, the Central Government discovered that it had been deprived of a large amount of convenient power and patronage, and successive Ministries tried hard to recover it. Invariably they were defeated, because the issue was limited to a simple choice between local and central control. The Municipalities could levy a police rate of ninepence in the pound: which would be continued if the Government recovered its lost power. But now, grown more wise or cunning by experience, the appeal to Parliament was accompanied with a promise that the rate should be immediately reduced to fourpence, the balance of police expenditure being thrown upon the consolidated revenue, and that ultimately the rate should altogether cease. What patriotism could be expected to pass such an ordeal? Certainly a majority of our Parliament made no pretence to its possession, and surrendered at discretion. It had been demonstrated that the Munici-

palities had maintained their police with greater economy and efficiency than the territorial body which the Government had always controlled, yet they were deprived of this power, inherent in such bodies, and it was transferred to the Central Government from 2nd October, 1898. Since that time the entire cost of the police, £40,000 per annum, has been borne by the consolidated revenue. With irony scarcely to be equalled in fact or fiction, this transfer from local to general funds was designated retrenchment! As the revenue has alarmingly shrunk under Federation, the State Treasurer would jubilantly welcome the proceeds of the old police rate, but he is not likely to get it unless the Municipalities are again invested with the power of which they were so unwisely deprived.

During the term of my office as Mayor several very important questions were dealt with; amongst them negotiating in London a loan of £200,000 to consolidate a variety of small local borrowings at different periods and rates of interest. To facilitate this operation, with the assistance of the Town Clerk and Treasurer I prepared a statistical memorandum of considerable interest and value, showing the progress of the town and the assets it possessed in its public works and rateable property. A few of the figures therein given will be of interest, remembering that the document was prepared early in 1885, from returns to the end of 1884. The area of the town was 3340 acres. There were forty-five miles of streets, of which five miles had been completed, sixteen miles partially made, and twenty-four miles in a state of nature. There were two miles of cement footpaths, eleven and a half miles of full width and nearly two miles of half width asphalt paths, eighteen miles gravelled paths, and sixty miles in a state of nature. Public parks, squares, and reserves embraced more than one hundred acres. There were 252 gas lamps provided by the Launceston Gas Company for lighting the streets. The waterworks had cost £64,440; sewerage works, £36,766; slaughtering establishment (two acres), £3000; public parks, &c., £3000; stone quarry, including steam roller, £4000. A comparison of trade

returns for this port for the years 1874 and 1884 is very significant :—

	1874	1884
Imports	£553,663	£753,972
Exports	444,550	822,884
Duties collected ..	80,968	132,883
Gold	10,512	131,683
Tin	7,478	301,423

In 1884 the population was about 15,000 ; in 1906, about 20,000. The loan referred to was carried through successfully in the following year. During my Mayoralty the road up the Cataract Hill, starting from Bourke-street and winding upwards south-westerly until it joins Hill-street, was commenced and completed, and has proved an immense convenience to a large and growing suburb, and has doubled the value of the adjacent properties.

There was an old road, made by my father many years previously, from Hill-street to his stone quarry on the western side of the hill, which afforded easy access to very beautiful scenery. From the quarry the South Esk with its First Basin, the mill dam, the Giant's Grave, and Lob's Hole are spread out in charming panorama something like 300 feet below the spectator, and there is a ridge on which he can descend with comparative ease to the Basin. Returning along the same road, as soon as the South Esk gorge is shut out of view, Ben Lomond, Mount Barrow, Mount Arthur, all the eastern tiers, and Launceston burst into view and stretch away beneath like a map. It is indeed a very lovely prospect, but for many years the road had been closed at both ends to prevent damage to the surrounding gardens by trespassers and cattle. Personally I interviewed all the owners of the property interested, and induced them to convey to the Corporation the road in question on condition that it should be kept properly fenced on both sides. This reasonable requirement was at once accepted, and since that time this thoroughfare has been the property of the citizens of Launceston. It should be known that a vehicle of any kind can be easily

driven from the town to the quarry, where the horses can be taken out if desired, or they may be secured to posts provided (at the time) for the purpose, whilst the visitors go down to the Basin or other part of the river.

There is another and more important work for which I may fairly claim some credit. I refer to the construction of the concrete weir across St. Patrick's River in connection with the water supply of Launceston ; but as I have treated of this a little later, it is not necessary to enter into details here.

At a very early period of my aldermanic career I mooted the desirableness of forming a collection of indigenous mammals and birds in the City Park for the instruction as well as amusement of our citizens, old and young. With the exception of kangaroo and opossums, our mammals were never numerous, and as settlement extended they became more scarce : some species are within measurable distance of extermination, notably the marsupial wolf. The emu has disappeared for nearly a century. Thousands of our fellow colonists have never seen any of these denizens of the forest, and I strove hard to secure for them an opportunity. At first my efforts evoked ridicule—then tolerance —at last a hesitating assent. A very humble beginning was made, but under the sympathetic and able management of Mr. M'Gowan, the Curator of Parks, it developed into a very respectable collection—" Button's Menagerie," as opponents derisively called it. After a time Mr. M'Gowan entered into communication with Mr. Le Soeuf, Curator of the Melbourne Zoological Society's collection, and exchanges of animals were made which were advantageous to both. I hope that this important educational department will receive increased attention in the future.

In September, 1886, the Mayor of Sydney, Alderman John Young, conceived the unique and interesting idea of celebrating the Queen's Jubilee (though six months in advance) by a week of festivities in which he invited representatives of all the Australasian municipalities, with their wives, to participate ; and this he carried out with

unstinted munificence. I was requested to form one to represent the Launceston Municipality, but much to my regret my dear wife did not feel able to accompany me. Our party, joined by the representative Aldermen from Hobart, proceeded to Melbourne, leaving Launceston by the *Pateena* on Thursday, 7th October. The Mayor of Melbourne, Alderman J. C. Stewart, thoroughly entering into the spirit of the more northern civic functionary, entertained us most hospitably at luncheon on the afternoon of Saturday, 9th October.

On Monday morning we started by special train, I think at five o'clock. At Albury, on the border of New South Wales, we were met by the Town Clerk of Sydney, who was in charge of a railway carriage freighted with refreshments of all descriptions—including tobacco and cigars—which were almost forced upon not stubbornly unwilling visitors. Needless to say that under such conditions we formed a very contented and hilarious company, and the hours sped on almost unnoticed. We reached our destination about midnight, and I drove to the Metropole Coffee Palace, which was my base of operations during my stay.

On Tuesday, 12th, the Mayor and Mayoress of Sydney received their guests at the Town Hall in official costume. Next day there was an excursion by steamer round the harbor, with a sumptuous picnic at Cabarita, a short distance up the Parramatta River. Whilst the viands were being discussed a severe thunder-storm passed over, with a brief but heavy downpour of rain. As we were steaming round the harbor one of the company caused great fun by reciting the adventures of a wilful youth named Boosey, whose reckless performances on stilts caused his doting mother continual alarm. The last sentence was given with special emphasis, as if to mark a marvellous but concealed joke, and the speaker would ask with admirably affected surprise, "Can't you see it?" Of course no one could "see it," because there was nothing to see; and whilst each listener was silently astounded at his own density, the reciter would promptly repeat the piece from the beginning, pausing suggestively between the concluding words that were sup-

posed to be pregnant with funny meaning. This he would do again and again ten or a dozen times in rapid succession, pretending to be ineffably amazed that so obvious a joke was not discovered. One by one, however, the listeners detected the hoax and burst into ungovernable laughter, which increased the perplexity of the others, who began to suspect that they must be hopelessly stupid. Drawn by the prevailing merriment the crowd gradually enlarged until there was a group of thirty or forty persons, most of whom by that time were squirming about convulsed with laughter, which was the more contagious and invincible because there was absolutely nothing to provoke it! Never before or since have I seen so many persons at the same time so completely dominated by the spirit of uncontrollable risibility.

On Thursday, 14th October, Lord and Lady Carrington entertained the visitors at a Garden Party at Government House, which was exceedingly agreeable. Next day the Premier, Sir Patrick Jennings, and his lady invited them to an at-home at his residence, Colebrook, Double Bay; the week's festivities concluding on Saturday with an excursion by rail up the Blue Mountains under the auspices of the Government.

At neither of the last two functions was I present, preferring to take advantage of the opportunity for running up to Brisbane to see Lilian (Corrie), Alick, and the children. I left Sydney by steamer on Friday or Saturday, and reached Brisbane, I think, on Monday. I was glad to find all well, though Alick had gone to Sydney, and we passed each other at sea. I stayed only three or four days, getting back to Sydney before breakfast on Sunday morning, and thus was able to join our party on its return by train to Melbourne. Altogether it was a most enjoyable trip, and tended in no small degree to establish and strengthen many personal friendships, to develop and bring into prominence unsuspected good qualities, and to encourage by mutual counsel and sympathy a large number of men engaged in gratuitous yet highly important public duties.

Incidentally I may mention that shortly after my

election for the second time to a seat in the Municipal Council (December, 1882), I received from the Attorney-General, Mr. W. R. Giblin, a circular enquiring if I would allow my name to be placed on the Commission of the Peace for the town of Launceston during my tenure of office as an Alderman. In reply I thanked the Minister for the qualified honor he proposed to confer, but respectfully declined it. A few weeks afterwards (February 5, 1883) I was enrolled as a magistrate of the territory. I may add that after the *Licensing Act* (48 Vict. No. 24) came into force in 1885, under which Licensing Benches took the place of ordinary meetings of justices, as Mayor I was *ex officio* a member of the first Licensing Bench and was elected its chairman, as also the following year. For twenty-two consecutive years (except 1900, when from indisposition I was prevented from attending the annual meeting at which the Bench was elected) I have been a member of this Bench, and for the last eight years its chairman (1909).

On 1st January, 1889, Launceston was designated a city, an act of Parliament for that purpose having been passed the previous year.

TASMANIAN AGRICULTURAL AND PASTORAL ASSOCIATION

The Tasmanian Agricultural and Pastoral Association was established in Launceston on 26th September, 1873. For a few years it held exhibitions in the town, but lack of funds compelled a meagre prize schedule, there were but few competitors, and the public gave little support. Practically, therefore, the annual shows declined to mere horse parades, yet the committee refused to surrender. They felt that the Association represented a potentiality for good, and they patiently and hopefully waited for brighter days. Nearly the same committee and officers were elected year after year with the same disheartening prospects before them. The continuance of the Association under such conditions was entirely owing to the devotion of seven or

eight gentlemen who met as required to arrange for the shows and to settle up after them. At last the tide turned. In November, 1898, the Association was re-formed on a wider basis; a large, influential, and energetic committee was elected, the citizens and northern residents generally adopted the movement with enthusiasm, new show grounds at Elphin were secured and equipped, and its annual exhibitions, which extend over three days, attract thousands of visitors from all parts of the island and even from the mainland. The Association has now attained the position its original promoters contemplated more than thirty years ago, and for which, as the centre of the richest agricultural and pastoral districts and the focus of the railway system, it is by nature so well adapted—namely, the premier agricultural society of the State. I was one of the seven or eight who clung so tenaciously to the original Association through many years of discouragement, during the greater part of which I had been President. In recognition of the services thus rendered by my colleagues and myself, I was generously constituted a life member of the new Association, an honor which I greatly appreciate.

ST. PATRICK'S RIVER WEIR

This very important work was undertaken by the Launceston Municipal Council in the beginning of 1888. As originally constructed the dam was simply of rough stones put together without cement or binding material of any kind. As a mere check to the water, causing a sufficient head to flow into the race, it answered the purpose when the works were started, and for some years afterwards. But the stones, displaced by floods, allowed the water to pass through freely; the demand for water increased, the 10-inch main was supplemented with a 15-inch, and a few years later a second and then a third 15-inch were added. Of course these additional pipes required a greatly increased quantity of water, and when there came an unusually dry season, the difficulty in keeping them charged was

considerable. Various expedients were resorted to for this purpose, the most common one being bags of sand placed against the upper side of the dam, and forced down into the inequalities and interstices. In this way a sufficient head was retained, but during the summer months it was always a matter of much difficulty and no little anxiety.

The summer of 1887–8 was very dry, the river was abnormally low, and the usual trouble was experienced. There was an abundance of water, but the greater part escaped through the dam. It occurred to me that advantage should be taken of the drought to construct a concrete weir across the river that should be absolutely tight, so that the entire stream would be under control. I made the suggestion at a meeting of the Waterworks Committee held on 13th February, 1888, it was instantly adopted by the Committee, reported to the Council on 20th, and authority given to proceed with the work immediately.

As it was very important to take advantage of the low state of the river, the work was pushed on with vigor. It was undertaken by the Town Surveyor's department, and was estimated to cost, I think, about £360. A commencement was made on 24th February, and the weir was completed before the winter rains set in. The specification provided for a concrete wall six feet wide at the base, diminishing to three feet at the top, the height varying from four to six feet. The bed of the river consists of huge masses of trap rock, the interstices being filled with clay and shingle. Every bit of this loose material was cleared away down to the solid rock, and then the concrete was filled in. The effect of this, of course, was to make both depth and width of the wall very irregular, but it is never less than six feet wide, except here and there in crevices between huge masses of rock, whilst in many places its thickness is much greater. The length of the weir is from 80 to 100 feet. During construction one half of the river bed was operated on first, the water being diverted for the purpose ; and when that was completed, the other half was done, the outcome of the whole being a solid mass of rock and concrete extending from side to side, over which flows

in a beautiful unbroken sheet all the water that does not enter the race. If required for future extensions the whole of the river could be easily secured. The total cost when completed was £412. It is almost impossible to overestimate the importance of this undertaking, and I feel very thankful that I was instrumental in bringing it about, particularly as it was almost the last thing I was able to do as an Alderman. Before it was completed I was stricken down by a dangerous illness which rendered necessary my retirement from the Council at the end of 1888, after nine years' service. One of my first outings when I had sufficiently recovered was a drive to St. Patrick's River to see the weir.

TASMANIAN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION

What with strict propriety was called an "International Exhibition," was opened in Launceston on 25th November, 1891. Preparations had been a long time in progress, and the colonists generally entered upon the enterprise with great enthusiasm. The City Park had been decided on as the site, and the Albert Hall was erected by the City Council mainly that it might serve immediately as the recognised centre of the Exhibition, and subsequently as its worthy memorial. Several minor exhibitions with various objects had been held previously in Hobart and Launceston, but in comparison with this one, all had been insignificant.

The covered space enclosed about two and a half acres, embracing an area of 103,000 feet, which was allocated as follows:—Albert Hall, 14,000 feet; Tasmanian Court, 15,000; New South Wales, 6000; Victoria, 6000; South Australia, Queensland, and New Zealand, 4500; Foreign Courts, 7000; British, 9000; Machinery and Implements, 14,000; Fine Arts, 7000; Fernery, 4600; Avenues, 15,000. M. Jules Joubert,* whose extensive experience in similar enterprises elsewhere fitted him exceptionally for the position, was appointed general manager, and the

* M. Joubert died at Melbourne on 24th August, 1907. He had been connected with fifty exhibitions in various parts of the world.

result fully justified the selection. The opening ceremony was without doubt the most imposing event ever witnessed in the island, and its spectacular effect was unparalleled. It commenced with an immense procession the elements of which gathered in the Market Green at 9.30 a.m., and after marshalling there, perambulated the city, bringing up at the Albert Hall. Fifty-seven societies and industrial establishments were represented in the procession, which included about 3000 persons. The regalia and banners of the various societies, the decorations of the vehicles employed by the different trades, the uniforms of the naval and military contingents, together with the flags displayed by most of the business houses and private residences, combined to produce a spectacle as brilliant as it was unique.

At 11.45 the booming of artillery announced that their Excellencies Sir R. C. G. Hamilton, Governor of Tasmania, and Lord Hopetoun, Governor of Victoria, had left Struan House on their way to the Hall. Struan House (at the extreme western end of Cameron-street), it should be explained, built by the late James Robertson, Esq., had been leased and specially fitted as a temporary Viceregal residence. Their Excellencies having arrived at the Hall, were received by the Exhibition Commissioners, and passing between a guard of bluejackets proceeded to a dais, when the more distinct opening ceremony took place. An appropriate prayer having been read by the Executive Commissioner, the late S. J. Sutton, Esq., who was then Mayor of the city, the choir and audience sang the "Old Hundredth;" the Mayor then addressed the Governor, sketching the circumstances which had culminated in that day's proceedings. He was followed by Sir Robert Hamilton who expressed his gratification at the splendid results of the patriotism and perseverance of the people of northern Tasmania. At the conclusion of the Governor's speech "Rule Britannia" was played as an air by the orchestra, the verse being taken up vocally by two ladies and a gentleman. Then followed presentations of the Exhibition officials and representatives of other States; after which

the "Hallelujah Chorus" was rendered by the choir under the direction of Mr. Alexander Wallace, and Sir Robert declared the Exhibition open. Cheers for the Queen and the Governors respectively closed the proceedings. Subsequently the Mayor entertained their Excellencies and 240 gentlemen at luncheon in the Mechanics' Hall, when a number of excellent speeches were delivered, interspersed with songs. In the evening the Exhibition was brilliantly illuminated with gas and electricity.

It was the original intention to close the Exhibition in February, 1892, but its popularity led to an extension to four months, and it was formally closed by the Governor on 22nd March. Up to the latter date the attendance had been 243,000, which, remembering the population of the city and island, the Commissioners stated compared favorably with the records of previous exhibitions in any part of the globe, and was 96,333 in excess of the entire population of the colony. As a matter of fact, however, the Exhibition remained open until 2nd April, when the visitors had reached 262,000. The total receipts for admissions amounted to £7160, exclusive of 8849 school children who were admitted free. The following awards were made :—

Great Britain	363	New South Wales	97
France	19	South Australia	46
Germany	19	Queensland	8
Austria	16	New Zealand	48
Italy	3	Tasmania	561
Switzerland	1		——
United States	10	Total	1451
Victoria	260		——

Referring to the closing of the Exhibition the *Examiner* of April 4 said :—"The carnival was held in a time of general depression, but under wise and careful management it has paid its way. The small endowment received from the Government has been more than recouped by an increased railway and customs revenue, and the substantial benefits which have been conferred on the colony in the wider proclamation of its resources." It is right to add

that the late S. J. Sutton, Esq., was the prime mover and enthusiastic supporter of the Exhibition, and to his personal energy its success was largely due. I was glad to be able to take a humble share in the movement.

CENTENARIES

The celebration of the foundation of the Colony should have been held on 13th September, 1903, as on that day, 1803, Lieutenant John Bowen, who had been appointed by Governor King to form a settlement on the Derwent, landed at Risdon Cove. Unfortunately, however, at the time first fixed a slight outbreak of smallpox had occurred, and it was deemed prudent to defer the demonstration until 22nd February, 1904, when it was combined with the 100th anniversary of the founding of the city of Hobart by Lieut.-Governor Collins. The weather was delightful, and the day was observed as a general holiday, Hobart, of course, being the chief centre of attraction on the occasion. Amongst the features of the day was the unveiling of an obelisk erected on the spot on which Bowen landed, the ground having been given by Mr. Albury of Risdon. The obelisk, which was unveiled by the Governor, Sir Arthur Havelock, bears the following inscription :—" This memorial was erected to commemorate the centenary of the landing at this spot of Lieutenant Bowen, R.N., on September 13, 1803. It was unveiled by His Excellency the Governor, Sir A. E. Havelock, on February 22, 1904." It is interesting to note that the enclosure contains the ruins of the first house erected in Tasmania by British hands. The ceremony concluded with cheers for the King, the Governor, Admiral Fanshawe, and Mr. Albury. Earlier in the day the Governor laid the foundation stone of the Carnegie Public Library, Mr. Carnegie having given £7500 for that object.

Launceston celebrated her centenary on 20th March, 1906, a preliminary united religious service having been held in the Albert Hall on the previous Sunday afternoon

(18th March). Lieut.-Colonel Paterson, who also was sent by Governor King to form a settlement in the north of the island, arrived at Port Dalrymple on 5th November, 1804. The centenary celebrations embraced the following :—In the morning a procession consisting of the Mayor and Aldermen, public bodies, trades, friendly societies, bands, &c., started from Cornwall Square, paraded the principal thoroughfares of the city, and returned to the Square at 12.30, where the Governor, Sir Gerald Strickland (who had arrived by train), was received by a guard of honor, and a mass meeting of citizens was held ; after which his Excellency presented decorations and long service medals to members of the military forces. At 1.45 p.m., a procession of school children, headed by St. Joseph's band, started from Prince's Square, and marched through the principal streets to the City Park, where they sang the National Anthem, Mr. Grattan, a State School teacher, conducting ; and a little later, the Governor and Mayor planted memorial trees. During the afternoon an aquatic carnival and band concert were held at the Cataract Gorge. At 7.30 the friendly societies and bands assembled at Prince's Square, and marched in procession to the City Park ; and at eight o'clock an entertainment was given in the Albert Hall in aid of a fund for procuring a clock and chimes for the city post-office.

It will thus be seen that the day, which was locally observed as a close holiday, was crowded with incidents, all of which passed without a hitch. A commemorative medal was struck by Messrs. F. & W. Stewart, and 2330 were distributed to State School children during the afternoon ; children attending private schools were supplied on the following day.

Though the events alluded to were really important, as showing the progress that the colony had made during the first hundred years of its existence, I have been compelled to treat them very briefly for two reasons : first, because I have already considerably exceeded the space which at the outset I proposed to occupy ; and second, because here, as to some extent elsewhere, I have strayed

upon territory outside the limits of my original design, which was to recall as best I might incidents of early days, bringing up the narrative to a period when the memory of younger contemporaries may be expected to be better than my own. Not being bound by any hard and fast rules, however, I have ventured just to mention these centenaries, feeling that, as they are not altogether dissociated from the past, it would not be prudent to ignore them entirely. In Chapter XXV., "Now and Then," some interesting details are given, showing the growth of Launceston in a hundred years.

CHAPTER XX

Cataract Gorge—the Zigzag—Launceston City and Suburban Improvement Association—path to the Basin—works taken over by City Council—suspension bridge—path continued to Generating Station—land given by Mrs. Barnes—electric lighting—coercive legislation—tunnel—contract by Siemens Bros. & Co.—works completed—cost.

It is not too much to say that the Cataract Gorge has obtained celebrity throughout Australia and New Zealand as a spot of unsurpassed beauty. A huge chasm cut by the South Esk through the hill to a depth of over three hundred feet, exposes immense masses of columnar diorite piled up from bottom to top. Add to this the river foaming and forcing its resistless course through its rocky bed, into which detached blocks have fallen and been rolled in wildest confusion, with an endless variety of indigenous and exotic plants boldly claiming the right of existence wherever there is sufficient soil for a seed to strike, and you have a picture grandly delightful—indeed almost awe-inspiring. This charming scenery is not more than three-quarters of a mile from the Post-office, but how little until recent years was it appreciated by local residents ; so true is it that "familiarity breeds contempt." As, however, population multiplied on the mainland, and during the summer solstice flocked over in annually increasing numbers to drink deep draughts of Tasmania's deliciously invigorating breezes, it was seen that if Launceston was to participate in the benefits arising from an influx of visitors, something must be done to provide for their entertainment. Amongst other things it was thought if there could be a fairly easy approach to the Basin, there would be at least one locality that would prove attractive to strangers. The late Alderman Farrelly took the initiative, and in 1885 induced the

Municipal Council to construct a path known as the "Zigzag," over the hill, along the southern side of the Gorge, and down a spur on the western side of the hill to the Basin. This cost about £100. Though involving a pretty steep climb, this path became popular, and no doubt suggested the more pretentious and easy pathway along the opposite side of the Gorge which entirely eclipsed the Zigzag, and became familiar to Australia. It is due to those patriotic citizens who started this important enterprise to place their names on record, and to indicate the steps by which their goal was reached. Like most really great undertakings, it "was not attained by sudden flight," but by quiet, patient, persistent effort. Possibly the recital may encourage others to enter upon a similar course of unselfish labor.

The movement had a very humble beginning: it was the outcome of an evening walk. Early in December, 1889, Messrs. James Barnard and Henry Ritchie had strolled as far as the Cataract Bridge, when conversation turned on the subject of a pathway along the side of the Gorge, and they agreed to call a public meeting to consider the project. The meeting was held in the Mechanics' Institute on 17th December, and the Launceston City and Suburban Improvement Association was then formed. Nearly £100 was subscribed in the room. The late Mr. William Barnes had previously been requested to lease to the citizens for 99 years at a peppercorn rent the whole of the precipitous side of the Gorge to the sky-line, as far as the First Basin, for the path. Mr. Barnes smiled at the project, and expressed the belief that it could not be accomplished. But if a freak, it was harmless, and he was willing to become a party to it to the extent of permitting the path to go, at least in the first instance, as far as the Picnic Rock, *i.e.*, rather more than half-way. He also intimated that Mr. A. J. Hall had previously written to him on the same subject, but his idea was substantially to construct a path similar to the Zigzag. Subsequently on learning Mr. Barnard's proposal, he immediately fell in with it, and consented to aid in carrying it out. Thus

unknown to each other, the same idea had occupied both minds simultaneously. At the meeting referred to the following gentlemen were appointed the first committee to prosecute the work :—Messrs. William Ritchie, Charles Kent, J. G. Sherwin, E. Fitzherbert (City Surveyor), W. Barnes, H. Weedon, A. Parnham, J. Barnard, A. North, A. Evershed, W. I. Thrower, E. Hopkins, W. C. Pousty, B. P. Farrelly, Thos. Gunn, H. Ritchie, Samuel Pinnington, Joshua Higgs, Alfred Jones, A. J. Hall, Ernest Whitfield, W. R. Marsh, H. I. Rooke.

A start was made about the first week in January, 1890, Mr. Pinnington, Superintendent of Works under the Marine Board, and Mr. H. N. Taylor, of the Public Works Department, laying out the line and superintending operations. Work was pushed on as rapidly as funds would permit, bridging the gullies and blasting requiring great caution. The committee were enthusiastic and persevering in their self-imposed and patriotic task, and the citizens generally were interested and sympathetic. Money was freely subscribed, some assistance was obtained from Parliament, a toll of threepence each was imposed on visitors, and entertainments in aid of the funds were liberally patronised by the public. One year's operations carried the path to its first objective, the Picnic Rock, and then Mr. Barnes gave permission to take it on to the Basin. At the same time he agreed to sell about four and a quarter acres adjacent to the Basin for £423 12*s.* 6*d.*, and to extend the lease of the land along the Gorge to 200 years, expressing a hope that intoxicating l'quors would not be sold upon any of the land thus acquired. As soon as a caretaker was appointed, and a lodge erected for him, I presented the committee with a book in which visitors might be invited to state their thoughts respecting the locality. This was freely done, and I believe has been continued to the present time. In almost every instance the writers have expressed intense delight, coupled with a resolve, if possible, to repeat the visit.

At length the Basin was reached, the ground there cleared and planted, the path gravelled, dangerous rocks

removed, bridges railed, kiosks erected, water laid on by the Council, a building for refreshments and a bandstand erected, and the place at once became popular. It was a typical picnic spot, and in summer evenings an ideal locality for a *fête champêtre*. But the work had been urged on faster than funds came in, and after contending with many difficulties, at the close of 1897 the committee were embarrassed with a considerable debt. Meanwhile the desirableness of taking over the whole concern had been discussed by the Municipal Council, it was definitely effected in the beginning of 1898, and the grounds were formally handed over to that body on 1st March of that year. The Council paid the debts owing by the Association (including £450 of their own for water) amounting to £2000, receiving in return property that had cost over £8000 in hard cash, to say nothing of untold gratuitous services. The management was now practically transferred to Mr. W. M'Gowan, Curator of Parks and Reserves, in whose capable hands, and with more certain means at his disposal, great improvements were rapidly effected. In many places the path had to be widened, and iron rails and uprights superseded wood in all the principal bridges, thus imparting to them greater strength and durability. The toll was immediately reduced to one penny, and this was followed by a yearly increase in the number of visitors, until during 1906, no less than 87,937 had passed through the turnstile.

While the foregoing was in progress, the Municipal Council undertook to light the city by electricity, obtaining the necessary motive power from the South Esk river. To get the required fall for the purpose, a spot was selected nearly two miles above the First Basin, a dam was constructed, and water for the turbines was brought through a tunnel across a bend in the river to the Power-house, which is rather more than a mile above the Basin. Here a suspension bridge was erected, giving easy access to the Power-house or Generating Station, which then became a favorite drive, by the road above Glen Dhu, for visitors from town. Then a suggestion was made (by whom at

first is not quite certain) that a suspension bridge should be thrown across the Esk where it enters the Basin, which would enable tourists to have a delightful outing, going out by one route, crossing the river, and returning by the other. Mr. M'Gowan entered into this project *con amore*, and set to work industriously to collect subscriptions, which were supplemented by the Council and Parliament in equal amounts. The bridge was designed by Mr. St. John David, C.E., City Surveyor, built by Salisbury's Foundry Company, and cost £450. The foundation stone was laid by Mr. D. Storrer, Mayor, on 9th November, 1903, and the bridge was opened by the Lady Edeline Strickland on 29th November, 1904, Mr. J. W. Pepper then being Mayor. [See photo at page 53.]

But the scheme was not yet complete. Why should not the Gorge path be extended to the Generating Station? The distance was about the same, and the task along the southern side of the river easier of accomplishment. The route would pass over exclusively Crown land, of which a ninety-nine years' lease, renewable at the expiration of that period, was obtained. The project seemed so reasonable and desirable that, after due enquiry, the Council authorised Mr. M'Gowan to go ahead. It was completed at a cost of £400, and was opened on 9th November, 1905. On this occasion it was announced that Mrs. Barnes had made a free gift to the citizens of the land that had been leased by her late husband for the Gorge pathway, representing about thirty acres. Subsequently—towards the close of 1906—this lady laid the citizens under a further obligation by bestowing another block of about fifteen acres adjoining and at the back of the land already occupied by the Council. This area has been fenced and is in process of improvement.

Thus after remaining unutilised and almost unappreciated for a hundred years of settlement, in the last three miles of the South Esk, ere it is lost in the Tamar, Launceston possesses a beauty-spot which Nature and Art have combined to make the most charming that can be found in any part of Australia.

ELECTRIC LIGHTING

Launceston has become famous for its municipal electric lighting works, for the artificial public illumination of the whole city and its suburbs is exclusively electrical. For many years the idea had been mooted, the proximity of great water power naturally suggesting its employment for this purpose. As the South Esk leaped and swirled through miles of its rocky channel, in winter and spring swollen to a torrent that was often appalling, the thought instinctively arose, why should this immense force run to waste: why not apply it to generate electricity? I say, it was quite natural that this idea should have occurred to casual beholders, and because it was not so employed they were apt to impute to men in official positions remissness or timidity. They noted only one factor in the undertaking: they saw the potentiality in the stream, but they did not take account of the cost of harnessing it to work. In our case this aspect of the question, including tunnel, dams, pipes, fixing, &c., but not including turbines, amounted roundly to nearly £15,000. The Municipal Council of the time was simply cautious. It was assumed that the project must necessarily involve an immense outlay, and it prudently proposed to wait until population should so increase that the inevitable burden would fall more lightly upon each burgess. Moreover, electric lighting was then, and indeed still is, in the experimental stage, and the Council felt that the improvements that were of almost daily occurrence both in the cost of generating and in applying electricity would amply compensate the city for waiting.

The first practical step taken by the Launceston Municipal Council with the object of ultimately supplying the city with the electric light was to obtain an act of Parliament for the purpose. This was passed in December, 1887. Although the act provided for the generating and distribution of the current, its main feature was to secure to the Council the right to use the water of the South Esk for this object, which right was to continue for three years. At that time I was a member of the Council, and we felt

compelled to take this action to prevent speculators seeking, and possibly obtaining, from Parliament the rights in question, which would then become a marketable commodity for which the burgesses would have to pay. I should have been better pleased had the limit been ten years instead of three; but it was plausibly said by eager company-mongers, if the Council will not undertake the work, why should the burgesses be deprived of the boon? This argument had some weight in Parliament, where a sounder view might have been expected, for the interests of the people should always receive first consideration. In November, 1890 (in the interval I had retired from the Council), a short act was passed extending the option for two years from 1st January, 1891, within which time the Council was bound to commence operations in a *bona fide* manner, or both acts "shall cease and determine." Under such coercive legislation the work had to be started much earlier than otherwise would have been the case. The result has shown that it might have been delayed for ten years with advantage.

Without attempting to describe the various steps that led up to the scheme finally adopted, it is sufficient to say that towards the close of 1890 the City Surveyor, Mr. Fitzherbert, was instructed to survey and report on the South Esk. As the result of this enquiry he submitted three alternative plans, one of which, with considerable alterations, was adopted. In June of the following year Mr. K. L. Murray, M.Inst.E.E., of Melbourne, was invited to prepare a scheme upon which definite action could be taken. He came to Launceston to procure full information, and in November submitted a report, estimating the cost of the water scheme at £11,000, buildings £2000, and the electrical plant £29,000. Mr. Murray's report also included, although as a separate feature, a scheme for electric trams, amounting to £35,200, but this was not deemed necessary at that time.

In March, 1892, Mr. C. St. John David was appointed City Surveyor in succession to Mr. Fitzherbert, who had died some months previously. The electric lighting scheme

was submitted to Mr. David, and he set to work on the permanent surveys. Whilst thus engaged it occurred to him that a tunnel through the hill (so cutting off a bend in the river) would be in every way better than taking a line of pipes down the gorge, where they would always be exposed to damage from falling rocks and timber. On examination the idea was found to be quite practicable, and it was adopted. The cost of this altered scheme, including dams (as the river bifurcates here and forms an island), and other attendant works, was estimated at £13,169. The dams and a race to the mouth of the tunnel were constructed under Mr. David's personal supervision at a cost of £1312. A poll of the citizens had been taken in compliance with the act, resulting in a larger majority than that required in favor of the project. Mr. Murray had also been appointed consulting engineer. Messrs. O'Neill Bros. & Rodgers, of Sydney, had the contract for driving the tunnel at £11,921. From intake to outlet above the Power-house it is 921 yards long by five feet diameter, and is pierced through almost solid diorite. It was started simultaneously from both ends, and when at the expiration of sixteen months' actual working time the drives connected, the discrepancy in the levels was found to be less than one inch. The head of water thus obtained is 110 feet, giving 1560 horse-power, only one-fourth of which was needed at first. Why that spot was chosen for the Power Station, instead of a site lower down the river, where an additional fall of more than a hundred feet could have been obtained, I never understood, unless it was to avoid possible interference with Mr. Ritchie's right to water for his mill. When increased power is needed, as is inevitable, the error will have to be remedied. The total cost of this part of the scheme was £13,233, being only £64 in advance of the estimate.

The Power-house, or Generating Station, is built on the river bank, rather more than a mile above the First Basin, and was erected by Mr. J. T. Farmilo, of Launceston, for £1838. Seventy-five tons of wrought iron pipes, ranging in size from five feet to twelve inches diameter, were sup-

GENERATING STATION.

plied and fixed, beside other work, by Mr. W. H. Knight, of Launceston, at £1730. The Distributing Station, at the extreme southern end of Bourke-street, was erected by Messrs. J. & T. Gunn, also of Launceston, for £364. This station has since been removed to a more central and convenient building fronting on Cameron-street, adjoining the Mechanics' Institute. In December, 1892, Mr. Murray was requested to prepare plans, specifications, &c., for the supply, erection, and working for six months of all the necessary machinery for carrying out the electric lighting scheme. This was done, and tenders were invited in the Australasian Colonies, England, and America. In due time four tenders were received, viz., from Siemens Bros. & Co., W. T. Henley's Company, Brush E. E. Co., and Electric Construction Co. These were referred to Mr. Murray, and on his recommendation the tender of the first-named firm was accepted at £32,021 15*s*. No time was lost in getting to work, but unexpected causes of delay occurred which prevented the contract period from being observed, and it was not until 10th December, 1895, that the energy from the dynamos was turned into the arc lamp circuits, and Launceston rejoiced in first class electric illumination.

The difficulty of getting to the Generating Station from the city, which is much greater on the northern side of the river than on the southern side, induced the Council to construct a suspension bridge across the Gorge just below the station. The bridge was designed and erected by the City Surveyor. It has a span of 184 feet, is three feet wide, is a light and graceful structure, and cost £310. The Salisbury Foundry Company were the contractors.

The six months during which Siemens & Co. had to maintain the works, expired in August, 1896, when the plant was taken over by the Corporation. Up to that date the expenditure on the electric light scheme totalled nearly £70,000. Since then the single-phase system has been changed to the three-phase system, which is said to be greatly superior, especially where the same current has to be utilised for light and power. The transformation cost a large amount, bringing up the total expenditure to the

end of 1906 to £161,364. In the latter sum are included the materials of all classes on hand, and also the discarded electric plant, which represents about £22,000, though perhaps it would not sell for one-fourth of that amount. Mr. Murray's original estimate for the project had been £42,000, and the act of Parliament (51 Vict. No. 43) authorised the Council to borrow £50,000. Since then Parliament has passed four additional loans acts—two for £25,000 each, and two for £30,000 each, making a total of £160,000,—so insidiously yet so inexorably does expenditure on works of this character creep—or jump—upwards. The revenue is improving, but it will probably be years before the undertaking will be entirely self-supporting.

And now in simple justice I must add that amongst all the advocates of the electric light for Launceston, the one whose energy, perseverance, and unbounded faith contributed most to its accomplishment, was unquestionably the late Mr. S. J. Sutton, at one time member of the House of Assembly for this city, and its Mayor for three years in succession.

CHAPTER XXI

Typhoid fever—a "pious fraud"—a lost cork—convalescent—irritability—"Good-night"—at George Town, then Melbourne—thoughts on death—picnic at Beams's Ford—family re-union—visit Brisbane—maritime strike—Poimena—*Examiner's* jubilee—Congregational Union delegates entertained—Salvation Army.

HAVING brought this fragmentary and imperfect narrative down to a time well within the recollection of those for whom it was specially undertaken, I might perhaps close my labors. But there is still one event at least which I could not omit without feeling that what at the best has been done only indifferently would be further marred by a silence that might be construed into ingratitude or insensibility. That I am now living and able to recall so much of the past I most assuredly owe, under God, to the incessant care and watchfulness of my darling wife, who nursed me with unwearying devotion through a severe and protracted illness.

Early in 1888 our eldest daughter and one of our sons, on returning from a short visit to the country, were laid aside by typhoid fever. At that juncture our servant was unwell, and found it necessary to leave immediately—scared, I believe, by the knowledge that fever was in the house, which also made it difficult to obtain another. For several months, therefore, indeed throughout the subsequent illnesses, we had to rely on a rough but good tempered hard working girl who went home every night. We managed to secure the services of a nurse; but notwithstanding, the additional labor and anxiety caused by two invalids were very great. My wife and I were employed in the sick rooms day and night, relieving each other and the nurse as best we could. This went on for about six weeks, the

patients meanwhile showing signs of improvement, when our son had a relapse. In a few days he got over this, and both were approaching convalescence when another trouble fell upon us. A previous and long continued strain in connection with business, aggravated by the intense anxiety caused by the serious illness of our daughter and son,

MY WIFE, ABOUT 1887.

proved too much for me, and I broke down. It came upon me suddenly and yet somewhat insidiously. I remember that I moved about the house for two or three days in a semi-unconscious state, throwing myself down upon a couch or bed whenever the opportunity offered, until at last I was unable to rise again. I was in this condition when Dr. Stewart, coming one evening to see the other

patients, was requested to look at me. His verdict was, another case of typhoid! With me the brain was the organ most seriously affected, and for a month I was delirious. It seemed scarcely possible that nature could survive the shock: day after day life trembled in the balance. Who can conceive the mental agony, in addition to the physical exhaustion, endured by my dear wife during that trying period? Rarely did she attempt to lie down for a little rest until after midnight, and even then she was frequently called to quiet me in my wild delirium. At such times the nurses were quite incapable of managing me. It was only the dear familiar face and voice of my sweet wife that could calm my excited brain. Our Heavenly Father's merciful help alone enabled her to pass through that terrible ordeal. Some of the readers of these notes know more of the anguish of those dark days—especially the darkest—than I do, as for several weeks I was unconscious, but I have realised since something of what it must have been.

About this time a deception was practised on me which, under the circumstances, I suppose must be included in the category of "pious frauds." One of our daughters was at Brisbane when sickness first invaded our house, and she would then have returned but that she also was very unwell. When at length I began to have a glimmering of passing events, I enquired if she was coming home, and was considerably exercised about the matter. I cannot remember the exact nature of the replies given, but I understood that she had started and might be expected in a few days. In the condition in which I was, I had no idea of the lapse of time, and it was deemed advisable not to let me know the whole truth lest excitement should exacerbate the fever. When I had improved a little, Dr. Stewart thought I might be told that the absent one might be expected by the next steamer. Somewhat impatiently I waited for the day, which came at last. I heard a vehicle, which I supposed was a wagonette, drive up and stop at our front door; there was the proper amount of bustle and delay; and the dear girl, with hat and cloak on, and beaming with pleasure

at being amongst us again, was ushered into my room. Of course our interview was brief, and she withdrew to disrobe and unpack. As a matter of fact, however, she had then been at home a full month! It was amusing to learn, much later, the details that had been so cunningly arranged to complete my delusion. The cab that I had heard driven up to our door was simply the baker's cart on its daily round! It had been necessary to be extremely guarded lest I should hear or see something that might lead to awkward questionings; and on one occasion there was a very narrow escape from a difficulty of this sort. Of course the traveller had not been allowed to enter my room, but one morning my dear wife hurriedly called her by name at the top of the stairs, but immediately corrected herself by calling another. I detected the slip, and instantly asked what it meant: had the expected one returned? My wife laughingly replied that I heard too much, and that the name first called was a mistake; and with this explanation I was satisfied. But on the evening of the day when the home-coming was so artistically acted, there was another episode which required careful handling to prevent an embarrassing *contretemps*. Somehow I had got to hear that the new arrival had undertaken some rather disagreeable work, and I thought it too bad that such a job should fall to her the first day of arrival. I made an enquiry about the matter, but probably did not press it closely. I really did not know the whole truth until several weeks after—until, indeed, we were going down the river to George Town, when confession was made.

Without lingering on this topic I may say that whilst the fever was at its worst I was the subject of many phantasies, some of them being of the most tragical character. All the attendant circumstances appeared awfully real, and the mental agony I endured in consequence was excruciating. But there were occasional gleams of humor to lighten up the gloom. Let me relate one incident that caused a good deal of amusement. Late one night when I was beginning to mend, Eva, then convalescent, was sitting in the room with me. On the toilet table at which she was

at work stood a bottle of fluid magnesia which, perhaps owing to the heat of the room, had undergone some chemical change; anyhow, without any sort of warning, the cork shot out with a loud pop that startled the belated watcher. It was heard to hit the ceiling and to fall near by; but the funny thing was that although two or three joined in the search for several minutes, it could not be found. Next morning the search was renewed, and at odd times subsequently, but invariably with the same result, and at length it was abandoned and forgotten. Probably a week or more afterwards whilst the family were at breakfast, and I was left to myself for a few minutes, the marvellous disappearance of the cork recurred to me, and at the same moment it flashed upon me where it might be found. Presently the nurse came into the room, and I said "Mrs. Brown, I will undertake to tell you in two guesses where you will find that cork." More than a little doubtful she accepted my challenge. On the wall immediately opposite my bed and exactly over the toilet table was a large framed illuminated motto, "Home, sweet home;" and just under it was a bracket on which stood a small clock. To secure the best effect of light, the picture was hung in the usual sloping position, the top projecting four or five inches from the wall. At my request Mrs. Brown placed a chair in front of the table and stood upon it, and I then suggested that she should draw the bottom of the picture a short distance from the wall. With delightful docility she followed my instructions, and the instant she moved the picture down fell the long lost cork! At my first guess I had solved the riddle! The cork had hit the ceiling and rebounding had fallen behind the picture: that was all, but this simple explanation had never occurred to those who had been engaged in the search. The effect the discovery produced on Mrs. Brown was ludicrous in the extreme. Still standing upon the chair she turned and looked at me with blank amazement stamped upon her countenance: she might have supposed that I was in league with the evil one. So amused was I at her bewilderment that, weak as I was, I burst into uncontrollable laughter which brought

several of the others running upstairs to see what was the matter.

Leaving these side issues, however, I should say that in God's good providence at length there were indications of returning health. It was the 9th of June, 1888, that I was smitten down ; about the middle of July I began to recover ; ten or eleven days later I had a relapse under which for a short time I was worse than before. From about the middle of August I began to improve again, and as almost always happens in such cases, returning strength was accompanied by irritability. But for this peculiarity being so well-known an attendant on the early stage of convalescence, I am sure I must have seemed inexcusably ungrateful to those about me. Very appropriately might I adopt the touching lines of Charles Lamb, written of a still more terrible affliction :—

> If from my lips some angry accents fell,
> Peevish complaint, or harsh reproof unkind,
> 'Twas but the error of a sickly mind
> And troubled thoughts, clouding the purer will,
> And waters clear of reason.

It was at this juncture—towards the end of August—when the crisis had passed, it became imperative that my devoted wife should have a little respite. After months of unspeakable anxiety and unwearying attendance upon her two children and myself, she was fairly worn out, and the only chance of averting a serious break-down was to entirely change her surroundings, if only for a few days. Fortunately our son Hedley's cottage at Trevallyn was available, and to it my wife withdrew, with some of the others. The altered conditions were doubtless beneficial, but they brought new experiences to myself which were very vividly revived by a book that subsequently came into my hands for review. Its title was "The Celibate's Wife." It told how, in his gallant efforts to save life from a burning building, a young man had been seriously injured, and was watched over with tender solicitude by a girl who truly loved him. When consciousness had returned and he was getting better, it was deemed prudent that she

should leave him at night, going to a friend's house at a short distance, and returning in the morning. The narrative thus proceeds :—

> "It is nine o'clock," said Angela, drawing in her breath.
> "So soon ? Then it must be Good night, darling—till to-morrow."
> "Good night, dear love."

—"So soon." Yes, that was just my feeling. Every day my sweet wife visited me, remaining until the last moment ; then came the "Good night—till to-morrow," and I felt alone. And yet I was not alone : Eva refused to leave our house until I, too, was able to go away. The others would gladly have stayed with me, but their wishes on the matter were overruled. But O, those daily partings ! They seemed so terrible—almost to portend the final one ; and how eagerly I anticipated my darling's return in the morning, and listened impatiently for the dear familiar footstep that told me she had come. Sometimes I listen even now for step and voice ; but ah, I shall never hear either again. Thank God, I am looking for the morning that shall never darken into night, on which evening shadows never fall, and farewells are unknown.

As I continued to get better, on 20th September we proceeded to George Town, but I was then so weak that I could not walk without assistance. We stayed at George Town nearly six weeks, from which I derived great benefit. Returning on 29th October we then began our preparations for a more extensive trip, but another ordeal awaited me. On the afternoon of our arrival my presence was requested in the office, and there I found all hands assembled to present me with a beautifully illuminated and framed address which I very highly prize as showing the happy relations that existed amongst us. It was as follows :—

> Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned employees in the various departments of your establishment, desire to convey our warmest congratulations upon your re-appearance amongst us after an absence of five months, and to express our heartfelt thankfulness that under the blessing of Divine Providence the trying and prolonged season of affliction with which not only yourself but the members of your family have been visited has now passed away. While your absence from public as well as business duties has been felt and regretted by the community generally, the loss of your

guiding influence, cheery presence, and kind encouraging words has been especially felt by us. We cannot express the anxiety with which during the crisis of your severe illness the daily bulletins were looked for; but we can assure you that the season of trial now happily passed has deepened and strengthened the feelings of loyalty and attachment that have so long existed towards you amongst the employees in every branch of your extensive establishment. We trust it may be long ere the tie that unites us is severed; and wishing to yourself and family all health, happiness, and prosperity, we remain, dear Sir, obediently yours.

The address was dated October 29, 1888, and was signed by seventy-four employees in the various departments. Eleven years later (3rd October, 1899), on retiring from the *Examiner*, my friends deemed it "a fitting occasion to mark their sense of the esteem and affection" in which they were good enough to say I was held. I may not repeat the terms in which they conveyed their gratifying appreciation of my public services, which I am sure their kindness greatly exaggerated, supplemented as it was by a very handsome *douceur*. I was simply overwhelmed, and had to obtain the assistance of a friend to finish reading my acknowledgment.

My wife and I left for Melbourne on 8th November, and we remained there until just before Christmas, visiting Geelong, Ballarat, Mount Macedon, and Queenscliff. I also accompanied the Superintendent of Waterworks on an inspection of the Yan Yean reservoir. We left Melbourne on 22nd December, and reached our home on the following day, both having received great benefit from the change. To a limited extent I was able to resume my office duties, but a very long time elapsed—fully three years—before I entirely recovered.

One very marked effect of that illness was to greatly modify my sentiments with regard to death. In common, I suppose, with most persons who usually enjoy a fair measure of health, I felt that there was much to make life desirable. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun." From an agnostic's point of view the thought of death must be humiliating and depressing. To know that this body, so fearfully and wonderfully made; endowed with marvellous powers;

capable of admiring, and to a limited extent understanding, the material universe; delighting in social intercourse; burning with anger, or thrilling with love—to know that it will be deprived of all these attributes in a moment and return to dust—that it will be silent and unconscious amidst the noise and bustle of the world; to be cut off from those we love—the thought of this, I say, is calculated to make the most light-hearted sad. But when to this is added the moral and spiritual aspect, with its innate conviction of wrong-doing and absolute ignorance of the state into which the liberated soul enters, the transition cannot be otherwise than one of unspeakable mystery and solemnity.

> Why shrinks the soul
> Back on herself, and startles at destruction?

It is not pleasant, therefore, to contemplate death, and it may be said broadly of all men that they strive to banish it from their thoughts as it affects themselves, though quite willing to urge it strongly upon the consideration of others; so true is it that

> All men think all men mortal but themselves.

It is a blessed fact that Christianity meets man in this dread uncertainty, and we hear the mighty and comforting words echoing through the ages—"I am the resurrection and the life. He that believeth in Me though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." It is natural to associate with death the idea of darkness, solitude, and sadness; and when personified, the figure is usually that of a grim and relentless spectre whose unresting scythe mows down all before it. But I am not sure that this is a correct representation. As age creeps on and insidiously undermines one's physical powers, pleasures that were enthralling lose their fascination; the world gradually relaxes its grasp; losses and disappointments thicken; friends depart, and somehow we get to feel that we would not care to live always. We weary of the incessant turmoil, and longing for rest we

FAMILY PICNIC, BEAMS'S FORD.

even welcome our visitor as a deliverer, and we paint him in brighter colors: he loses his sombre aspect, and smiles as only an angel can—a pitying messenger sent by the loving Father to call His children home. It was a rather pretty thought of George Frederick Watts,* the painter, that death approaches us just as the nurse comes to tired children and says—"Now, then, children, it is time to go to bed, and in the morning you will awake again to the sunshine." Instead of a ruthless destroyer, he is now a gentle reaper tenderly gathering opening flowers and ripening grain into the heavenly garner. I suppose that a feeling of this sort came to me as week after week I lay upon my bed with thoughts turned inwards upon themselves. Death was very near then, and perhaps that rendered him less affrighting and repulsive. I am aware that when at the worst I was unconscious, but it was when the mind began to resume its sway, and I gradually realised my true condition, that I felt composed. I was indeed hopeful that I should recover, but I think it was as much on account of those about me as for myself. What I wish to convey is that to a large extent death was disarmed of his terrors, enabling me to realise as I had never done before the meaning of the Apostle when he speaks of the deliverance of "them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." I am thankful that this feeling of freedom has continued ever since, and it has been greatly strengthened by subsequent events. Especially was this effect produced by the departure of my dear wife, which seemed to loosen the strongest fetter that bound me to earth. Of course the love of children and friends remains, and I value it very highly and reciprocate it very warmly. I still take a lively interest in the spiritual, social, and material evolution of humanity. Nevertheless I have come to regard myself in a peculiar sense as a mere sojourner—one whose work is practically completed, whose race is run, and yet who must wait with patience for the home call. I do indeed trust that this condition of repose and calm expectancy is the result of an abiding faith in our

* Watts died 1st July, 1904.

FAMILY GROUP, POIMENA, 1896.

divine Redeemer, since He alone can enable us to vanquish man's last enemy, and say—" O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? . . . Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

During the New Year's holidays of 1896 we had a complete family re-union. All our children were again at home—Mrs. Corrie from Brisbane, and Mrs. E. T. Fysh and Mrs. Stewart from Latrobe, staying at our house. We had several very pleasant gatherings, including a picnic on 6th February, at Beams's Ford, on the South Esk, about eight miles from Launceston. Our sons provided this outing, which was very much enjoyed. A good photograph was taken of the event, though rather small. It is reproduced here.

Before our married daughters returned to their homes, we had a family group photographed at our house, of which a copy, much reduced in size, is given. This picture is invested with greater interest because it contains the last portrait of my dear wife. Little did any of us think that the next occasion of our meeting would be to bid the loved mother a last farewell !

I must not omit to mention another expression of thoughtful love on the part of our dear children at this juncture. They presented us with an enlarged reproduction of the family group, beautifully framed, and with the following loving and appropriate address :—

To our Dear Father and Mother,
From their affectionate Children,
In commemoration of the happy gathering of our unbroken
Family band in February, 1896 ;
With fondest love, fervent gratitude, heartfelt hope for a
repetition of the re-union, and earnest prayer that though
this may not be on earth, we may all meet and
dwell at last, an undivided family,
with all we love, in our
Father's home on high.

February, 1896.

In the middle of 1890 my wife and I visited our daughter at Brisbane. This had long been in contemplation, and it was undertaken now in the hope that it would tend to establish my health. We left Launceston in the steamship

Elingamite on 2nd July direct for Sydney, whence we took another boat for Brisbane. Here we remained five weeks, leaving on our homeward journey about 16th August. Calling at Newcastle for a load of coal, we found that the long threatened maritime strike was imminent, and it actually commenced on 20th, the day after our arrival at Sydney. In consequence nearly all the intercolonial steamers were immediately laid up. After waiting something like a fortnight we were glad to secure a passage to Melbourne in the Messageries Maritimes Co.'s *Australien*, a very fine vessel. On reaching Melbourne we were not much better off. We were nearer home it is true, but it was quite uncertain when we should get there. After many disappointments we succeeded in securing accommodation on board the s.s. *Flinders*, which by great tact on the part of Captain Sharpe had been kept running throughout the whole of that trying period ; and we reached Launceston on 16th September, very thankful to get home again after an absence of two and a half months, and to find all our dear ones well.

In 1883 I had purchased the land at Mowbray which we named "Poimena" (aboriginal word for a little hill). I immediately fenced it and laid out a large portion as a garden, orchard, and shrubbery. Before leaving for Brisbane we had commenced to build, but in compliance with my wish very little was done whilst I was away. On our return, however, work was pushed on, and we were able to take possession of our new home in the end of May, 1891. We were greatly charmed with the house, its surroundings, and scenery—adjacent and distant. Next year was the jubilee of the *Examiner*, and the event was duly celebrated by a large gathering at Poimena. Fortunately the date, 12th of March—as it did on the first issue of the paper—fell on a Saturday, the most convenient day for the purpose, and in consequence I believe all hands were able to attend. A large marquee was erected on a part of the Regatta ground in which tables were set out, and a pastrycook provided the viands. After dinner various sports were indulged in until about five o'clock, when a bell was

rung for tea; after which, while the elders began to pack up, the younger ones resumed their games until dusk and parental authority gave the note for home. Before leaving, however, rounds of cheers were given for the *Examiner*, its proprietor, and family. With that day's *Examiner* I issued a Jubilee Supplement, consisting of a miniature *facsimile* of the first number of the paper which had been very beautifully produced in the office by photo-zincography. I have room here for only the first page as a specimen.

It may be mentioned that in March, 1894, the Congregational Union held its annual meeting in Launceston, and at the conclusion of the business the visiting delegates were entertained at luncheon by my wife, who eagerly seized every opportunity for the gratification of others. The steamer *Koonya* was engaged for an excursion to Rosevear's, and about half-past two o'clock she called off Poimena to pick up the party there. The steamer returned to the Wharf at six o'clock, the visitors being exceedingly pleased with the outing.

An important addition to the organisations for ameliorating the condition of the people was started in Launceston in 1883. On 24th November the Salvation Army, which is now represented in almost every country of the globe, opened a mission here, and ever since has energetically prosecuted its work. Somewhat quaintly adopting the structure and nomenclature of an ordinary military body, nothing could be more diverse than the methods it employs. The founder of the Army, General Booth, is a remarkable man. Consumed with a tender pity for the erring and friendless, he has devoted his life to their recovery and elevation, and he possesses to an extraordinary degree the rare art of infusing his own spirit and zeal into his followers. The good that the Salvation Army has accomplished cannot be shown in statistics, but "the day will declare it." During my Mayoralty it was my privilege to lay the foundation stone of the Launceston "Barracks," (28th June, 1885), the recognised designation of the building in which the "soldiers" meet for worship. May their ministry of love be increasingly blessed.

LAUNCESTON EXAMINER

COMMERCIAL AND AGRICULTURAL ADVERTISER.

VOL. I.—No. 1.] SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 12, 1842.

SHIPPING

For London.

THE fast-sailing barque NOORMUHUL, 300 tons, J. Stephenson, commander, having a great portion of her cargo now engaged, will be despatched as above. For freight or passage, apply to

EDDIE & CO.

N. B.—Application for passage to be made early, (or the cabin will be filled with wool,) to the captain on board, or to

EDDIE & CO.

March 8, 1842.

For London.

THE well-known first-class and fast-sailing ship HENRY, 420 tons, William Walmsly, commander, having the great part of her cargo engaged, will meet with quick despatch. For freight or passage, having superior accommodations, apply to

EDDIE & CO

March 8, 1842

For London.

With all Despatch

THE splendid new British-built ship AGOSTINA, A 1, burthen 400 tons, W. Perry, commander. The sailing qualities of this vessel are well-known. The greater part of her cargo is engaged; and as she takes no oil, it renders her very desirable for a wool cargo

For terms of freight or passage, having superior accommodations, apply to Henty and Co., Connolly and Co., or

J DOWS & CO

March 8, 1842.

For London.

THE fine fast-sailing barque EMU, W A Howard, commander, is now loading wool for the above port, and will be despatched about the 20th proximo. For freight and passage, early application is necessary, to Captain Howard, on board, Henty and Co., Connolly and Co., or to

WILLIS, KEOGH & CO.

March 8, 1842.

For London.

Will Have Prompt Despatch.

THE remarkably fast-sailing barque LADY EMMA, Thomas Buchland, commander A small quantity of wool only can be engaged for this vessel, and passengers desirous of despatch may insure it For freight or passage, apply to

JAMES RAVEN

March 8, 1842.

For Hobart Town.

THE schooner INDUSTRY, 100 tons burthen, shortly expected from Port Phillip, will commence loading for the above port, and will have quick despatch. For freight or passage, apply to

GEO. & FRED. FISHER, Agents.

March 8, 1842

For Portland Bay.

THE fine fast-sailing schooner WILLWATCH, 78 tons, J. Harding, commander, will positively leave the Queen's Wharf on Wednesday morning next, the 10th instant. For freight or passage, apply to

GEO. & FRED. FISHER, Agents.

March 8, 1842.

For Sydney.

To Sail positively on the 14th instant.

THE fast-sailing barque CECILIA, George Barrell, commander. For freight or passage, apply on board, or to

WILLIAMS, CAMPBELL, & CO

March 8, 1842.

For Melbourne.

To Sail on Saturday next, the 12th instant.

THE steam-ship CORSAIR, Wm. Bell, commander. For freight or passage, apply to

JAMES RAVEN, Agent.

March 8, 1842.

For Sydney.

THE fine fast-sailing schooner THOMAS CHISP, 150 tons, N. Beard, master, will sail immediately on the discharge of her inward cargo. For freight or passage, apply to

EDDIE & CO.

March 9, 1842

SALES BY AUCTION.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

By Mr. J. C. Underwood,

At Woodhall, near Perth, on WEDNESDAY, the 30th March, at 12 o'clock,

THE following VALUABLE STOCK, &c., the property of Mr Thomas Wedge, who is quitting the Farm,

400 to 500 good sheep
90 head of cattle, consisting of cows, calves, heifers, and working bullocks, in good condition
40 to 50 store pigs
4 first-rate draught horses
A thorough-bred entire colt, 2 yrs. old
Advertiser, a good saddle horse
Blackbeard, a good saddle horse, has been driven as a tandem leader, and in the shafts
A filly, three years old, broken to harness
Several horses, fit for breaking
About 130 tons of the best oaten hay, which can remain, to suit the convenience of purchaser
Farming implements, consisting of ploughs, harrows, carts, drays, and rollers
An excellent four-horse waggon, nearly new
A good English-built boat, with sails, &c.

TERMS:—Under £25, cash; £25 to £50, three months; £50 to £100, four months; above £100, four and six months' credit, on approved endorsed bills

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION

By Mr. J. C. Underwood,

Under the Insolvency of Silas Pearse, of Campbell Town, Butcher, by order of the Assignee, on the Premises, Campbell Town, on FRIDAY, the 18th instant, at two o'clock,

ALL the STOCK-IN-TRADE and UTENSILS, for carrying on the business of a Butcher and Tallow Chandler.

About 4½ acres of potatoes, growing on the allotment at Campbell Town, one horse, one cow, ten pigs, cart and harness, wheelbarrow, and sundries.

ALSO,—

The right, title, and interest of a valuable allotment of ground, situate at Campbell Town, containing about ten acres, with a building partially erected thereon, and other improvements This allotment is subject to a lien of £20.

TERMS:—Under £25, cash; three months' credit on all purchases above £25, on approved endorsed bills.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

By Mr. J. C. Underwood,

At Mr. Cain's Yards, Campbell Town, on THURSDAY, the 17th March, at 12 o'clock, without reserve, and without limit,

THE following valuable and highly-bred STOCK:—

1000 highly-improved breeding ewes
1200 ditto ewe and wether lambs
450 prime fat wethers
30 merino rams
20 head of prime cattle, consisting of cows, calves, and heifers
12 pair of working bullocks
1 mare and foal
1 filly
1 pair of horses, fit for carriage, cart, or saddle
30 pigs
Carriage and harness
7 dreys and cases for horses and bullocks
1 excellent winnowing machine
6 ploughs, 1 roller, 3 pair of harrows, bows, yokes, and chains, and other farming implements.

ALSO,—

About 400 bushels of wheat in the straw
12 tons of hay in stack
1 wool screw, press, &c.

TERMS:—Under £25, cash; £25 and under £100, three months; £100, three and four months, above £100, three and six months (the six months' bills to bear three months' bank interest, on approved endorsed bills.

Mr. Underwood pledges himself that the stock, &c., *shall* be produced, and begs to assure his friends and the public that he was so party to the disappointment already mentioned.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

By Mr. J. C. Underwood,

Under the Insolvency of George Kingsbury, of Ross, by order of the assignee, on the Premises, at Ross, on THURSDAY, the 16th instant, at 12 o'clock,

ALL the STOCK-IN-TRADE, Household Furniture, and Effects, together with the Lease of the Premises, lately occupied by the Insolvent, situate at Ross

The stock consists of mill-stones and all the requisites for carrying on the Tannery.

Household furniture, of the usual description; and at the same time all insolvent's right, title, and interest to the lease of the premises for four years unexpired, from the 29th day of June now next ensuing.

The premises are well-known as Kingsbury Tannery, and are suitable for carrying on the business with advantage.

TERMS—Under £25, cash; £25 and upwards, three months' credit, on approved endorsed bills

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

By Mr. J. C. Underwood,

At the Yards of Mr. Britton Jones, Franklin Village, on TUESDAY, the 15th March, 1842, at 12 o'clock,

SIX HUNDRED fine-woolled two-tooth EWES

575 ditto wethers
225 ewes, four, six, and eight-toothed
10 Nigerian rams, from Circular Head
1 bay cob mare, broken in to double and single harness, and an excellent roadster
1 handsome grey cob mare, broken in to harness, and will carry a lady
1 handsome two-year-old colt, by Sightbee, out of a Viscount mare
8 working bullocks, in good order
1 bullock, 22 feet in the hatcher
10 milch cows, chiefly polled, in calf, and in excellent order, some fit for the hatcher.

TERMS—All sums under £25, cash; £25 to £100, three months; above £100, three and four months' credit, on approved endorsed bills.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION

By Mr. J. C. Underwood,

By order of the permanent assignee of Mr. Henry Black, insolvent, on the premises at Campbell Town, on THURSDAY, the 17th inst., at two o'clock,

THE LEASE of the PREMISES, of which upwards of five years are unexpired.

The lease of a township allotment, of 10 acres, of which upwards of two years are unexpired.

The lease of 18 acres of land.

Chains, tables, scales, weights, baking utensils, &c., &c.

Also, a stack of wheat.

Further particulars may be had of Chas. Mackenzie, Esq., Campbell Town.

Terms will be made known at the time of sale

Valuable Building Allotments, situate at George Town, and Five Shares in the Tamar Steam Navigation Company.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

By Mr. George Eddie,

At his rooms in Cameron-street, on TUESDAY, the 22nd instant, the sale to commence at two o'clock precisely, by order of the assignee under the insolvency of G. T Wilson,

ALL the insolvent's right, title, and interest in the undermentioned ALLOTMENTS, &c.; viz.—

LOT 1.

An allotment of ground, situate in George Town, bounded in front by Sorrell-street 92 links, on one side by ground belonging to Captain James 228 links, on the other side by ground and premises formerly belonging to Dr John Smith 208 links, and at the back in part by ground belonging to ——— 107 links, and in part by ground belonging to Mrs. Lette 26 links, be the same more or less

LOT 2.

Ditto ditto with a weather-boarded house erected thereon, containing five rooms; bounded in the front by Sorrell-street 120 links, on one side by ground formerly belonging to Emanuel Griffin, 320 links; on the other side by ground formerly belonging to Samuel Langham, 320 links, and at the back by a line parallel with No. 1

LOT 3.

Ditto, ditto, ditto, bounded on the front by Sorrell-street 108 links, on one side by ground belonging to Davis, 307 links; on the other side to part by an allotment formerly belonging to Dr. Smith, and on other part by an allotment formerly belonging to Emanuel Griffin, 312 links, and at the back in part by ground belonging to Freestone 104 links, be the same more or less.

LOT 4.

Ditto, ditto, in Friend-street, containing 72 rods (be the same more or less), with a weather-boarded house, containing two rooms.

The titles to the above will be exhibited at the time of sale.

LOT 5.

A very valuable allotment of ground, situated in George Town, and bounded as follows:—On the south-east by 181 links south-westerly, along other land, and known as the Waterloo Tavern, on the south-west by 326 links north-westerly, on the north-west by 166 links north-easterly to Sorrell-street, and on the north-east by 291 links south-easterly along Sorrell-street.

Title—A grant from the Crown.

This property has the advantage of a street running along the side line from Sorrell-street to the Square. As property in George Town is every day increasing in value, and as it is not likely to be much resorted to by the fashionable world as a place of recreation, and from the facility afforded to visitors by the constant running of the new steam-boat, whereby every comfort and luxury may be obtained at prices as cheap as at Launceston, the auctioneer particularly invites gentlemen to this sale, as they will have an opportunity of securing for themselves a marine residence, which for advantage of situation cannot be surpassed.

ALSO,—

Five £20 shares in the Tamar Steam Navigation Company.

The steam-boat being now constantly running from George Town to Launceston, it is quite needless to point out the advantages to be derived from becoming a purchaser of shares in this Company, which must very shortly bear a very large premium.

TERMS—A deposit of £20 per cent. on the day of sale, and the remainder of the purchase money by approved endorsed bills at three months' date, with a lien on the property.

Purchasers to pay their own conveyancers.

TO BE SOLD BY PUBLIC AUCTION,

By Mr. J. W. Bell,

At the Store of Mr. John Craig, at Longford, on WEDNESDAY, the 16th March next, commencing at 12 o'clock,

THE whole of the STOCK-IN-TRADE, (he intending to enter into another line of business), consisting of pewter, cabooses, slops of all descriptions, cutlery, glass, earthenware, groceries, a cask of superior negro-head tobacco, 20 boxes soap, several new and second-hand watches and time pieces, pictures, bed and table linen, a few articles of furniture, and numerous other articles of miscellaneous property.

The whole of this property will be sold without the least reserve, and the terms will be—All sums under £20, cash; from £20 to £40, three months; and above £40, three and six months' credit, by approved negotiable bills.

TO LET, an excellent RUN of 1250 acres, for cattle or sheep; it has river frontage on the Meander and Western Creek, with an unlimited run of Government land. Rent moderate Apply to

P. FOOTE, *Cataract, Deloraine*

March 5, 1842.

TO LEND on Mortgage, a SUM of £1,000, and another of £500, at 12½ per cent, and other sums, on such terms as may be agreed on.

Particulars can be learnt on application to Messrs. Glendow & Henty. Letters to be post-free

Launceston, March 6, 1842

JUST LANDING and on sale at the store of the undersigned—

20 quarter-casks superior pale sherry
20 quarter-casks of Woodhouse's fine Marsala

J. DOWS & CO.

March 9, 1842

FACSIMILE FIRST PAGE OF FIRST NUMBER "LAUNCESTON EXAMINER."

CHAPTER XXII

My wife's illness and death—"My Quiet Moments Note-book"—my wife's birthday—Providential leadings—what *might* have been—a dream—birthday salutation—Patterdale re-visited—religious privileges—Sunday school work—Bible class—deacon—member of Northern Committee Congregational Union—secretary—chairman of Union—attend triennial meeting at Melbourne—Christ Church erected—earth tremors—retirement and death of Rev. W. Law—succeeded by Rev. Mearns Massie, and he by Rev. S. J. Baker—Rev. James Chalmers—visits Launceston—death of Mrs. Chalmers—massacre of Mr. Chalmers.

We had lived in the Paterson-street house nearly twenty-eight years, and the contrast presented by our new surroundings at Poimena was very marked. Now we had a spacious and convenient house, extensive garden, and prospects on all sides unsurpassed. Under such conditions one could scarcely ask if life was worth living. Fruits, flowers, birds, insects, charming scenery, proclaimed that here, at least, it was good to live. But

> There is no flock however watched and tended
> But one dead lamb is there:
> There is no fireside howsoe'er defended
> But has one vacant chair.

And so it was with us. Things went on happily until towards the close of 1897, when a terrible calamity descended, overwhelming us all with sorrow, and extinguishing the light of my life. Whilst weeding a flower border on 22nd October, my wife took cold which developed into angina. She daily became worse, and I telegraphed for our daughters at Brisbane and Latrobe, who quickly came, so that all her children were about her at the last.

At a very early stage of her illness my wife had a presentiment that it would terminate fatally; but though her human love clung tenderly to those about her, it was

comforting to note her sweet composure and entire submission to her Heavenly Father's will. There was no misgiving as to herself. Her attachment to Christ was too firm to be dimmed by the slightest doubt, but she thought of the grief of those she would leave behind. On the afternoon of 17th November we had gathered around the bed in an agony of fearful expectancy, and I was holding one of the dear hands that had never known what it was to be idle, when she suddenly opened her eyes for two or three seconds and gazed fixedly into mine. O, the intensity of that mute appeal! Never can I forget it. It was the tenderness and devotion of a lifetime focussed in a look! Or might it not be that the departing spirit, ere it quite forsook its earthly tenement, catching a glimpse of the heavenly state, and overwhelmed by the insufferable splendor, was just able to impress its rapt amazement upon the closing eyes of sense as on expanding wings it passed into the ineffable effulgence? For the full meaning of that thrilling moment I must wait "until the day breaks and the shadows flee away." That was the end. At 2 p.m. the weary heart ceased to perform its function, and all was still. The spirit had returned to God who gave it.

So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

More than four years subsequently to this sad event, writing to my daughter Lilian, I enquired if she could remember any of her mother's last words. She wrote in reply:—"One morning, quite early, while I was sitting near her, I heard her say, 'So sorry—so sorry.' So I took her hand and asked her what she was sorry for; and she gasped very slowly and with a pause after each word—'I was almost there; I could see the white throne, and I have come back again: I am so sorry.'" On reading this to my daughter Maude, she said that one morning (she thought it was the day on which she died) her mother said she had been dreaming that she was in heaven, and she was disappointed when she found it was only a dream. Probably

this was the occasion spoken of by Lilian, and the incident seems to confirm the suggestion that my dear wife's piercing gaze, mentioned above, was caused by the sudden unfolding of the ecstatic glories of the heavenly state.

The death of my precious wife fell as a stunning blow upon the entire household. For myself, I was paralysed: it seemed impossible to realise that we should never hear or see again upon earth the voice and form we all so fondly loved. Never before did those lines of Young come to me with such deep meaning—

> when such friends part
> 'Tis the survivor dies.

Though more than ten years have passed since the dark shadow fell, the terrible blank still remains. My wife had often expressed a hope that she might not survive me, and her desire was fulfilled. Even now at times I can hardly realise that the cherished companion of nearly fifty years will never more be seen upon earth. But memory alleviates even this great bitterness. The heart is a shrine in which the precious image is retained, and will yield it up only when "death is swallowed up in victory." In the silent midnight hours I sometimes wonder if the spirit of my darling wife is hovering near,—if in any measure she is conscious of my deep sorrow and eager anticipation of meeting her again. Can she be among "the forms of the departed" who at that quiet, contemplative season are supposed to visit us again?

> And with them the Being Beauteous
> Who unto my youth was given,
> More than all things else to love me,
> And is now a saint in heaven.
>
> With a slow and noiseless footstep
> Comes that messenger divine,
> Takes the vacant chair beside me,
> Lays her gentle hand in mine.
>
> And she sits and gazes at me
> With those deep and tender eyes,
> Like the stars, so still and saint-like,
> Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
  Is the spirit's voiceless prayer;
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
  Breathing from those lips of air.

Oh, though oft depressed and lonely,
  All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
  Such as these have lived and died.

The intelligence of my dear wife's death cast a gloom over the whole community, so widely was she known and so universally beloved. Letters and telegrams of sympathy came from all parts of Tasmania and from friends in Australia and New Zealand. For all these expressions of kindness we felt the deepest gratitude. The funeral took place on Friday, 19th of November, and was very largely attended, and we were overwhelmed with the tokens of affection and respect that came to us.

With the loss of my dear wife, and other troubles that quickly followed, my existence seemed to suddenly collapse, and as far as active work was concerned I felt that my race was run. Yet it was not for me to say when or how my labors should cease. Then I prayed very earnestly, as I do still, for resignation to my Heavenly Father's will, remembering that

They also serve who only stand and wait.

For the last fifteen or sixteen years I have kept what I call "My Quiet Moments Note-book." At first it was limited to a weekly record of church matters—ministers who had preached at Christ Church, their texts, and whatever might be special in connection with any of the services. After my dear wife's death, however, I had recourse to it more frequently, committing to its keeping many of the thoughts suggested by that great sorrow. For a long time I frequently dreamt of my wife, and the dreams were so realistic and pathetic that I made a practice of recording them, and their re-perusal is invariably a source of pleasure. It is not to be expected that they would produce the same effect upon general readers, yet I crave permission to

submit two or three of these entries which I venture to think may be not altogether unacceptable. The selections are made in the order of time :—

May 24, 1902.—This is another of my dear wife's birthdays, and this morning I laid an offering of flowers upon her resting place. Whilst arranging them I thought of years gone by. Yes, it is something like fifty-five or fifty-six years since I became specially interested in this date. It was very soon after I had been apprenticed that I was attracted by the maidenly charms of Emma Glover, at last coming to regard her as my sweetheart, and proud to think that my feelings towards her were reciprocated. How I watched for any opportunity of seeing her, and was transported if I was rewarded with a furtive glance of pleased recognition. This went on for months with perhaps no one else being the wiser ; but the growing passion on both sides could not be concealed indefinitely, and when once suspected our secret soon stood revealed. At first I had to submit to a slight amount of teasing because of the youth of my sweetheart ; but it must be remembered that I was little more than a boy myself ; besides, the disparity which might seem amusing at eighteen and thirteen respectively, would disappear when four or five years had been added to each. Nevertheless my heart went out to her as if by irresistible affinity ; and O what reason I have since had to thank God that it was so. It was the opening of a fountain of undreamt-of joys that flowed on with ever-accumulating volume and sweetness through all the succeeding years. And though the stream has stayed, its memories are with me still. I live over again in quiet meditation the blissful days of our early and maturer love. Dear Emma, as I write, your portrait smiles down upon me from under its wreath of *immortelles* with all your old unspeakable tenderness ! . . . How wonderful are God's methods of dealing with men. What seeming trifles and apparently unrelated events sometimes exert upon our lives influences of the most important and enduring character. I often think of this in connection with my own experience. Old Mr. Glover left England in 1831 to settle in Tasmania. Two years later, my father and mother came here, leaving me in England in the care of my mother's relations. One of Mr. Glover's sons married soon after his arrival, and in 1834 a baby girl was born near Hobart, and shortly afterwards, with its parents, went to reside with its grandfather at the Nile. In 1837 I arrived in this colony with my father's sisters who had conducted a school in England, and pursued the same avocation here. In due course that baby girl became a boarder at my aunts' school, and thus we formed an acquaintance with each other that intensified with time until it was consummated in wedlock. In these simple and apparently promiscuous incidents we see the Providential chain emerge in the northern hemisphere, and stretching across thousands of miles of ocean it encircles and binds together two young hearts who, at birth, were separated by half the circumference of the globe, and humanly speaking, without there being the faintest probability that they would ever know each other. Yet day by day the life pattern of each was working out, and step by step, all unconsciously to themselves, they were drawing closer together, until at length a union was effected which

thenceforward proved the greatest blessing that can be enjoyed upon earth, and I trust that to some extent it has been a source of blessing to others. Surely "this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes."

August 14, 1902.—This *might* have been our Golden Wedding-day. Dear Emma and I had often looked forward to it as our pilgrimage advanced, and wondered if we should be permitted to welcome it together. But our Heavenly Father had ordered it otherwise, and He knows best. O how I miss the dear familiar face, the sympathetic voice, and the heart and hands that were always busy with their ministries of love; and the blank must continue to the end. If I cannot celebrate a Golden Wedding, I thank God for Golden Memories—that I can recall many bright spots in the days long past. This morning I placed a garland of orange blossoms over the dear portrait that hangs in the breakfast room, and it reminded me of the bridal wreath that lent its ineffectual aid to heighten the charms of my young and beautiful wife as hand in hand and heart with heart we pledged each to the other our love and help as long as life should last. O, it was a delicious moment! and its memory remains green and fragrant even now. How exultant we were at the consummation of our idyllic courtship that had then existed for more than five years, and which continued to develop for over forty-five years longer. I fear I was too delirious with joy and excitement to adequately thank—had that been possible—those who had bestowed upon me such a priceless treasure. And then we left the parental home—father, mother, sisters, brothers—and floated out upon the ocean of life. We were not dismayed at its inevitable storms and billows. The unknown dangers of the way lost all their terrors to us because we were to encounter them together. And though the troubles we met were neither few nor light, God's grace and our mutual love enabled us to triumph over all. Thus we journeyed on for more than forty-five years, each one as it passed binding us still more closely, until that dark Wednesday (17th Nov. 1897), when the material link was severed, but leaving the spiritual union unharmed. But O, how I long for its full fruition.

"When shall the day, dear Lord, appear
That I shall mount to dwell above?"

I spent a portion of this forenoon at the spot where the remains of my darling repose, and tried to realise that she was with me. I am sure she was, though these limited mortal senses were oblivious to the fact, and very tenderly would she regard the floral tributes we laid upon her sleeping place. Last night I dreamt of my sweet wife. For weeks past, in anticipation of this day, she had filled my thoughts incessantly. It seemed that we had unexpectedly met after a long separation, and we were in an ecstacy of delight. I lavished upon her all the words of endearment that I could command, and then became abruptly silent because my store was exhausted; and with silence, the vision vanished. Alas, so it is always!

March 22, 1905.—This is my birthday: I have now entered upon my seventy-seventh year. How much reason I have for gratitude for

the retention of physical powers and mental faculties, though I do find that the former are appreciably diminishing. On the recurrence of this anniversary on previous occasions I have mourned the absence of a loved one's greetings that were as certain and as cheering as the sunlight, but I do believe the long silence was broken to-day! Early this morning, before it was properly light, I heard a voice from my bedroom door distinctly wishing me "many happy returns of the day." It was a familiar voice, and I gratefully responded. I thought it was Maude's, and at breakfast I thanked her, but to my surprise she assured me that she had not called out the salutation, nor had Eva. Then it flashed upon me that the voice had come from beyond the veil, and I was glad to think that I had acknowledged the loving message. No, it was not a dream: it was too real for that. I knew my darling would not forget her "dear old man," but it was very delightful to hear her voice again, even though only for a moment. O, the rapture that awaits our approaching meeting! It was unspeakable bliss when I returned from Macquarie Harbor, after an absence of seven weeks, to have her tender welcome, and to mingle our expressions of ardent love and gratitude; but in the meeting *that is to come*, the joy will not only be unspeakable,—it will be inconceivable, and better still, it will be everlasting! I also received loving congratulations from our dear children at home, at Brisbane, and Latrobe, from dear little Erl, and from other friends. God bless them all, and fit us for re-union beyond the reach of change and death.

PATTERDALE REVISITED

The following is an extract from my Note-book written at the time:—

March 24, 1900.—To-day we had a family picnic to Patterdale and Greenwood. We started from Poimena about 7.30 a.m., and from our rendezvous in York-street at 8 a.m. I had long cherished a very strong desire to visit once more a locality around which centred so many hallowed associations; and I wished our children to accompany me. As none of them (except Eva when an infant) had ever seen the early home of their dear mother, I felt that they would take a special interest in the trip. We drove along the Clarendon road, by way of Bryant's Lane, through Deddington up to the Patterdale homestead which I found greatly altered. Dear Emma and I had visited the old place eighteen years previously, and were then much saddened at the desolation that everywhere prevailed. But neglect and decay had played further havoc. A settlement in the back part of the large house had rendered necessary the removal of the stonework of the upper storey, and it had been replaced with wood. But though thus lightened, continuous neglect had produced other lesions of a serious character: one end wall of the lower storey had bulged out to a dangerous extent, floor joists had rotted, ceilings had fallen, and in many parts the walls had been sodden with rain water. Evidently the house had long been abandoned as a habitation except for rats, and at the time of our visit the room in best state of preservation

RIVER NILE.

had been turned into a store for forty or fifty bushels of wheat which had been emptied out on the floor. All the doors, window sashes, and architraves were of cedar, as was customary in early days, and the stairs of blackwood had always been kept in a high though dangerous state of polish with beeswax and turpentine. Now, where not actually broken, the stairs were covered with the accumulated cobwebs and dirt of I know not how many years. And what a kitchen compared with that I had known during the life of Mrs. Glover, sen! Flagged with freestone, it was then always scrupulously clean, and after the old English custom the floor was sprinkled with sand. The dresser and tables of deal were beautifully white; and the walls were decorated with various utensils of tin, brass, and copper, all of which were bright as mirrors. I specially remember a copper warming-pan for beds, which however useful in England, had probably rarely, if ever, been needed in Tasmania. Poor old lady! it would have grieved her beyond expression could she have foreseen what her kitchen would become. As for the cottage in which Mr. Henry Glover and his family had lived, that had been entirely demolished: not a vestige remained to mark the spot; and the same had happened to a large wooden building between the two dwelling houses that had been erected for old Mr. Glover's paintings, and was known as the "Exhibition Room." All the original outbuildings, unused and untended, had fallen into a forlorn condition, and the general appearance of the entire homestead was that of pitiable decay that was most distressing to myself who had known it under very different circumstances. There was one exception to the otherwise universal desolation. There was a comparatively new and large shearing shed—another indication that sheep were supreme.

Having had our luncheon, and leaving the horses to feed and rest, with instructions to the driver to follow us later, we started to walk across several paddocks in the direction of a small cluster of buildings about two miles distant, which I took to be Greenwood. In this I was correct; but how altered! The little farm was occupied by a Mr. Dacres, whose wife kindly gave me permission to look over the place, and offered to make us tea, but this we gratefully declined. Except for its relative position I should never have recognised Greenwood. The house had been enlarged by the addition of a room at either end; a verandah had been erected across the front; a rough building, which originally was used as a detached kitchen, had been extended; the barn and stable I had known had been removed to the opposite side of the homestead, and other sheds of various kinds had been erected. A wide area of what was bush land had been cleared and cultivated; the combined effect of all these changes being to render the place quite unrecognisable. We had taken a photo of the old Patterdale house, and I intended to take one of Greenwood, but having seen it I declined to do so, the alterations mentioned having robbed it of its former interest.

Leaving Greenwood we went up the road to the ford (no longer used as such) across the Nile at Marathon, and here Stanley got a photo of a pretty reach of the river, with two of Lillie's boys amusing themselves amongst the boulders. Dear old Nile! cool, crystal, sparkling stream: I love it for itself, but still more for its associations; so kneeling down on its pebbly bed, I took a deep and probably a last draught of its unequalled

water. Just as we had finished the photo the drag came for us, and all having got on board, we started about 4 p.m. for town. We reached the turn-off on to the Lymington road a little before five; here, as we had done in the morning, we had tea and rested the horses—a woman who lived close by very kindly letting us have a kettle of boiling water. I suppose it was something like six o'clock when we resumed our homeward journey, which was concluded, as before stated, shortly after eight o'clock.

Well, this long-wished for pilgrimage is over, and probably will never be repeated. I did yearn to visit once again in the flesh a locality endeared by many pleasant memories. How often my darling Emma and I had roamed about the bush, or wandered along the river banks, or ridden together to the little chapel, and after the service ridden home again, there to indulge a few delicious hours of young love's ecstacy. The hills around, and the pellucid river, and the tributary brooklets are the same. Almost exactly as they are now, were they when my darling's eyes rested upon them day after day until the time that, leaving the parental home, she confided herself to my keeping. Even now every spot that she gazed upon or touched with her feet to me possesses a charm that is almost sacred. *Then*, everything was instinct with light and love: *now*, all is dark and silent. The one sweet soul that animated the whole is absent.

> "So find I every pleasant spot
> In which we two were wont to meet,
> The field, the chamber, and the street,
> For all is dark where thou art not."

But I must stop.

I have mentioned the favorable religious conditions under which my life opened and developed, and which I now confess with humility and sorrow have borne so little fruit. But "He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust." I have said that my father was Superintendent of the Tamar-street Sunday School, and my brothers and I used to go with him, as we continued to do when he became Superintendent of the school connected with the Frederick-street Church which had been formed under Mr. West. From the position of scholar I advanced in due time to that of teacher, holding it for several years—indeed until my own children claimed all the attention the comparative leisure of the Sabbath enabled me to give them: even whilst I was a teacher some of them accompanied me to the school. As time went on these became scholars and teachers, and then I resumed work as a teacher, taking charge of a Bible class for lads ranging from thirteen

or fourteen years to eighteen or twenty. Our average attendance was ten or a dozen, and our afternoon meetings were pleasant and I hope profitable. Many years after I had ceased to conduct the class I occasionally received letters or messages from former members in grateful recognition of benefits then received which were of a lasting character, for which I thank God devoutly. Curiously enough, only a few days after writing this I received (on 19th December, 1900) a letter from Rev. A. E. West, a member of my old class, in which he says :—" I am sure it will cheer you when I state that I consider your kindly interest in me and your helpful instruction in the old vestry have contributed not a little to my office to-day as a humble messenger of our Lord and Master." Yes, I do rejoice, and I thank God for every occasion on which He has been graciously pleased to smile on any poor effort I have made to obey His command and promote His glory. It is delightfully true that " He that goeth forth (even) weeping bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Mr. West is pastor of a Congregational Church in Queensland. When I took office as Mayor, I was compelled to give up this very congenial task, as the exacting labors of six days needed all the repose I could command on the seventh, and my place being filled by another, I did not again revert to it; when we removed to Poimena of course it was out of the question.

In the middle of 1851 I became a member of St. John Square Church under the pastorate of Rev. J. West, and subsequently a deacon with the Rev. W. Law (about 1870), a position I still occupy, as also that of Church Secretary, assisted by a junior deacon. In 1862 I became a member of the Northern Committee of the Congregational Union of Tasmania, and in 1866 I was elected its secretary, the duties of which office I discharged for thirty years, retiring in 1896. The constitution of the Union having been altered in 1904, the Northern Committee was discontinued. In 1893 I was elected Chairman of the Union, the only layman who had occupied that post of honor. In March of that

year Lord Gormanston was appointed Governor of Tasmania in succession to Sir Robert Hamilton. He arrived at Hobart on 8th August, and took up the duties of his office immediately. It was decided by the Executive Committee of the Union to present an address of welcome to his Excellency, which was done on 10th, I journeying to Hobart

THE AUTHOR, 1903.

specially for that purpose. The deputation consisted of myself as Chairman; Rev. J. W. Simmons, Secretary; Mr. J. E. Salier, Treasurer; and four other members of the Executive. Of course I read and presented the address, and after the customary formalities had been observed, his Excellency entered into a pleasant chat with the deputation. In March, 1904, I was again elected Chairman of the Union

for the following year; and in October I attended as a representative of Tasmania the triennial meeting of the Australasian Congregational Union which was held in Melbourne. I was unable to attend a similar meeting at Sydney, in 1907.

With the growth of the town St. John Square Chapel, as it was called, was found to be inconveniently small. In 1858 it was enlarged by being lengthened and having side galleries attached in addition to the original one across the northern end, at a cost of over £1200. It was opened on 28th February of that year, Rev. R. Fletcher, of St. Kilda, preaching morning and evening. On the following Monday evening there was a large tea meeting, presided over by Mr. Thomas Fulton, of Melbourne. A year later (18th February, 1859) Mr. Fulton was killed by an accident. In July, 1859, a meeting was held to celebrate the gratifying fact that the cost of the alterations to the chapel had been entirely liquidated. Still it was not satisfactory, and a new church began to be talked about. By degrees these desultory thoughts crystallised into concrete acts, and a new building was decided on. The foundation stone was laid by the Rev. W. Law on 8th March, 1883, and it was opened as Christ Church on 20th October, 1885. The building and land cost about £9000, and it is practically free from debt. It is one of the finest churches in the Commonwealth, and will comfortably seat 1000 persons. In the interval between these dates Mr. and Mrs. Law paid a short visit to England, and during their absence Australia generally, including Tasmania, was for several months subjected to a great many earth tremors more or less severe, but none of them doing any serious damage. In April, 1902, Mr. Law resigned the pastorate of Christ Church after forty-eight years of devoted service to the church and to the community. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mearns Massie who had recently retired from a Congregational Church at Honolulu. Mr. Law died on 19th May, 1907, and a commemorative marble tablet, similar to the one erected to the memory of the Rev. John West, the first pastor of the church, has been placed over the eastern

door of the church. Mr. Massie resigned at the close of 1907, to take up an important educational position in the Friendly Islands, but which he had to relinquish immediately in consequence of severe illness. He was succeeded at Christ Church by the Rev. Sidney J. Baker (February, 1908), formerly of New Zealand.

REV. JAMES CHALMERS

Who has not heard of James Chalmers, the intrepid and lovable martyr missionary of New Guinea ?

About the middle of 1890 he and Mrs. Chalmers left New Guinea for a few months to recruit their health. They visited Rarotonga, Samoa, the Australian Colonies, and New Zealand, returning to Port Moresby to resume work in May, 1891. In the course of his tour he came to Tasmania, arriving in Launceston on Thursday, 16th April. On the following Sunday morning, 19th April, he preached in the Tamar-street Church, and in the evening at Christ Church, giving a missionary address to Sunday Schools in the latter Church in the afternoon. On Monday evening he preached in the Memorial Church, and on Tuesday evening he delivered an address on New Guinea in the Mechanics' Institute. On Wednesday morning, 22nd April, a farewell prayer meeting was held in the Memorial Church, and he and his wife left by the s.s. *Coogee* the same afternoon for Melbourne. Whilst in Tasmania Mr. Chalmers was very energetic in soliciting contributions towards procuring a steam launch for the Fly River Mission, and he collected £90 for that object. During their brief stay in Launceston Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers spent an evening with us in Paterson-street, and in this way an intimacy sprang up between my wife and Mrs. Chalmers which was continued by correspondence. On the death of my wife I communicated the sad intelligence to Mrs. Chalmers, and received in reply from her husband a very tender, sympathetic letter, which I still retain and highly prize. He said :—" How deeply we sympathise with you both. She, your beloved one, has

entered within the veil, and knows Him whom she loved so blessedly that our sympathy is great with her, for we want to know what she knows. With you, brother, we weep, for the voice, the hand, the look, is not, and you feel

REV. J. AND MRS. CHALMERS.

as if lost. I remember it well *—the something wanted I could not have, so moving, ever moving, stretching out, ever hoping, but nothing was, and I felt alone—all alone, to

* The first Mrs. Chalmers died of consumption on 20th February, 1879, at Sydney, whither she had gone for medical treatment.

look to the Great Father and realise Him near. Well, brother, I sympathise from a heart that knows. She whom you have lost I remember well. Her bright cheerful face was an inspiration. God be with you in Christ more richly than ever is our earnest prayer."

Mrs. Chalmers died at Daru, New Guinea, on 25th October, 1900, and on hearing of this I wrote to Mr. Chalmers, but very soon after he met a martyr's death. He and the Rev. Oliver C. Tomkins had gone to the island of Goaribari for the purpose of placing teachers there, and landing on 8th April, 1901, both were cruelly massacred by the savages and eaten. This terrible event sent a thrill of deepest sorrow throughout Christendom. The brave and loving Chalmers survived his wife not quite six months. The loss of his wife was a heavy blow to him, but she was mercifully taken from the evil to come. What a shock it would have been to her to have heard of her husband's tragic death! Early in 1903 it was reported that the skull of Mr. Chalmers had been recovered and interred in the grave of his wife.

The accompanying excellent portraits were taken at Sydney about the middle of 1891, when Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers were returning to New Guinea, and they sent us a copy.

CHAPTER XXIII

Sovereigns and their representatives under whom I have lived—Australasian Federation and of the British Empire—pioneers.

And now let me say just a few words in reference to the Sovereigns and their representatives under whom I have lived.

Having been born in 1829, my career commenced in the reign of George IV., who died on 25th June, 1830. He was succeeded by "the sailor king" William IV., who died on 20th June, 1837, after a brief reign of barely seven years. Queen Victoria ascended the throne, as I have already mentioned, on 20th June, 1837, just as I was bidding farewell to my native land; and now (1900) after sixty-three years she is still Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, the Dominion of Canada, the Commonwealth of Australasia, United Africa, a score or so of other Colonies, and Empress of India. She sways her beneficent sceptre over a wider terrestrial empire than the sun ever shone on before. "Regions Cæsar never knew" yield loving submission to her rule. If it shall seem good to Him, may God grant her still many years of happiness and prosperity, and when at last she has to lay down her earthly crown, may it be in exchange for one that is "incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

When I arrived in Tasmania in November, 1837, Sir John Franklin was Governor, he having reached the island on 6th of preceding January. He held office until 21st August, 1843, when he was succeeded by Sir J. E. Eardley-Wilmot, who was unjustly recalled on a calumnious and false rumor in October, 1846, and died at Hobart of a broken heart on 3rd February following. His tomb is

to be seen in the old St. David's Cemetery which has long been closed. Mr. C. J. La Trobe, Superintendent of the Province of Port Phillip, was directed to cross the Strait and supplant Wilmot as Administrator from October 13, and he acted in that capacity not quite four months: he came via Launceston, and I saw him land at the Wharf. Sir William T. Denison arrived as Governor on 25th January, 1847, and remained all through the anti-transportation struggle which he vainly endeavored to stifle. Sir Henry E. Fox Young arrived on 8th January, 1855. He was succeeded on 10th December, 1861, by Col. Sir T. Gore Browne, until 30th December, 1868. Then there was a brief interregnum of a fortnight, during which Lieut.-Col. W. C. Trevor was Administrator. On 15th January, 1869, Sir Charles Du Cane arrived as Governor, and held office until 28th November, 1874, when the Chief Justice, Sir Francis Smith, became Administrator. On 13th January, 1875, Sir F. A. Weld assumed office as Governor until 5th April, 1880. Sir F. Smith again became Administrator until 21st October, when he was succeeded by Lieut.-General Sir J. H. Lefroy, also as Administrator until 7th December, 1881. On the latter date Major Sir George C. Strachan arrived as Governor, and continued in office until 28th October, 1886. In January of this year, having completed my term as Mayor, I was glad to take a few days' quiet holiday, and proceeded by a small coasting steamer to Stanley. It so happened that I had his Excellency and Aide-de-camp for fellow travellers. After Sir G. Strachan left, Acting-Chief Justice W. R. Giblin was Administrator until 18th November, when he was succeeded by Sir W. L. Dobson, the Chief Justice, who had then returned from England. This arrangement continued until 11th March, 1887. On that date Sir Robert G. C. Hamilton arrived as Governor until 30th November, 1892, when Sir W. L. Dobson again became Administrator. On 8th August, 1893, Viscount Gormanston arrived as Governor, and his term of office expired on 8th August, 1900. Lord Gormanston left Launceston in the s.s. *Pateena* on 7th August *en route* for the old country. His Excellency

exceeded the usual term of office by two years, having discharged the duties for seven years. He was succeeded as Administrator by Chief Justice Sir J. S. Dodds, who still holds that distinguished position (December, 1900). The Chief Justice had previously acted in the same capacity during the temporary absence of Lord Gormanston on a visit to the old country.

There are two other prominent subjects that it would be unpardonable to altogether ignore, because they are likely to exercise a very important influence on the future of these southern lands. I have been permitted to see the Federation of the Australasian Colonies, and a very wide step taken in the direction of the Federation of the British Empire. The first event was foreshadowed fifty years ago as something desirable and even remotely probable; but like the earliest streak of dawn it gradually spread, increasing in brightness until, reaching the zenith, it shed down its golden beams in noontide glory. It would be unwise to expect that progress will always be rapid, uninterrupted, and joyous. All human experience reproves such an unreasonable hope. Opinions will differ in the future as in the past; mistakes will occur, it may be inflicting wrong and hindering the onward march. But such vicissitudes, though they may retard, will not prove permanent obstructions. The spread of education and the growing realisation of the interdependence of all sections of mankind, will gradually tone down asperities and prejudices that now produce separation and bitterness. What the evolution of a new Southern Anglo-Saxon Nation may mean to this hemisphere and the world, God alone knows. If its counsels are ordered in wisdom and righteousness, and its people are loyal to truth and goodness, its influence can be only beneficent. That it may be so should be the prayer and effort of every individual of the associated group.

And then as to the Federation of the British Empire in some form which shall weld its several elements into closer and more practical relationship, who can doubt that, difficult as may be the task, it will eventually be

accomplished? The splendid magnanimity, patriotism, and heroism which prompted Canada, India, New Zealand, and Australasia to send their gallant sons to South Africa to uphold the dear old flag which is the emblem of liberty and justice, will never be satisfied until the existing bonds of sentiment are rendered absolutely inseparable by recognised identity of national privileges and responsibilities. It was an event unique in the history of the world, and I thank God that I have lived to see our contingents leave our shores to defend the common interests of our Sovereign, and to see most of them return flushed with victory, praised by the Commander-in-Chief, and rewarded by the acclamations of their fellow-colonists.

As I write these last paragraphs (December 8, 1900) we are welcoming with gratitude and deserved honor our gallant contingent just home from South Africa; and we are preparing to celebrate on a magnificent scale the inauguration of the Australasian Commonwealth on 1st January next, the first day of the New Century.

Amidst our mutual gratulations, however, let us not forget what we owe to the pioneers of these Australasian States. What I said in 1892, at the jubilee of the Launceston Mechanics' Institute, when speaking of the founders of that body, applies to a wider circle of early colonists.

> They were men of large hearts, wide views, strong faith, resolute wills; men who were not easily discouraged or turned aside from the path they had carefully marked out for themselves. I am glad to recall the names of some of them, and the lofty motives that inspired them all. The present generation is little conscious of the vast obligations it is under to those sturdy pioneers whose enterprise, industry, perseverance, courage, integrity, and unquenchable love of liberty and justice, laid the foundation, broad and deep, of those political, social, intellectual, and religious privileges which we now enjoy. May I be permitted to add, that if these advantages are duly prized, and the efforts of those who did so much to secure them are rightly appreciated, there will be an eagerness to sustain in their utmost vigor institutions that have been so dearly won, and to pass them on to coming ages with added lustre and greater usefulness. For never let it be forgotten that

> "The riches of the Commonwealth
> Are free strong minds and hearts of health;
> And more to her than gold or grain,
> The cunning hand and cultured brain."

CHAPTER XXIV

FIRST SHIP IN THE TAMAR DIRECT FROM ENGLAND *

THE late Mr. William Effingham Lawrence came to Tasmania in 1823. Mr. Lawrence was a merchant carrying on an extensive trade with North America, having a house in London, Liverpool, and New York. Failing health compelling him to seek a more genial climate, he relinquished business and determined to proceed to New South Wales or Tasmania. With this object in view he purchased a large cutter named the *Lord Liverpool*, of 71 tons burthen, which he loaded with merchandise likely to be valuable in a new country, such as ironmongery, furniture, agricultural implements, and mechanics' tools. The vessel was commanded by Captain George Coulson, who afterwards became a pilot on the river Tamar, and still later a settler on the east bank, about ten miles down, which still bears his name. The crew consisted of Samuel Budge, mate; four seamen—J. W. Bell, afterwards an auctioneer in Launceston (father of the late W. T. Bell, of Bell & Westbrook); John Jacobs, who entered the service of the Van Diemen's Land Company as a pilot in the vicinity of Circular Head and Woolnorth, and whose name is still perpetuated by a boat harbor near Table Cape; James Raiker, and Andrew Taylor—of the last two nothing has since been heard. There was also the carpenter, named William Carpenter, who was subsequently killed by the blacks whilst kangarooing on Dick Sydes's Plains, beyond the Third Basin. As passengers there were Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence and two children; Charles Roberts, a black-

* *Examiner*, 18th April, 1885.

smith; and two apprentices, Effingham Prest and his cousin, James Stone.

The *Lord Liverpool* sailed from England on 16th May, 1822, and after knocking about for over two months, she put in at Rio on 19th July for provisions and water. It was a novelty to see so small a vessel at so great a distance from home; and in those days, when to mention the word "pirate" was sufficient to awaken the most intense alarm, and to suggest thoughts of cold-blooded murder, or at the very least of walking the plank, it is hardly surprising that the appearance of this smart little vessel should awaken suspicion. About a fortnight before making Rio, a Spanish galleon was met, homeward bound, which evidently took the cutter for a predatory rover, and, thinking discretion the better part of valor, she altered her course, and made all sail to get out of the way. And the day before entering Rio, the American schooner *Salem*, hailing from the port of that name, was met; she was also of the same opinion, for she had her decks cleared and her guns run out ready for an engagement, if necessary. Fortunately, matters were not so bad as they appeared, and when the schooner came close enough to speak, she learned what the stranger was, and desired to be reported.

At Rio Mr. Lawrence stayed four months, and would probably have remained there altogether, as the climate seemed to agree with him, but for the civil war which was then raging. Brazil had revolted from Portugal, and during his stay at Rio the crown of the rebellious province was offered to Dom Pedro, son of Dom Juan, the reigning King of Portugal. At the same time the Portuguese stormed Bahia, but were repulsed by the people, and the prisoners taken there were carried to Rio, and were constantly to be seen being ferried across the bay. It was reported that some of the disaffected Portuguese in that city had formed a conspiracy for the purpose of seizing the cutter, and in consequence all the arms were got in readiness, and the vessel was moved under the guns of a British frigate then in the harbor—the *Creole*, Commodore Sir Thomas Hardy, the faithful friend of Nelson, who attended the latter in his

last moments at the battle of Trafalgar. It is probable that no such design as that of taking the cutter ever existed amongst any of the Portuguese, but if it did no attempt was made to put it in execution; but whilst the cutter was lying in that position the Prime Minister went on board to visit Mr. Lawrence. He was accompanied by an English friar as an interpreter, and when he saw the display of muskets and cutlasses, and learned what they had been prepared for, his merriment knew no bounds.

The *Lord Liverpool* left Rio early in November, 1822, Mr. Lawrence's intention being to touch at Tristan d'Acunha, but the island was passed dangerously close in a fog. An attempt was then made to call at the island of St. Paul's for a supply of fresh water, but bad weather preventing a landing, the cutter bore up for Tasmania. Very soon after, early on the morning of the 25th December, before it was light, during a good breeze, the jib was split, and Mr. Bell went out on the bowsprit to clear it, and whilst he was so engaged the vessel made a plunge into a sea, and he was washed off. Fortunately he fell into the bight of the sail, and was thus prevented from being washed away. When daylight came a brig was seen dismasted, and a large convict ship was also in sight that had lost her main and fore topgallant masts and jibboom. Neither of these vessels, however, needed any assistance that the cutter could give, and the latter held on her course, arriving at George Town on 10th February, 1823, and the convict ship arrived at Hobart the day after. The land first seen was Cape Northumberland, then the north end of King Island, next Wilson's Promontory, then the Tamar. The latter was passed in the early dawn, there being no lighthouse to indicate the entrance. The vessel had proceeded as far as Barranjoic, or Tenth Island, six or seven miles to the east of the heads, but by that time it was broad day, and the signals could be seen made from a flagstaff where the lighthouse now stands. As the wind was from the N.W., the vessel had to beat back, and when about two miles from the heads a pilot came off, but he was doubtful of the stranger, and kept at a respectful distance for some little time

to reconnoitre. His suspicions were excited from the fact that a short time previously some prisoners had seized a vessel at Hobart and made their escape ; but after scanning the cutter closely he arrived at the conclusion that she was not of colonial build, and at length he ventured alongside, went on board, and produced his certificate of competency from the Trinity Board of London. That pilot was John Thomas, who was then and long after known as Long Tom, which name was given to a point a little below George Town, and which it still bears.

When the *Lord Liverpool* entered the Tamar she brought up in Kelso Bay, but next day she was ordered into George Town Cove, for fear of being attacked by bushrangers, particularly one named Job. At that time George Town was the headquarters on the northern side, and Lieutenant Kenworthy was stationed there as engineer and port officer. The bushranger Job was subsequently captured in a boat in a fog, but he managed to escape. He was, however, again captured, and hanged at Launceston with five others. This unfortunate man's rope broke, and he was taken on to the drop a second time. A few months before the cutter's arrival six men had been hanged at George Town ; the rope of one, named M'Cracken, broke, but the military officer in charge would not allow him to be again taken up, and instead he was sent to the Coal River station. The cutter lay at George Town six weeks, during which time Mr. Lawrence had proceeded to Hobart to apply for land. At the time the estate of Formosa, on the Lake River, was granted to him ; also thirty acres on the western suburb of Launceston, extending from the Tamar along the foot of the Cataract Hill to Balfour-street, the eastern boundary being somewhere in a line with the present Margaret-street. The latter block he fenced in, and planted two acres of it as a vineyard, but the inhabitants, thinking it an encroachment on their rights, petitioned Lieut.-Governor Sorell on the subject, and the land was resumed by the Crown, a larger piece on the Windmill Hill being given in exchange, which to this day is known as Lawrence's Paddock (Hampden).

Mr. Lawrence having resolved to remain in this colony, and having completed his business in Hobart, returned to Launceston and ordered the cutter to come up the river, which was effected in four and a half hours, to the astonishment of all the inhabitants, which eight years later numbered only 2500 souls. This was the first vessel direct from England that had ever come up the Tamar!

It is interesting to note the few settlers scattered along the banks of the river in those early days. The first occupied land was that of Captain Townson, on the west side, now known as Briant's Bay. The opposite side, known as Point Effingham, or Jackass Point, was the property of Mr. W. H. Brown (nicknamed Rattletrap Brown), but the only improvement effected was the erection of a hut, which was occupied by two prisoner servants. The next farm, so called, was that of Mr. Basson, on the west side of Long Reach; then, after a gap of some fifteen miles, came Mr. Gildas's, now Blackwall; then W. Lucas's, at Pleasant Hills. Next came Michael Fitzgerald's, on the east bank at Dilston; followed by Landfall, owned by Captain G. W. Barnard. The next farm was on the west side, that of Mr. Jonathan Griffiths, Green Hills, now Danbury Park; the next that of Mr. James Lucas, now Cormiston. Still higher on the east side was the farm of Captain Payne, now Allanvale; this was succeeded by three or four small farms near to town. All beside, from Launceston northward to the sea, some forty-five miles, was primeval forest.

The earliest settlement on the northern side of the island was at York Town, up the West Arm. This was soon abandoned for George Town, which remained headquarters for some little time, Colonel Cimitiere, of the 48th Regiment, being Commandant. He was succeeded by Colonel Cameron, of the 3rd Regiment, or Buffs, and during his time the settlement was removed to Launceston. Colonel Balfour, of the 40th Regiment, was the next Commandant, and he was succeeded by Major Abbott, previously Judge-Advocate, and Major Ryan (the latter during my time), of the 21st North British Fusiliers. For several years minor offences

were disposed of by the Judge-Advocate, but all capital crimes had to be tried at Sydney, whither prisoners and witnesses had to be sent. In 1824, however, a Supreme Court was established in Tasmania, and the late Sir John Lewes Pedder was the first Chief Justice.

The road to George Town was marked off by a party of twelve prisoners under the direction of the pilot Long Tom, whose nautical duties were not of such a nature as to always require his attendance at the heads. Whilst George Town was headquarters a considerable detachment of soldiers was located there to guard the prisoners. The flour required for the settlement was produced by a windmill erected on the point opposite Garden Island, and which still retains the name, though the mill has disappeared for nearly fifty years. It was pulled down on the abandonment of George Town, and was rebuilt at the northern extremity of Margaret-street, but was not long continued. Another windmill, Mr. Robert Waddingham's, was erected on the hill which thence took its name.

At the early period to which reference has been made, Launceston had no wharf of any kind. Where the present line of wharf is, from Tamar-street to Charles-street, was a swamp, and planks had to be laid from the bank to the crafts, which were principally engaged in carrying wheat to Sydney. At the foot of Tamar-street Mr. James Reibey had a store, whence a causeway of stones led to low water mark, communication between the two sides of the river being effected by a punt. The ferryman, John Daniells, afterwards kept the Ferry-house Hotel, after the Tamar-street bridge had been constructed by the late Mr. John Griffiths. The first successful newspaper published in Launceston was started by John Pascoe Fawkner in a house adjoining the old Cornwall Hotel of which he was proprietor. The Government Hospital of that time was built of wood in Cimitiere-street, the military barracks being where (old) Trinity Church stood. When new barracks were erected, forming the present Invalid Depot, the old building was converted into a penitentiary, and the hospital into a blacksmith's shop, and it continued to be used as such until the

works were transferred to the Lumber Yard, the western portion of the Invalid Depot grounds. Where the old landing waiters' office and Bethel Chapel used to stand was a mere swamp like that now on the opposite side of the Esk ; but there was a hut there for the accommodation of the Government boats' crews, with a small dock for the boats. The first brick houses in Launceston were the Cornwall Hotel and a cottage in Cameron-street opposite Edginton & Co.'s store, but which was demolished a short time back. This was built by Mr. Joseph Bonney, Government storekeeper, part of it being occupied by Mr. John Sinclair. Captain Banby's town residence was a cottage at the back of the Bank of Australasia (Cameron-street), next to the house of the Commissariat officer, Mr. Thomas Archer.

Such are a few of the antiquities of Launceston, as supplied by old residents now passed away.

CHAPTER XXV

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: LAUNCESTON THEN AND NOW *

WITH the year now opening before us, this Launceston of the southern hemisphere may be regarded as completing its first centenary.

Lieutenant-Colonel Paterson, sent by Governor King to establish a settlement at Port Dalrymple, arrived (his second visit) in H.M.S. *Porpoise*, on November 6, 1805. As was natural, he constructed a temporary camp on the pretty little inlet near the Tamar heads, which afterwards was known as George Town Cove. He then crossed over the river to West Arm, when the generally favorable appearance of the country, and especially an abundant supply of fresh water, decided him to make his headquarters there. Immediately he commenced to clear land for buildings and cultivation, and in two or three weeks his preparations were sufficiently advanced to permit the transfer of men and materials to the new site, which he named York Town.

From this basis Paterson made exploring excursions on the Tamar, gradually extending his investigations until the highest point was reached at the junction of the two rivers subsequently known as the North and South Esks.† The country here delighted him, and he described it to Viscount Castlereagh as "the most superior tract of arable and grazing country I have witnessed." But Paterson was not impulsive. Satisfied that the soil was superior to any

* *Examiner*, 2nd January, 1905.

† These combined streams form the Tamar, so named by Paterson as a compliment to Governor King. (*Paterson's Journal*, 28th November, 1804.) The Tamar is a noble river, navigable a distance of forty miles by ships of four thousand tons.

to be found on the banks of the Tamar, he determined to cultivate it to the utmost of his power, and to await developments. So successful were his efforts in this direction that in a very brief period he was able to report the district as "the principal agricultural settlement," and he named it Launceston, after the native place in England of Governor King. This was in 1806, but the settlement at West Arm had not been given up. The two places appear to have been carried on simultaneously, though the natural advantages of the remoter one caused it to advance more rapidly than the other.

On the departure of Paterson to Sydney, in December, 1808, he was succeeded in the command at Port Dalrymple by Lieutenant J. Brabyn, who immediately proceeded to Launceston to see how matters were progressing there. It is evident, therefore, that at that time York Town had not entirely surrendered its claim to at least a share of the *prestige* attaching to headquarters; nor, indeed, had it done so three years later, when Lieut.-Colonel Macquarie visited Tasmania. The Governor was accompanied by his wife, and both were delighted with the natural beauty of the "Outer Cove" (afterwards George Town) and its environments. The deficiency of water had been Paterson's principal objection to forming a permanent settlement at this spot, but in the course of Mrs. Macquarie's explorations she is credited with having discovered the spring of fresh water that issues from the sandy rise a short distance from the north-eastern corner of Regent Square, and following the depression crosses the Heads road on its way to the river. The locality always had a charm for Macquarie, nor could he forget it in his official despatches, in one of which he speaks of it as "that enchanting situation of which an adequate description cannot be given." Writing to Earl Bathurst, under date November 17, 1812 (a year after his visit), he asks permission, for what he had already done, "to remove the chief settlement of Port Dalrymple thither without further delay, the inhabitants themselves being most anxious to do so. The few public buildings at Launceston are of no real value, being in a most ruinous decayed state at present,

so that the expense of removing the chief settlement from there would not be considerable." He goes on to say that, anticipating his lordship's approval, he had marked out the ground for a town which he had named George Town, in honor of his Majesty. The necessary buildings were erected —barracks for soldiers and prisoners, hospital, houses for civil and military officers, storehouse and granary—and the transfer was effected, and Launceston's rising star suffered an unexpected occultation. It was only temporary, however. The fertile lands by which it was surrounded were a richer dowry than even viceregal patronage, and poor depreciated Launceston still forged ahead until 1824, the year that Sir George Arthur assumed the administration of the government, when it was once more, and now finally, declared to be the headquarters on the northern side of the island. It is probable that the transfer was not completed in one act, but was a gradual operation as convenience permitted. Even up to 1837 and later the Port Officer, Lieutenant Matthew Curling Friend, R.N., resided at George Town, and in the discharge of his duties used to cruise up and down the river in his own yacht, manned by convicts, as at that time was inevitable. Some years later portions of the walls of the Commissariat store, near to the present pier, were in evidence ; whilst the large two-storey building in Cimitiere-street, that subsequently was partially occupied as a Police-office, was not entirely demolished until 1889. The original Government Cottage, built of brick, at the corner of Cimitiere and Ann streets, is in a tolerable state of preservation to-day. The Government Cottage at Launceston, a weatherboard structure, as was suited to a locality so obscure, has long since disappeared, and its site is occupied by a Russian cannon—a trophy from the siege of Sebastopol.

It is amusing at this distance of time, and with our more exact knowledge of localities, to read Macquarie's opinion of Launceston, as expressed in a despatch to Earl Bathurst, dated November 17, 1812. He says :—" The situation of the chief settlement, or town, at Port Dalrymple was most injudiciously chosen, the town of Launceston being situ-

ated in a low marshy flat, surrounded by high hills, and wholly destitute of fresh water, which the inhabitants have to bring down a considerable distance in boats from one of the fresh-water rivers in the neighborhood, which is attended with great trouble, inconvenience, expense, and loss of time, and of which the inhabitants complain most bitterly!" And then with equal truthfulness he fulminates against the Tamar, "at the head of which stands the town of Launceston, 40 miles distant from the sea of Bass Strait. The intricacy and danger of the navigation of this river consequently prevent merchant and trading vessels, with some very few exceptions, from attempting it to supply the inhabitants with such articles of merchandise and necessary comforts as their wants require, and which they complain of as a severe privation!" Probably this statement made by the Governor, as absurd as it was untrue, laid the foundation for the misleading and mischievous notions that so long prevailed with regard to our splendid river, and that are now estimated at their proper value.

At the commencement of 1808 the European population of Port Dalyrmple "settlement" was made up as follows:—Civil—Lieutenant-Governor, surgeon, and assistant-surgeon, two superintendents, two storekeepers, two women, three children (about two years). Military—One lieutenant, two ensigns, four sergeants, two corporals, two drummers, 51 rank and file, 12 wives, three children of ten years, twelve above two years, seven under two years. Settlers and free people—Three men, twelve women. Emancipated—One man, one woman. Prisoners—130 men, five women, one child of ten years, two above two years, four under two. Total, 242.

To-day the city of Launceston, with its suburbs, contains a population of 22,000 souls; it has an assessment roll of £160,000 annual value; a municipal revenue of £40,000 per annum; it has sixty miles of streets, of which forty are wholly or partly formed and metalled; the city is abundantly supplied with water, gas, and electric light, and is interwoven with telegraph and telephone wires; its com-

bined imports and exports represent the respectable sum of about £2,000,000, whilst the Customs duties collected amount to £160,000; its Marine Board revenue is £15,000; the ships entered inwards and outwards during the last twelve months numbered 1211, measuring 800,506 tons; the river is admirably beaconed and lighted throughout its entire length; steamers of 3000 tons come up to the wharf, and others of 7000 tons berth at Beauty Point; besides which, Launceston is the focus of the railway and telegraph systems of the State, and the chief connecting link of communication with the Commonwealth; moreover, Tasmania is united by submarine cable with the telegraphic throb of the world. Such changes do the passing years produce! The heads of the municipal and harbor services under whose auspices Launceston has reached its present commanding position were the following:—

MAYORS

Years.
1853–6. William Stammers Button.
1857–61. Henry Dowling.
1862. John Fawns.
1863 and 1869. William Hart.
1864. Abraham Barrett.
1865–6, 1880–82. Adye Douglas.
1867–8. John Scott.
1870. Alexander Webster.
1871–2, 1875–7, 1883. Alfred Harrap.
1873–4. John Murphy.
1878–9. William Turner.
1884. Landon Fairthorne.
1885. Henry Button.

Years.
1886. Peter Barrett.
1887. Robert Carter.
1888. Bernard P. Farrelly.
1889. David Scott.
1890–2 and 1898. Samuel J. Sutton.
1893. Henry Jennings Dean.
1894. Robert H. Price.
1895. Walter H. Ferrall.
1896. Peter M'Crackan.
1897. Robert J. Sadler.
1899 and 1900. E. H. Panton.
1901–2. Frederick K. Fairthorne.
1903. David Storrer.
1904–5. James William Pepper.

MASTER WARDENS

1858–61 and 1880–83. George Gilmore.
1862–77. Richard Green.
1878–9 and 1884–5. Alfred Harrap.
1886, 1890–1, 1895–7. Richard J. M'Kenzie.
1887–9. Robert J. Sadler.
1892–4, 1898–9. Robert Carter.
1900–1. George Cragg.
1902–3. Lindsay Tulloch.
1904–5. Alexander Evans.

It should be stated that municipal government was

conferred upon Hobart and Launceston in 1853, and the first Marine Boards were formed in 1857.

Scarcely had twenty-five years elapsed since Paterson made his experimental entry at Port Dalrymple, ere some of Launceston's most enterprising sons crossed Bass Strait and engaged in extensive pastoral pursuits, and so laid the foundation of Melbourne. The discovery of gold in 1851 precipitated the dependent nursling into a youthful giant, fully equipped with self-confidence, and more than a little willing to forget her humble origin! With such results following the settlement of the first one hundred years—we might almost say within the last fifty years—it would need a prophet endowed with a far deeper insight into futurity than was Lachlan Macquarie to predicate the possible developments of the coming century! What they will be, however, depends very largely on the people themselves.

CHAPTER XXVI

Bushrangers at Braemar—Britton's party—Brady and Jeffries—Cash, Kavanagh, and Jones—Jeffs and Conway—Priest—Rocky Whelan—Dido and King—John Quigley.

In the course of these notes incidental allusion has been made, as was inevitable, to bushrangers who more or less infested the colony from its foundation as a penal settlement. Before closing it may be well to give a few details in regard to some of the desperadoes who kept the colonists—especially country residents—in terror for various periods.*

One night a party of bushrangers visited the homestead of Mr. Lamont at Braemar, about two miles from Launceston, the occupants being Mr. and Mrs. Lamont, two little daughters, and a prisoner cook. There was a knock at the door, and to the enquiry who was there, the reply was "a friend." Unsatisfied, Mr. Lamont said, "If you are a friend you would say who you are." One of the party then said they were bushrangers and demanded instant admission. This was refused, and Mr. Lamont immediately extinguished all lights, took off his boots, procured his gun, and opened all the inside doors so that he could pass from one room to another unheard. The gang continued their demands for admission, accompanied by threats to fire the premises, but they were restrained from doing this by the fear that the light would expose them more certainly to shots from within. Finding that threats were

* During two years ending with 1826 one hundred and three persons suffered death. . . . At one sitting of the court thirty-seven persons were sentenced to death ; and of these twenty-three were executed in the course of a fortnight, nine suffering together, and fourteen others on two days closely following.—West's *History*, p. 206.

useless, they protested that they intended no harm: they were starving, but if permitted to enter the kitchen to get some food they would leave without further molestation. On receiving this assurance Mr. Lamont admitted them, having first secured the door leading from the kitchen to the house. They then ordered the cook to prepare them supper, which they devoured voraciously, meanwhile discussing future movements. After finishing their repast the gang departed, taking all the provisions they could lay their hands on—indeed more than they could carry away, for some of the "swag" was abandoned not far from the house.

BRITTON'S PARTY

Among the most notorious of the outlaws who terrorised the early colonists was the party of Britton, Beaven, Brown, and Jeffkins. Britton and a fellow prisoner named Smith had been engaged in smuggling, and in an affray with the coastguard one of the latter was knocked overboard, and would have been drowned had not Britton, at considerable personal risk, saved him. The smugglers were captured and sentenced to death, but on account of Britton's gallantry the sentence was commuted to transportation for life. He and Smith were sent to this island, and on arrival Smith joined the police; Britton was assigned to Mr. Walker, of Vron, and then to Mr. Barnes, at the brewery, and afterwards on the farm at Trevallyn, whence he absconded. Beaven was a native of New South Wales, from which he was transported for life for horse stealing. He was attached to the Cataract Hill gang, and was employed in getting stone for the wall around the Launceston Gaol. From this gang he absconded, probably in collusion with Britton, as they immediately united, and commenced a series of depredations on both banks of the Tamar, starting their lawless career with the murder of Mr. Bartlett and his man at the Supply River Mill. Another convict named Hall volunteered to capture or kill the gang, and his offer having been accepted he joined the bushrangers

on 15th October, 1832, just when they were contemplating a raid on Marr's public-house, on the Sandhill. Britton and Jeffkins went to reconnoitre, leaving Beaven and Hall to watch the Westbury road. Standing close together, Hall watched his opportunity, and placing his gun at the back of Beaven's head, fired, and nearly blew off half his skull. Hall hastened into Launceston with the intelligence, and a party of police was despatched to the spot, by whom the body of Beaven was taken to the public-house where an inquest was held, and a verdict of justifiable homicide returned. Britton and Jeffkins, probably alarmed by the report of Hall's gun, made off, and they were immediately joined by Brown, another absconder from Trevallyn. From that time for something like two and a half years these desperadoes kept the northern part of the island in a painful state of alarm, their movements being carefully planned and rapidly executed. The breaking up of the gang occurred in January, 1835. The principal facts were as follows :—

About four o'clock in the morning of 1st January, Pilot Cordell, stationed at the Tamar heads, saw three men on the Kelso beach. After waiting about fifteen minutes, as if expecting something, they retired into the scrub, from which they emerged several hours later with guns. At first they were supposed to be excursionists or hunters, but their subsequent procedure led to the belief that they were bushrangers. Information was given at George Town, and next day a party of four constables started in pursuit. Proceeding along the beach they came upon the footprints of the three men, and they were about to enter the boobyalla scrub, when Britton stepped out and challenged them. Recognising amongst the constables a shipmate named Smith (his former smuggling companion), Britton exclaimed, "You —— dog, it's you and me for it." A kind of duel ensued, and after several shots had been fired Britton dropped on one leg badly wounded. Two of the pursuers having met with accidents —one losing the flint from his gun, and another falling and dislocating a wrist—it was thought better to return

to George Town for reinforcements. Next day a party of eight constables started in pursuit. The bushrangers struck through the bush over Badger Head to reach Port Sorell, where they hoped to capture a small vessel, the *William and Anne*, employed in conveying lime to Launceston. To cross Port Sorell they made a catamaran on which they loaded their clothes and food, and started to tow it by swimming. The catamaran capsized, however, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they recovered their guns and a little powder by Jeffkins diving. Britton's leg became very bad, and he had to be left hiding in the boobyalla scrub while his mates went in search of food. Several days elapsed, but on 1st February Jeffkins and Brown, in sorry plight, turned up at a lime burners' hut at Port Sorell. They had no shoes, but had pieces of blanket and leather tied about their feet. Brown had a grey jacket drawn on instead of trousers, and Jeffkins had blankets sewn up around him. Each had a ragged shirt, but no other clothing, and they appeared weak and scarcely able to stand. Both were armed with double-barrel guns. They tied up two men found in the hut. An old man also in the hut they did not tie, but ordered him to get them something to eat, saying that they had not had anything for five days except a parrot and a cockatoo, and were three days without water. They remained all night at the hut, one keeping watch while the other slept. Next morning they were up before daylight, and ordered the old man to bake them a damper, and then started for a bark strippers' hut about a mile away, taking the lime burners with them; what followed was thus told by one of the latter:—"Brown asked the man at the hut where his comrades were, and as we were turning round we saw three constables coming over the hill at a short distance. Brown ran towards them, immediately levelled his piece, and fired. I saw a man fall. He then fired the other barrel. Directly afterwards I saw a gun fired by one of the constables, and Brown fell. Jeffkins ran up and said, 'Get up, you cowardly ——, and come on.' Brown said he could not. Jeffkins rested his gun

against a tree and fired. He cried to the party to 'Come on, there's enough of you to eat me.' He presented his gun and fired a second time, and soon after I saw him fall. . . . After the firing I went up to the constables and found the one who was shot, named Smith, still living, but he died soon afterwards. Jeffkins died after the constable: both were shot through the head. Brown was wounded in the body, and his left arm was crushed by the shot; he also died after removal to George Town."

In his dying statement Brown said Britton had been left in a very low condition, and he did not believe he could be alive; certain it is nothing more was heard of him. A party that went in search reported that the track of a naked foot had been traced down the eastern bank of the Mersey, the left foot having the appearance of being bandaged up in some covering; the right foot was perfect. Some years afterwards a pannikin was found in a small clear spot surrounded by boobyallas on the Pardoe beach; and not far distant, at a still later period, the rusty remains of a gun were discovered amongst the sand and scrub. Both articles were supposed to have been relics of the wounded Britton, and to have indicated his fate.

BRADY AND JEFFRIES

Brady, M'Cabe, and five other prisoners absconded from Macquarie Harbor in June, 1824, in a whale-boat. They reached the Derwent and landed in some part of the Clarence district, where all but the two named were captured and executed. Brady and M'Cabe continued to range the island for seven months, plundering in all directions. Mr. J. H. Wedge, whilst surveying in the Lake country, was robbed by them; and they were next heard of near the river Tamar. At the request of Governor Arthur Mr. Wedge formed a party to scour the Lake country, which having done, and fallen in with a similar party under Mr. Theodore Bartley, they descended the mountains into the Norfolk Plains district, afterwards

proceeding down the west bank of the Tamar and examining the forests between the Supply and Meander rivers, right on to the Mersey. Nothing was seen or heard of the outlaws, which is not to be wondered at, seeing that they were then in the southern and eastern parts of the island, where they were joined by seven or eight other absconders. Mounted and well armed, they scoured the country, spreading consternation amongst the settlers. One of their most daring and impudent exploits was their attack on the establishment of Mr. Cruttenden, near Sorell, who with his servants they made prisoners. Mr. Cruttenden they threatened to tie up and flog in consequence of some spite they had against him, but he escaped that indignity. Mr. Cruttenden was expecting Mr. Bethune and other friends from Hobart to dine with him. On their arrival they were received by Brady and his comrades, and politely shown into the house, when they discovered that they were in the hands of bushrangers, by whom they were kept prisoners, with the whole establishment, until the evening. When it was getting dusk the party, numbering eighteen, were marched into the township of Sorell, proceeding directly to the gaol, where they found some soldiers cleaning their muskets, whom they also secured, and the whole were locked up in the cells. Afterwards they captured Captain Glover, a resident of the township, and imprisoned him with the other captives. Lieut. William Gunn, who had been in charge of the soldiers, was spending the evening with a friend not far from the gaol, and hearing of what had occurred, bravely went to the rescue of the imprisoned. On his approach he was fired upon, a ball striking his right arm just above the elbow, rendering amputation necessary. After dark the bushrangers departed, leaving their prisoners securely locked up in the gaol.

Brady and his party now turned their steps northwards, and their next notable escapade was an attack on the residence of Mr. Dry, at Elphin, a south-eastern suburb of Launceston. Mr. Wedge was present on the occasion, and some years later, at the request of Mr. T. B. Bartley, who

also took part, he wrote a rather minute description of the affair. This interesting document came into the possession of the late Rev. William Dry, on whose decease his widow very kindly forwarded it to me. From this narrative I make the following extracts :—

On the evening when the robbery took place, I dined with the Commandant (Colonel Balfour, of the 40th Regiment) at the house now the residence of Mr. Gleadow As it was getting dark in the evening, intelligence was brought to the Colonel that the bushrangers were at Mr. Dry's (father of Sir Richard), and that it was their intention to attack the Colonel's house, and afterwards the Gaol to liberate the prisoners. The Colonel instantly ordered his horse, placed soldiers for the protection of the house, and started accompanied by myself, armed with a double gun. On entering the field leading to Elphin we heard a discharge of firearms at the house. Making all haste to get there, on our arrival we found the whole establishment in the utmost confusion. Everything in the house tumbled together, and the inmates in the greatest state of excitement—Mr. Dry without his coat, and his shirt sleeves covered with blood occasioned by the scratch of a bayonet. The discharge of guns we had heard was occasioned by Mr. Mulgrave, the Police Magistrate, who had received the first information of the attack, having proceeded thither with a party of constables. Fancying that the bushrangers were in the house, he courageously led the way into the front door. Brady, who acted as sentinel and commander-in-chief, walking in and out of the house whilst the others of his party were putting such things together as they intended to take away, heard Mr. Mulgrave's party coming. He immediately ordered his party to withdraw from the house, and stationed them behind some palings at the back of the house, where they waited the entrance of Mr. Mulgrave's party at the front door, when they fired their volley. Fortunately the palings caused them to raise the muzzles of their guns, and the shot took effect on the shingles of the house instead of going into the passage leading through the house. Brady considerately told the ladies that there was likely to be some hot work, and advised them to lie down. The Colonel and myself arrived a few minutes after this had occurred, and whilst we were preparing a party to attack them, Dr. Priest, who had just ridden out from Launceston, joined us. The bushrangers heard us coming, and retreated over the fence, and on our arrival received us with a volley which we returned without effect, only having the flash of their guns to guide us in our aim. Their fire was more fatal. The white trousers worn by Dr. Priest became a target for their aim, and the Doctor and his horse must have received the greater part of the volley, for no less than sixteen bullets went through the flap of the saddle and the horse, two of them passing through the Doctor's knee. He would not submit to have his leg amputated and, as predicted by his medical attendants, he died in a week or ten days afterwards. We could not pursue them, as from the extreme darkness of the night we could not see which way they went. During the time the bushrangers were pillaging the house Dr. Landale, Mr. Dry's son-in-law, had

a narrow escape from being murdered. One of the men (I think it was Murphy) was on the point of shooting him, fancying that it was me; but Brady, who knew the Doctor, was just in time to save him, saying, "It is not Wedge, but Dr. Landale, who would set a bone for us if it was requisite." The hostile feeling against me arose from my having gone in pursuit of them.

Colonel Balfour now directed the greater part of the force that was with him to return to Launceston, under the supposition, from the information he had obtained, that the Gaol was to be attacked, and requested me to remain at Elphin with a party, lest the establishment should be again attacked during the night. He then started for town, and in passing a large pile of wood near the track through the paddock, behind which the bushrangers had secreted themselves, they gave him evidence of their good intentions by a salute from six or seven guns. The Colonel must have had a very narrow escape, as they were not more than ten or twelve yards from him when they fired. It caused the horse to swerve, by which the Colonel lost his cap, which was picked up and afterwards worn by Brady in triumph. The bushrangers effected their escape, and nothing more was seen of them that night.

On the following day several parties were organised to scour the country in all directions around Launceston. At the Colonel's request I remained with him as a sort of aide-de-camp. Whilst the search was going on, in which Messrs. Bartley, Sinclair, and Lieutenant Williams were particularly active, three men who had long been in communication with the bushrangers, tempted by the offer of high rewards, free pardons, and a passage to England, offered to betray them. Within a day or two after the affair at Mr. Dry's, Lieut. Williams fell in with them, I think in or near Jingler's Valley, or at all events somewhere in the neighborhood of Patterson's Plains. The bushrangers took to their heels when they were fired upon. A bullet took effect, entering the calf of Brady's leg, and passing upwards came out at the under part of his thigh. Brady made his escape for the time, supported, as I understood, by two of his companions. The whole community was in a perfect state of excitement and anxiety to effect the capture of Brady who was known to be in a condition not able to travel, and numerous parties were out in search of him night and day. At length one of the betrayers named Coil offered to conduct a party to where he was concealed. He said he was either on an island on the left bank of the North Esk, or in a ravine not far from it on the opposite side of the river. A large party, consisting of soldiers, constables, and volunteers, was formed amounting to at least fifty or sixty men, if not more, headed by Colonel Balfour. The man Coil was disguised in a military cap and great coat. The island, covered with a dense scrub, was searched, as we thought, every inch of it, without discovering any one; but it afterwards transpired that Murphy, one of the bushrangers, was behind a tree, and as one of the party passed close by it he managed to avoid being seen by creeping round the tree. The whole party were then taken to the deep ravine on the north side of the river, I think between Yates's mill and Corra Linne, in which Brady was concealed. He, however, again escaped discovery, although the search was continued for an hour or more, Mr. Sinclair having, as Brady afterwards said, passed within a couple of yards of him. After the de-

parture of the party, wounded as he was, Brady managed to hobble with the aid of a staff as far as Bullocks' Hunting Ground, up the North Esk, where Mr. Batman with a party shortly after fell in with and took him prisoner.

His capture occurred as follows:—As Mr. Batman was preparing to encamp for the night, he observed a herd of cattle rushing down the hill at no great distance from him. As an experienced bushman he came to the conclusion that they must have been disturbed by some one, and as his party, after lighting a fire, were cooking their supper, he strolled about to ascertain, if possible, what had disturbed the cattle, but without discovering anything. But so impressed was he with the belief that Brady was in the neighborhood that next morning at the first dawn of light he walked forth from the encampment, and had not gone far when the same thing occurred again with the cattle, and he soon after observed Brady a short distance from him making his way supporting himself with a staff. Batman "cooeyed" for his men, then followed and captured this celebrated bushranger. The rest of the party had made their escape to the south end of the island.

The other two men, Cohen and Callghan, concerned in the betrayal of the bushrangers, about the time of Brady's capture undertook to lead a party upon Murphy and Williams, but refused to act with either constables or soldiers, and expressed a wish that Mr. Sinclair and myself should aid in securing them. I believe they were influenced in this by the desire that no one but themselves should participate in the reward. We consequently met them in the evening just at dark, and were stationed by them under the Cocked Hat Hill, and desired to wait there an hour or two, under the discomfort of a thunder-storm and rain. On the arrival of one of the men he told us that Murphy and the boy were in a hut not far off, and took us to within a short distance of where they were,—so near that we could hear them talking, but not so close as to distinguish what was said. We were to await his coming out and giving a signal, and with the assistance of the two men try to secure them. The man had scarcely left us a minute when a gun was fired off in the neighborhood, at which Murphy took alarm and left the hut unperceived by us. About ten minutes afterwards the same man came and told us what had happened, and appointed to meet us in the morning at a small farm close at hand in the occupation of two brothers who were concerned in the betrayal, but did not take so active a part in it beyond giving information. During the attack at Mr. Dry's these men had a cart in the road ready to take away the plunder. We thus narrowly escaped this hazardous adventure, but only to be shortly engaged in one, as will be seen, equally dangerous. On meeting them at the farm they told us that the bushrangers were concealed in the bed of a creek surrounded with a thick scrub about three-quarters of a mile from Mr. Leed's Sugar Loaf, but on the opposite side of the valley. They said they could take us within twenty or thirty yards of them without being seen. On our way it was arranged that Mr. Sinclair and myself were to remain close at hand whilst they were to go to them and watch their opportunity to seize them, on hearing which we were to rush in and help to secure them. Waiting for a few minutes, to our surprise we heard two shots fired, and hastening to the place we found Murphy shot dead, and the boy Williams

wounded. One of the men snatched a pistol from Mr. Sinclair and shot the boy before any attempt could be made by us to save him. In fact all this occurred so quickly that all was over in less time than it has taken to write the last line or two. Mr. Sinclair proceeded to Perth to report to Sir George (then Colonel) Arthur, who was at that township at the time, the fate of Murphy and his companion; and I went, as may be imagined, in a very excited state to Major M'Leod's, and stated what had occurred. The men who had escaped and gone to the Sorell district were, I believe, soon after all shot by the three men Coil, Cohen, and Callghan. M'Cabe, who had separated from his associates owing to a quarrel, was captured whilst travelling by himself between Lovely Banks and Melton Mowbray. He, Brady, and Jeffries were tried and executed in Hobart.

Brady, as I have before said, was the leader from the beginning to the end of their career in the bush, and from his great natural abilities and shrewdness, his skill in plundering and conducting attacks, his discretion and quickness of decision in cases of emergency, he was eminently qualified to be the conductor of such a party. And I entertain the opinion that had he been brought up and educated in respectable society he would have attained a good, if not a leading, position in whatever profession or pursuit he might have been engaged. He was not, like M'Cabe and one or two others of the gang, naturally bloodthirsty. It was generally believed at the time that he would rather avoid shedding blood unless in self-defence; and that on more than one occasion he restrained his comrades from offering personal violence. I believe the murder of Kenton was the only instance of his hands having been imbrued with blood.

The capture of Jeffries is thus given by Mr. Wedge from a narrative received from his nephew, Mr. John Darke. The Mr. Pile mentioned was Mr. George Pyle, at one time inspector of Stock at Launceston, who resided at the corner of Balfour and Margaret streets :—

Mr. Darke had been out after Jeffries as a volunteer, and had put up for the night at Mr. Cotterell's hut on the banks of the river Nile, about three miles from Clarendon. At the close of the evening they either saw or were apprised of the approach of three men, and as they drew near they perceived that two of the men's hands were tied. They at once concluded that it was Jeffries.* Darke with his rifle immediately prepared for an encounter, taking up a position behind a stump, and Mr. Cotterell rode off to convey intelligence to Mr. Cox. Jeffries kept the two men in

* The most ferocious of the bushrangers was Jeffries: he obtained his reprieve in Scotland to act as executioner. Being transported to this country, he was employed as a scourger, and thus trained to cruelty entered the bush. He robbed the house of Tibbs, a small settler, and after wounding, compelled him, with his wife, to proceed to the forest. The woman carried her infant: Jeffries was disturbed by its cries; perhaps fearful that the sound might conduct his pursuers. He took the child from the arms of its mother and dashed out its brains against a tree!—*West.*

a line between himself and Darke to serve as a cover and a protection. They exchanged several shots, and two if not three bullets went through the skirts of Darke's coat; but Darke was at a disadvantage from being obliged to be careful not to injure the two men. He at length, after watching for a chance, fired, and his bullet slightly grazed the tree, the ear of one of the men, and the throat of Jeffries. He then took himself off, leaving the two men. Mr. Darke was out all night searching up the banks of the river, and arrived at a hut on what is now the Patterdale estate, or somewhere near it, about three or four o'clock in the morning, where he found Mr. Pile and party. Very tired and exhausted, he lay down to rest, but was shortly awakened by the bustle in the hut caused by Jeffries being descried at no great distance from it. Hastily getting up and arming himself, he followed Mr. Pile and party just as they secured Jeffries.

CASH, KAVANAGH, AND JONES

This party of bushrangers, at large a great part of 1843, seemed to have a charmed existence. Absconding together from Port Arthur, they succeeded, after almost incredible toil and suffering, in escaping from the Peninsula, and entered upon their predatory career, which, however, they prosecuted in the main with something like chivalry. Women and children were treated with marked consideration and respect, a peculiarity due to the influence of the leader who declared that he detested bloodshed and violence! The first rift in the party was caused by a misadventure to Kavanagh. In traversing rocky country his gun accidentally exploded. The ball, entering one of his elbows, passed along the forearm and out at the wrist. He became faint and ill from loss of blood, and gave himself up to Mr. Clark, of Cluny. Soon after this Cash, fired by jealousy from a report that had reached him, rashly went into Hobart, was recognised, pursued, and intercepted by Constable Winstanley whom he shot with a pistol, was then overpowered and captured. Winstanley died the same night, and a few days after (September 6, 1843) Cash was tried, convicted, and sentenced to death. This sentence was commuted to transportation for life, on a technical objection raised by his counsel, Mr. Edward Macdowell, or the Judge himself, Mr. Justice Montagu, I think to the effect that Cash's action was in the nature of self-defence, as his victim was

not armed with a warrant for his arrest. However that may be, Cash was sent to Norfolk Island, where he remained a few years, until, indeed, that dreadful penal station was abandoned in 1855, the dregs of the accursed system of transportation being then removed to Tasmania. By exemplary conduct Cash gradually obtained indulgence and ultimately his freedom, when he published a narrative of his life. Kavanagh had also been convicted at the same time with Cash, and was sent to Norfolk Island, where they renewed companionship. Kavanagh had previously been there for many years, and on the last occasion having been convicted of participation in the convict insurrection of 1845 with its attendant murders, he was executed with eleven others. Jones had also been captured and executed at Hobart. It is probable that his life would have been spared but for an act of fiendish brutality perpetrated when ranging the bush alone. At a house that he was pillaging at the Black Brush, in February, 1844, and in which he believed there was a large sum of money, he tied up a woman and applied a red hot shovel to her legs to extort a confession of where it was hidden. For such a monster there could be no human pity.

JEFFS AND CONWAY

On 2nd May, 1843, these men visited the house of Mr. Gillighan, at St. Paul's Plains, in the district of Campbell Town. Mr. and Mrs. Gillighan were at tea, and with them was Mr. William Ward, District Constable of Fingal. Jeffs suddenly appeared at the door of the room, and presenting his gun threatened to shoot the first who stirred. Ward immediately jumped and seized him and struggling both fell to the floor, and Conway coming to his mate's help shot Ward. Soon after they left, and two days later, under similar conditions they robbed Mr. Thomas Massey, of Ellerslie. A strong party of constables in pursuit came up with the outlaws on 2nd June at a hut on the South Esk occupied by Mr. Youl's shepherd. On seeing the police both bushrangers rushed from the hut and tried to

get shelter behind the trees; but finding themselves completely surrounded, they surrendered. They were taken to Campbell Town and thence forwarded to Launceston, where they were brought to trial on 4th July, convicted, and executed on 26th, both men appearing penitent, and Jeffs even joyful.

PRIEST

A bushranger named Priest, who had been at large for three years and three months, met with a serious accident in September, 1845. Whilst journeying over very rough country in the Longford district, his gun went off, and its contents lodged in one of his feet. He crawled two miles to a hut where he knew there were police and surrendered, was lodged in Launceston gaol on 2nd October, brought to trial on 9th, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to death. The date of the execution had been fixed, but petitions extensively signed were presented in his favor, and the sentence was commuted to transportation for life, ten years to be passed at Norfolk Island.

ROCKY WHELAN

This ferocious outlaw terrorised the country for several months. He plundered isolated homesteads, but his usual practice was to shoot travellers on the high road. He was captured early in 1855, was tried in Hobart, and sentenced to death. The night before the sentence was carried out, he requested the attendance of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. W. T. N. Champ, in whose presence he made and subscribed the following confession:—

I, John Whelan, *alias* Rocky Whelan, condemned to suffer to-morrow morning for robberies on William Kearney and Richard Carpenter, which I acknowledge to have committed with deep sorrow, and in order to make what reparation I can, do solemnly declare that I did, and being then alone, commit the following murders:—

1. An elderly man, between Brown's River and North-West Bay, about two months ago; I shot him in the head, and robbed him.

2. A young man (I learned afterwards his name was Dunn) on the Huon track, about six or seven weeks after Carpenter's robbery; I shot

him in the head, and struck him on the head with the butt of the pistol, and robbed him.

3. An elderly man at Bagdad, six or seven weeks ago; I shot him in the head and robbed him.

4. A young man on the Westbury road, about a week after the last murder. I shot him in the head, and took away a few shillings.

5. A hawker near Cleveland, about three days before I was taken; I shot him in the head, and took away several things, most of which are now at the Police-office.

The full particulars of these murders I have given to the Very Rev. W. Hall, Vicar-General, and the Rev. W. Bond, hoping that the bodies yet undiscovered may be found.

I most humbly and sincerely beg forgiveness of the friends of these victims of my cruelty, and hope that the Almighty will have mercy on my poor soul

The following morning, 26th June, Whelan and three other men were executed at the Hobart gaol.

DIDO AND KING

Two notorious bushrangers, Dido (William Driscoll) and King, kept country residents and travellers in a state of alarm for some little time. The following paragraph from the *Examiner* of 2nd October, 1855, is merely an illustration of what the colonists were constantly liable to :—" The police have received intelligence that Dido and five other bushrangers have visited the dwelling of Mr. George Williatt, at Musselborough, in the district of Morven. At twelve o'clock on Friday night Mr. Williatt was awakened by loud knocking at his door. Upon asking who was there, a reply was made that the police were outside in want of rations. On opening the door Mr. W. was confronted by six armed men, behind whom were his own two servants tied. They proceeded to search Mr. Williatt's house, and carried off a new double-barrelled gun and several other things. On leaving, they took the direction of the Bullocks' Hunting Ground, and recommended that for the safety of the messenger information should not be sent to the Evandale police until next morning." A little later King disappeared—supposed to have died from a wound received in an encounter, and Dido was then joined by a

man named Flaherty. These men committed several outrages, but they were captured in the Great Swanport district on 27th November. On 22nd February the following year both men were convicted and sentenced to death, but the penalty was commuted to penal servitude for life.

JOHN QUIGLEY

But one of the most daring—perhaps most reckless—of these marauders was John Quigley, who was at large part of the time that Dido was in the bush, though fortunately his career was brief. He appeared to have commenced his predatory business, though then not recognised, by stopping and robbing a man on the road not far from Deloraine. A few days later, on 3rd October, 1855, he was again in evidence on the Westbury road, a short distance beyond Mr. Pitcher's hotel, the Rising Sun, about three miles from Launceston. Mr. Landale, of Quamby, and his overseer, Mr. Miller, were returning home in a gig about six o'clock in the evening, when they were stopped by two armed men, one of whom was masked. They took a one-pound note and some silver.

The most audacious escapade of this marauder, however, was perpetrated eight days later. On 11th October there was a steeplechase at Campbell Town which attracted a good many visitors to that township, and three of them were successively "stuck up" and robbed by an armed man in the vicinity of Cleveland. Great excitement was caused in Campbell Town as reports of these outrages were received one after another, and it culminated on the arrival of the day coach from Launceston, on the top of which lay —bound, wounded, and pale as death—a man who was instantly recognised as the one who had held up the three travellers that morning, and also Messrs. Landale and Miller the week previously. It was soon ascertained that a dog-cart tandem, driven from Longford by Mr. T. Lawson, and containing Messrs. John and George Ritchie, and Mr. William Dodery, had been stopped by a man on the road on the Launceston side of the Red Hill, near Cleveland, and

close to the spot where a track enters the bush from the road, already celebrated as the scene of one of Whelan's murders. The man rushed out from his cover with a cloth over his face having two eye-holes, and with a horse pistol in each hand, calling out "Stop! hand over your money, or I'll shoot you!" Mr. Lawson was for obeying this order, but Mr. John Ritchie (who had provided for such contingency) had got a Dean's revolver close to his hand, and telling Mr. Lawson to drive on, presented it at the robber who instantly fired one pistol without effect. Mr. Ritchie promptly returned the compliment, but also missed. The highwayman, finding that he had made a mistake, and that the party were prepared for him, turned to run, when Ritchie fired again, lodging a ball in the man's left thigh, which lamed him. The two Ritchies and Mr. Dodery instantly gave pursuit and came up to the man as he fell exhausted at the fence on the side of the road, when Mr. J. Ritchie, wrenching the other pistol from his grasp, mastered him and bound his hands. The coach coming along shortly afterwards the man was taken to Campbell Town, where the police identified him as John Quigley, a ticket-of-leave holder who had been in private service near Deloraine. The injury he received was only a flesh wound which in due time healed. On arriving at Campbell Town Mr. Ritchie was warmly greeted, a subscription was set on foot to present him with a testimonial, and in a few minutes it reached the sum of £50. The testimonial consisted of an elegant silver cup weighing about fifty ounces. A summary of the foregoing facts was engraved on one side, and on the other Nelson's well known axiom, "England expects every man to do his duty." Quigley was committed for trial and forwarded to the Launceston gaol, but from the date of admission he became perfectly mute. On 3rd January, 1856, he was brought to trial and indicted for assaulting Richard Landale and putting him in bodily fear. When placed in the dock he simply walked up and down without speaking a word, though called upon three times to plead. The question then arose, was he mute from malice or insanity, and a jury having been impannelled to try that issue,

declared him to be insane and unable to plead. In consequence of this verdict he was sent to New Norfolk, where he subsequently died.—Whilst I write this note, May, 1909, Mr. Dodery is still living, the sole survivor of the tragic incident here recorded.

The foregoing cases, taken almost at random, are but illustrations of what may be described as the normal condition of social affairs in Tasmania when it was a penal colony. Scarcely a month passed without some prisoners absconding, and there was hardly ever a year without one or more bushrangers terrorising the community. Homesteads were robbed, travellers "stuck up" on the high roads, always threatened, and sometimes murdered. These were the inevitable results of transportation. As soon, however, as the execrable system was discontinued, improvement commenced. When the polluted stream was stayed, the residuum very quickly dispersed or died out; and now perhaps there is no country in the world more free from serious crime than our own little State.

Some of the experiences of the early settlers were as startling as they were unique. Dr. James Ross tells * how, soon after his arrival at Hobart in 1822, he and three fellow passengers started into the country to select land for future homes. With some misgiving they secured the services of a ticket-of-leave holder as a guide, and were greatly relieved by the discovery that he was not a murderer or highwayman, but merely a midnight robber or house breaker! A few miles out of Hobart the party met three men, one of whom carried over his shoulder a sack on which bloodstains were conspicuous. During the short parley that followed, the man obligingly exhibited the contents of his bag, which proved to be the head of the notorious bushranger Michael Howe, for whom, dead or alive, large rewards had been offered, and who had been shot by soldiers at a hut on the banks of the Shannon two days previously. Here was a topic for the new arrivals to meditate upon!

* Ross's *Annual*, 1836.

CHAPTER XXVII

Physical features—area, climate, rain-fall, vegetable productions, wild animals—mammals, birds, fish, insects, reptiles—minerals.

It may be convenient to give a brief sketch of some of the principal features of this highly favored land.

Tasmania is a heart-shaped island lying between the parallels of 40° 33′ and 43° 39′ S. lat., and the meridians of 144° 39′ and 148° 23′ E. long., at the southern extremity of the Australian Continent, from which it is separated by Bass Strait, the distance between the nearest points being about 140 miles. It is at the confluence of two oceans—the Indian washing its western shores and the South Pacific its eastern. Its area comprises 26,215 square miles, or barely as large as Scotland. The land, exclusive of islands and lakes, embraces 15,571,500 acres; dependent islands, 1,206,500 acres; lakes, 75,500 acres; total, 16,853,500 acres, of which over 5,000,000 acres have been cultivated.

Most of the lakes are in the western midlands at an elevation of from 2400 feet to 3000 feet above sea level, and feed numerous fine rivers, many of which are navigable for ocean-going ships. Chief of these rivers are the Derwent, Tamar, Huon, Mersey, Leven, Gordon, and Pieman. The Great Lake is about eighty miles in circumference.

Unlike the greater part of Australia, Tasmania is mountainous, being traversed from north to south on either side by ranges culminating in the Western Tiers in Cradle Mountain, 5069 feet; and on the east by Ben Lomond,

formerly regarded as 5010 feet, but recently ascertained by Colonel Legge to be equal to, if not slightly in excess of, Cradle Mountain. Much of the high land is poor and too cold for ordinary agriculture, though it forms good grazing ground for summer feeding. The valleys, river flats, and plains, and in some of the northern districts the hills, consist of rich black or chocolate soil the fertility of which is marvellous. Sixty bushels of wheat to the acre is by no means a rare yield on new land, and eighty or ninety bushels of oats, though probably twenty to twenty-five of the former and thirty to forty of the latter, according to the season, would represent a good general average. The ascertained average yield per acre for ten years (ending with the harvest of 1908) was—wheat, 20·23 bushels; barley, 24·60; oats, 30·00; hay, 1·43 tons; potatoes, 4·28. The area under cultivation in 1908 was—grain, 104,821 acres; roots or green crops, 45,355; forage, 83,161; orchards, 21,232; hops, 1007; other crops, 1452; pastures with artificially sown grasses, 465,673; fallow, 33,548; all other cultivated land, including bush land devoted to grazing purposes, 4,388,852; total cultivated, 5,145,101 acres. The subjoined table, compiled from the Commonwealth Year-book, 1909, shows the mean value per acre of the principal farm crops of Tasmania compared with those of the other States :—

	Commonwealth exclusive of Tasmania.			Tasmania.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Wheat, bushels	1	14	9	4	8	11
Oats, ,, ...	2	3	0	4	3	10
Barley, ,, ...	2	16	2	5	1	0
Hay, tons	4	12	11	5	19	11
Potatoes, tons	10	3	11	11	5	11

Immense forests of valuable timber still cover vast areas, but they are being drawn upon very extensively, and unless afforestation is resorted to, it cannot be long before the supply will give out. In some districts trees of the Eucalyptus tribe attain a height of 300 feet, fourteen

or fifteen feet in diameter, and 100 feet to the first limb; whilst Blackwood, Pine, and ornamental woods are unsurpassed for durability and beauty. English and other exotic forest trees grow luxuriantly, such as Oak, Elm, Ash, Sycamore, Pine, Cedar, Willow, &c.; with all the fruits common to the British Isles. In 1908 the yield of apples was 1,007,500 bushels, the greater part of which was exported to England. Orange and Lemon flourish in favorable situations, but they are raised almost exclusively for their foliage, the fruit being small and the skin very thick.

Tasmania more closely resembles the Mother-country than any of the other Australian States, but its climate is more equable and genial. The indigenous foliage is evergreen if a trifle sombre, but to see a forest thickly besprinkled with Silver and Black Wattles (*Acacia dealbata* and *A. decurrens*) loaded with glorious and fragrant bloom, is a sight to be remembered. The Blackwood, another of the Acacia family (*A. melanoxylon*), is also a beautiful object, but its flowers are of a much lighter yellow; whilst the Waratah (*Telopea truncata*), found amongst mountain ravines, arrests attention by its brilliant crimson clusters. Wild flowers are in great profusion, variety, and beauty. Graceful Ferns and Fern-trees crowd gullies screened from the sun and wind by a dense growth of Tea-tree (*Melaleuca squarosa*), Dogwood (*Pomaderris apetela*), Sassafras (*Athenosperma moschata*), and redolent with Musk (*Olearia argophylla*) and mosses. Otherwise uninviting sand or gravel wastes are concealed beneath kindly Heather, white and pink, and Bracken; while large areas of swampy, gravelly peat, devoted to Button-grass, especially along the West Coast, are made gorgeous at the proper season by a profusion of *Blandfordia nobilis*, its flower stems being crowned with charming pendent clusters of crimson and yellow bells.

During four or five months the higher mountain ranges are more or less covered with snow, though it rarely falls in the settled districts, and the temperature is congenial to European constitutions. Many years ago (about 1840) I

remember that on rising one morning all the hills surrounding Launceston were seen to be white with snow, but the whole had disappeared by eight or nine o'clock. On another occasion, perhaps two years ago (1907), there was a very slight fall in Launceston, but it thawed almost before it touched the earth. Both instances were regarded as phenomenal. The prevailing wind, from the north-west, soft and exhilarating, comes laden with moisture and ozone distilled from the Indian Ocean: the former is precipitated on the mountain ranges and feeds perennial streams; and the latter, mingling with the atmosphere, diffuses around its health-giving blessing. The subjoined table gives an approximate monthly mean temperature deduced from my own observations taken at 8 a.m. for ten years—1893 to 1902; it also shows the mean monthly rain-fall for ten years ending 1908, compiled from official observations:—

Month.	Temp.	Seasons.	Rainfall in inches.
December	68	Summer mean 67	2·64
January	68		2·75
February	66		1·96
March	61	Autumn mean 54	2·52
April	54		3·01
May	46		3·66
June	44	Winter mean 43	4·17
July	41		3·97
August	46		3·46
September	51	Spring mean 57	3·47
October	56		3·72
November	64		2·64

Annual mean rainfall for whole State, 38 inches.

The foregoing table applies to the whole State, but the rain-fall varies very considerably in different districts, the eastern and midland having the least, whilst on the slopes of the western mountains the annual fall ranges from seventy to one hundred inches. The following table, which corresponds with the official meteorological divisions of the island (compiled from information kindly supplied

by Mr. Kingsmill, Government Meteorologist), shows the difference in question :—

DECENNIAL MEAN RAINFALL

	Northern.	West Coast Mountain region.	Eastern.	Midland—Hamilton and Oatlands.	South-east.
January	2·25	4·11	2·63	2·10	2·65
February	1·52	3·36	1·87	1·26	1·81
March	2·11	4·37	2·31	1·55	2·24
April	2·58	6·15	2·31	1·49	2·54
May	3·15	6·31	2·76	1·57	2·49
June	4·34	7·91	3·67	2·02	2·91
July	4·04	8·62	3·06	1·46	2·68
August	3·32	7·59	2·84	1·43	2·11
September	3·43	6·93	2·75	1·73	2·53
October	3·35	7·09	3·06	2·10	3·01
November	2·05	5·17	2·00	1·66	2·35
December	2·05	5·04	2·04	1·72	2·37
Annual	34·19	72·65	31·30	20·09	29·69

MAMMALS

Of wild animals there are but few. In a compendium of the zoology of Tasmania, compiled for West's History by the late R. C. Gunn, Esq., exclusive of Seals and Cetacea, twenty-six species of mammals are shown, of which twelve are peculiar to Tasmania. With the exception of three bats, two mice, a water-rat, platypus, and echidna (locally known as porcupine)—the latter two being nearly allied (monotrematoes), all are marsupial; indeed the echidna has a loose fold of skin representing a rudimentary pouch. Many years after Mr. Gunn's compendium was written, prolonged investigations carried on by Mr. W. F. Petterd and Dr. Higgins in connection with the *Muridæ* resulted in the discovery of four other species which have to be added to the placental mammals, and all of them are peculiar to Tasmania. Two other species of *Muridæ* were described

by Dr. Oldfield Thomas, of the British Museum, in 1882. It is worthy of note that the native blue-black rat of the British Isles, now almost extinct there, has overrun Tasmania, and is met with in the remotest bush districts.

Amongst the mammals limited to this island are the so-called Native Tiger (*Thylacinus*) and Devil (*Sarcophilus*). In his "History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds," Professor Owen remarks:—"That the *Marsupialia* form one great natural group is now generally admitted by zoologists. The representatives in that group of many of the orders of the more extensive placental sub-class of the *Mammalia* of the larger continents have also been recognised in the existing genera and species. The Dasyures, for example, play the parts of the *Carnivora*, the Bandicoots of the *Insectivora*, the Phalangers of the *Quadrumana*, the Wombat of the *Rodentia*, and the Kangaroos, in a remoter degree, of the *Ruminantia*." It is a little curious that the Tiger and Devil, which are peculiar to this island, are the two largest Australian carnivorous quadrupeds. Of both these animals, together with the Water-rat (*Hydromys*) and Wombat (*Phascolomys*), I have spoken in earlier chapters. There are two small carnivorous mammals which are very common—the Native Cat (*Dasyurus viverrinus*) and the Tiger Cat (*D. maculatus*), which are similar in size and habits to the Polecat of England. There are three species of Kangaroo, distinguished as the Forester (*Macropus major*), Brush (*M. Bennettii*), and Wallaby (*M. Billardieri*). The Forester or "boomer" of the early settlers, was a very fine animal, of a light tawny color, occasionally standing over six feet high, and weighing from 100 to 150 lbs. It is recorded that in 1871 Mr. Kearney, of Campbell Town, killed one of these animals on the Fingal road between the Corners and Stony Creek. It was a perfect monster: from claws to top of head it measured nine feet six inches, and its hind quarters weighed eighty pounds. Foresters used to be abundant, especially in the north-eastern part of the island, but now they are nearly extinct. The Brush Kangaroo is much smaller than the Forester, and of a dark bluish-grey

color, its weight ranging from thirty to forty pounds. The Wallaby is still smaller, and the color yellowish-grey. All the Kangaroos are good for the table, but the Wallaby is preferred. Kangaroo skins (not the Forester) make admirable leather for the upper parts of boots and shoes; at one time thousands of dozens were annually brought into the market for this purpose, and some are still so used, but the supply has gradually fallen off as the animals have diminished in number. Two species of Bandicoot (*Perameles obesula* and *P. Gunnii*) are very common, having sharp snouts with which they burrow for roots and insects. Kangaroo-rats (*Hypsiprymnus cuniculus* and *H. murinus*), small animals similar to the Kangaroo in form and mode of progression, are fairly numerous, but have no value either for skin or flesh—indeed it is said that dogs refuse the latter. Opossums (*Phalangista vulpina*, including both black and grey) used to abound everywhere. Nocturnal and arboreal in habit, they construct nests in holes of trees, descending at night to feed on grass. The value of the fur of both kinds was soon recognised, and they were relentlessly hunted for their skins. As might be expected under such circumstances, their numbers have been greatly reduced, and the black—the most elegant and eagerly sought after—have been almost exterminated except in the extreme western districts. Rugs made of these skins, in early days easily procurable for fifty shillings, cannot now be obtained for less than ten to twelve pounds, and even at that price only with difficulty. There is a smaller species, the Ringtail (*P. Cookii*), but its fur not being in demand the animal is not sought after, and in consequence its numbers have so increased that it is frequently found in suburban gardens, where it makes havoc with apples and peaches as those fruits ripen. A still smaller but very beautiful little creature known as the Flying Squirrel or Opossum (*Petaurus sciureus*) was introduced from Victoria between 1834 and 1839. Some of these escaped from confinement and established themselves in the bush around Launceston. They were especially numerous in the Sillwood Forest, near Carrick, whence they distributed throughout the island,

and they are now found occasionally in southern districts. They do not fly in the true sense of the word, but in jumping from branch to branch or tree to tree, by stretching out to the fullest their fore and hind legs a delicate membrane is extended which acts somewhat like a parachute, greatly increasing the length of the leap. The Platypus or Duck-bill (*Ornithorynchus anatinus*) and the Echidna (*Echidna setosa*), though highly interesting scientifically, need only to be named here. It may be mentioned, however, that the Platypus is not valueless commercially, for beneath its rough hair is a lovely fur, thick and soft, and the skin being very strong, it is much sought after for slippers.

Amongst the hills of the midland and north-eastern districts there are herds of fallow deer which, originally introduced from England, escaped from parks and bred in the bush. Rabbits that similarly escaped have so spread and increased that they literally swarm all over the settled districts and have become a nuisance. Hundreds of thousands of skins and tinned carcases are exported every year. In the same way hares are very numerous, and are almost as prolific as the rabbit, having two or three litters in the season.

BIRDS

In his admirable work on the "Birds of Australia," Gould says that Tasmania has 181 species; his table shows 172, but the late Mr. R. C. Gunn thought he had erred even in the smaller number: Mr. Gunn gives 170. These he divides as follows:—*Raptores*, 13 species; *Insessores*, 62; *Rasores*, 6; *Grallatores*, 30; *Natatores*, 59. Many of the birds of Europe are represented here, as the Hawks, Owls, Swallows, Snipe, Ducks, &c., and not a few have received English names from real or fancied resemblance which they bear to their English prototypes, as the Magpies, Wrens, Robins, &c. There are besides those mentioned two very fine Eagles, an Osprey, two Nightjars, including the Morepork, Kingfishers (two species), Crow, Butcherbird, Crow-shrike or Black Magpie (2), Lark,

Thrush, Cuckoo (4), White and Black Cockatoo, several Parrots and Parrakeets, Quail, Bronze-wing Pigeon (2).

Among the small birds are several species of the family *Meliphagidæ*, or Brush-tongued Honey-eaters. Three of these are peculiar to Tasmania, the most important being the Wattle-bird (*Anthochæra inauris*); it is, indeed, the finest of the family, the only one that is considered a game bird, and as such is protected by law. The *Zosterops*, or White-eyes, are another genus of small birds that play havoc with cherries and grapes in their season. Of Robins there are four species, and of the so-called Wrens two species, one of which is confined to King Island. Both varieties are of a bright blue and gray color, and immediately arrest attention by their beauty and graceful motion. A pair of these exquisite little creatures (*Malurus longicaudus*) built their nest and reared a brood in a large asparagus fern under a verandah adjoining our house at Poimena, lattice-work protecting them from cats. There is only one true Finch in Tasmania known as the Firetail (*Zonæginthus bellus*). Of the family *Pardalotæ*, or Diamond-birds, there are three species, one of which is peculiar to Tasmania, and is known as the Forty-spotted Diamond-bird (*Pardalotus quadragintus*). The Cuckoos and a few other species are migratory, leaving us for warmer climes as winter approaches. The Black Swan (*Chenopis atrata*), numerous in favorable localities, is an elegant and stately bird; whilst its European congener is white, the Antipodean Swan is black with a red bill, but beneath the feathers is a pure white down. There are three species of Cormorant, the individuals of each being numerous. Banks Strait is the *habitat* of the Cape Barren Goose (*Cereopsis Novæ Hollandiæ*), a handsome and powerful bird, but sad to say, he is a confirmed pugilist; being much sought after it will probably soon become extinct.

Most of the sea birds of the northern hemisphere are represented in Tasmania. The Mutton-bird or Sooty Petrel (*Nectris brevicaudus*) breeds in countless numbers amongst the islands of the Furneaux Group, their bodies, oil, eggs, and feathers forming important articles

of commerce with the half-caste inhabitants of those islands.

Some English birds that were introduced a few years ago, including the House Sparrow and Starling, have spread throughout the island very much to the annoyance of farmers and gardeners. Goldfinches are also numerous, and the note of the Skylark may be occasionally heard in the suburbs of Launceston.

FISH

Of indigenous fresh-water fish there are but few species. Eels are abundant and attain considerable size. The Blackfish (*Gadopsis marmoratus*), which occasionally reaches a weight of seven pounds, is much esteemed for the table, its flesh being white and delicate. It is a ground-feeder, and bites freely in the evening. The fresh-water Herring or Grayling (*Prototroctes maræna*), a diminutive representative of the *Salmonidæ*, attains a weight of from half to three-quarters of a pound, and at one time had the highest reputation for sport or the table. It is an elegant fish, and it is remarkable from a very pronounced odour of cucumber. Several years ago it was fairly abundant, but through the ravages of a fungoid disease, supplemented perhaps by the voracity of the acclimatised Trout, it has become almost extinct, and now is practically confined to the seldom visited rivers of the west coast. There are besides two species of small fish with which I am acquainted, one known as the Native Trout (*Galaxias attenuatus*), the other as the Mountain Trout (*G. truttaceus*). These fish may reach five or six inches in length, the former being the larger, its color yellowish silver with a few faint spots along the sides; the latter is much brighter, and the spots are golden.

British Trout, Salmon-trout, Perch, and Tench have been introduced with complete success. Nearly all the lakes and rivers have been stocked with Trout, and the fish are not only abundant, but in the Alpine lakes, where their peculiar food is plentiful (the Mountain Shrimp—*Anaspides*), they attain a size seldom, perhaps never, met

with in the northern hemisphere. Many tourists from adjacent States visit Tasmania at the proper season to enjoy a few days' Trout fishing, and they generally meet with gratifying sport, their catches running from five or six to ten and fifteen pounds—occasionally a fish has been landed turning the scale at thirty pounds. In another chapter I have described the steps that were taken for the acclimatisation of the Trout and Salmon.

Marine fish are abundant, in great variety, and excellent in quality. Many persons declare that the Trumpeter (*Latris hecateia*), which grows to a very large size, is quite equal, if not superior, to Salmon; whilst the Silver or Bastard Trumpeter (*L. ciliaris*) and the Black Perch (*Chilodactylus macropterus*) are scarcely inferior. The Rock Cod (*Pseudophycis barbatus*) is excellent and abundant; as also are Mullet (*Agonostoma forsteri*), native Salmon (*Arripis salar*), Trevally (*Caranx georgianus*), Flathead (*Platycephalus bassensis*), Flounder (2 species—*Rhombsolea monopus* and *R. tapirina*), and Barracouta (*Thyrsites atun*). Sole (*Solea liturata*) and so-called Ling (*Genypterus Australis*) are also obtainable, but they are rather scarce.

Crustaceans are represented by almost innumerable species, both fluviatile and marine, several of which are of commercial importance. A remarkable fresh-water Lobster (*Astacopsis Franklinii*) has been known to attain the enormous weight of fourteen pounds. This species is confined to streams emptying into Bass Strait. There is a marine Crayfish (*Panulirus*) without pincers, which is extremely abundant amongst the reefs and rocky headlands all round the coast. Not only are large quantities consumed locally, but great numbers are exported to the adjoining States. An enormous crustacean locally known as the King Crab (*Pseudocarcinus gigas*) is obtained off the east and west coasts: it sometimes attains a weight of twenty-four pounds. We have Shrimps and Prawns, but here again we are reminded of Antipodean conditions. The British Prawn is armed with a formidable serrated spear placed in the centre of its head, which is absent in the British Shrimp; here the location of the weapon is reversed, for it

is the Shrimp that is thus equipped, its "bigger brother" being defenceless.

Oysters, once abundant and incomparable, have been almost exterminated by reckless dredging in early days. Attempts have been made to revive the mollusc, but hitherto with indifferent success. At the present time our principal supplies come from New South Wales (rock oysters) and New Zealand (mud oysters). Scallops, Mussels, Cockles, Periwinkles, &c., are fairly abundant.

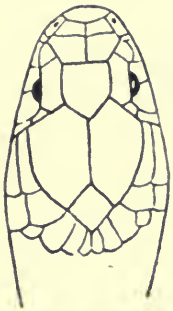
INSECTS

Insect life is varied and prolific, but it is scarcely necessary to treat of it here. It may be mentioned, however, that in addition to the native species, which were comparatively harmless to cultivators of the soil, the progress of settlement and the introduction of new varieties of trees and plants have been followed by the importation and acclimatisation of numberless plants, vegetable and animal, which inflict untold annoyance and injury upon grazier, farmer, florist, and orchardist. Our favorable climate apparently causes a more rapid increase of such pests than prevails in their native *habitats*.

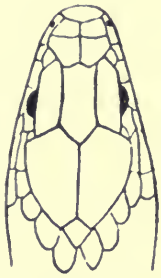
REPTILES

Amongst *Reptilia* should be mentioned Snakes, Iguanas, and Lizards, which are numerous. For a long time the number of species of snakes was only a matter of conjecture, but it was supposed that there were at least six or seven. Probably young ones and some that had just cast their exuviæ were mistaken for distinct species. It has now, however, been definitely settled that there are but three species, viz., the Black Snake (*Hoplocephalus curtus*), Diamond Snake (*Denisonia superba*), and Whip Snake (*D. coronoides*). The first named is the largest, adults usually measuring from four to five feet in length, occasionally though rarely reaching six feet. A full grown Diamond

Snake is about four feet long, and a Whip Snake from eighteen inches to two feet. All these reptiles are highly venomous, and the bite of the two larger is inevitably fatal unless the wounded part is immediately excised, or some equally effective remedy is applied. The venom of the Whip Snake is deemed to be less virulent than that of the others, but the safer course is to treat the bite of any snake with the utmost gravity and promptitude. Where the position of the wound permits, the first thing to do—and it is a simple thing—is to tie a ligature very tightly near to the wound, of course on the heart side, to prevent the poison circulating in the blood; then if the punctures,



1. Black Snake (*Hoplocephalus curtus*).



2. Diamond Snake (*Denisonia superba*).

3. Whip Snake (*Denisonia coronoides*).

HEAD SCALES OF TASMANIAN SNAKES.

which can be easily seen, are freely scarified with a sharp knife, the out-flowing blood will probably carry off most of the poison, giving time to convey the patient to the nearest medical man for final treatment. It is an excellent plan to suck the wound vigorously, before or after scarifying, but in that case care must be taken that there is no sore in the mouth or on the lips. Under any circumstances there must be no delay, as death may ensue within an hour after the bite. Cases of surprising presence of mind and fortitude have been recorded where the victim has had his finger bitten, and without a moment's hesitation he has chopped it off. The Black Snake, known also as Carpet or Tiger Snake, is a formidable creature, always ready for a fight, and marvellously swift in its movements,

especially in the pairing season, which is February and March. Fortunately all the snakes, in common with most noxious creatures, try to avoid man, and this weakness being generally reciprocal, they are often permitted to escape; yet they may be easily killed. The anatomy of a snake is very beautiful, but it is also very delicate, and a smart blow on any part of the back with a riding whip or supple stick will disable a snake by dislocating or fracturing the vertebræ. During Sir John Franklin's period of office as Governor of Tasmania, his estimable lady offered a reward of one shilling per head for every snake killed throughout the island; and during the first year she paid about £700 for nearly fourteen thousand snakes thus killed. Subsequently this reward was discontinued as it was found to be ineffective. The different species may be identified by their head scales as shown in the accompanying diagram taken from Mr. G. Smith's interesting and instructive book, "A Naturalist in Tasmania."

Whilst on this subject, I would point out how very desirable it is that an attempt should be made to unify the popular names of similar species in the different States. This specially applies to birds and fish. Of both there are not only representatives but identical species common to all the States, yet the popular names are so different in each that they would not be recognised beyond its own limits. The change could not be effected immediately, but it can be accomplished with perseverance and co-operation, and the reform would well repay the trouble.

MINERALS

This phase of Tasmania's productions is treated of in Chapter XVII.

CHAPTER XXVIII

Last words. Death of Queen Victoria and accession of Edward VII.—first Federal elections—death of President M'Kinley—Sir Arthur Havelock—termination South African War—King's coronation—Sir Adye Douglas—Sir Gerald Strickland—arrival of Governor-General—New Zealand a "Dominion"—departure of Governor Strickland on leave—departure of Lord Northcote and arrival of Earl Dudley—return of Governor Strickland.

JANUARY 24, 1901.—I resume my pen again to record the mournful fact that last evening (23rd January), at half-past six o'clock, our venerable and beloved Queen died at Osborne. As was to be expected, the sad tidings caused profound sorrow throughout the Empire and the whole civilised world. She had very worthily occupied an exalted and important position for nearly sixty-four years. Her influence and example in public and private life had always been exerted in the cause of virtue and righteousness, but their full effect will not be known until the time when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed. Meanwhile she has rejoined the loved ones who had preceded her to the "better country" beyond the reach of sin, sorrow, and death, and where she has received from the hands of her Redeemer the robe and crown of righteousness whose lustre will never grow dim, for of each it is said, "The more 'tis worn the more it shines." Most heartily do I thank God for her long and beneficent reign, and most sincerely do I pray that all the excellences that made it conspicuous may be reproduced in that of her successor.

Consequent upon the death of his mother, Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, became King under the title of Edward VII. I should have preferred that he had been known as Albert Edward I. It would have been a graceful

and popular recognition of his father whom the nation had learnt to love. The Duke of York now becomes heir-apparent to the British throne, and on 9th November (his father's birthday) he was created Prince of Wales.

I am now able to say that I have lived under four British Sovereigns. It is scarcely likely that this number will be exceeded.

March 29.—To-day the elections for the first Federal Parliament were held in Tasmania, and all the neighboring States. The members will have very solemn duties to discharge: may their counsels be guided by Infinite Wisdom, and their efforts blessed by Infinite Love.

September 13.—President M'Kinley died to-day from the effects of shooting by an anarchist assassin named Czolgosz. The foul deed was perpetrated at a reception held at Buffalo, on 6th September.

November 9.—Sir Arthur Elibank Havelock, the newly appointed Governor of Tasmania, arrived at Hobart yesterday, and took the oath of office early in the afternoon. Sir Arthur is the eleventh Governor under whose rule I have lived in Tasmania, exclusive of several Administrators during interregnums. He is a son of the late Lieut.-Col. W. Havelock, and nephew of Sir Henry Havelock, the intrepid Christian soldier who relieved Cawnpore and Lucknow during the Indian mutiny in 1857.

May 31, 1902.—The Boers accepted the British conditions of peace, and so the war in South Africa has terminated. Thanks be to God. The news was received here on 2nd June, and was instantly celebrated with enthusiasm. It may now be hoped that the approaching coronation of Edward VII. will find the world at peace. What a blessing if it would always remain so!

June 26.—To-day had been fixed for the coronation of

King Edward VII. Immense preparations were made not only in England, but throughout the Empire, for celebrating the event with befitting solemnity and magnificence. But at the last moment the very serious illness of His Majesty (appendicitis) rendered it necessary to cancel all the arrangements excepting those that referred to the distribution of food and other gifts to the poor. The imposing ceremony therefore has been postponed indefinitely, as it is quite uncertain, should the King recover, when he will be strong enough to go through the trying ordeal. It seems a pity that the formal act of coronation should have been delayed so long after the accession. Great disappointment has resulted, for of course immense expense had been incurred. The coronation honors were dispensed, and amongst the recipients was my very old friend, Adye Douglas, who received a knighthood, and is now "Sir Adye." He has earned the distinction, for he has done good service for the public, though he has been more than a little erratic. [He died April 10, 1906.]

August 9.—The health of King Edward VII. having been sufficiently restored, he and Queen Alexandra were crowned in Westminster Abbey to-day. It was a gorgeous and imposing ceremonial. The event was observed throughout the Commonwealth of Australasia on Monday, 11th.

April 16, 1904.—In consequence of failing health Governor Haveloek resigned, and left Hobart to-day on his return to England. In the afternoon Chief Justice Sir John Stokell Dodds was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor.

July 8.—By cablegram received to-day we learn that Sir Gerald Strickland, K.C.M.G., has been appointed Governor of Tasmania. He was born at Malta 24th May, 1861, and in 1889 became Chief Secretary there. In 1902 he was appointed Governor of the Leeward Islands. His Tasmanian commission is dated 23rd July, 1904.

October 28.—To-day Sir Gerald and Lady Strickland

landed in Hobart, and the former immediately assumed the administration of the government. He is the twelfth Governor under whom I have lived.

April 28, 1905.—An incident of historical interest, if not of importance, occurred at Launceston to-day in the arrival of Lord and Lady Northcote on a visit to the State Governor. Lord Northcote is Governor-General of the Commonwealth, and this is the first occasion on which one holding that distinguished position has visited this State. There was of course a great demonstration—guards of honor from the local military force and the two men-of-war in the harbor, a salute of nineteen guns fired from the Invalid Asylum grounds, addresses from the City Council and Marine Board, a vast crowd of spectators on the Wharf, flags flying from the shipping and nearly every business place and private house in the city, &c. Sir Gerald Strickland and suite awaited the arrival of the *Loongana* and received their Excellencies on the Wharf, and then drove to the Albert Hall where luncheon had been provided. After speeches usual on such occasions, Sir Gerald Strickland returned by the afternoon train to Hobart, to prepare for the reception of the Governor-General and lady next day. In the afternoon the Mayor (Alderman Pepper) drove their Excellencies to the Electric Generating Station and the South Esk Gorge, which were greatly admired. On March 1, their Excellencies proceeded to Hobart by special train, leaving Launceston at 10.15, reaching Hobart at 3.55 p.m., where another enthusiastic welcome awaited them.

September 26, 1907.—To-day New Zealand was proclaimed a "Dominion" instead of a colony.

February 22, 1908.—Sir Gerald and Lady Strickland and daughter left Hobart in the s.s. *Orontes* on a six months' trip to England. Sir John S. Dodds, K.C.M.G., was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor during the Governor's absence.

September 8.—To-day Earl Dudley, the new Governor-General of the Commonwealth, arrived at Sydney, and was sworn in on the following day. Also on the 8th Lord Northcote and lady left Sydney for Brisbane where they embark for Japan *en route* for America and Europe. The retiring Governor-General had conciliated universal esteem, of which he received many gratifying exhibitions prior to his departure.

September 19.—Sir Gerald and the Lady Edeline Strickland returned to-day, and on landing at Hobart had a very hearty welcome.

POSTSCRIPT.—*September* 23, 1908.—Whilst finally preparing these notes for the printer I cannot resist the temptation to place on record an incident of international interest and importance. I allude to the recent visit of the American Fleet. After calling at New Zealand and meeting with a series of ovations that testified to the thorough good feeling of the people, the Fleet came on to Australia, reaching Sydney on 20th August, and Melbourne on 29th. At both places the officers and men received an enthusiastic welcome ; and on 5th September the ships, on their way home, left Victoria for Albany, in Western Australia, where of course the demonstration though less extensive was equal in heartiness. It may be very reasonably hoped that the outcome of what to all concerned was a novel and costly experiment will be to unite in indissoluble bonds the peoples under the flags of Great Britain and the United States of America. This will be the strongest human guarantee for their own integrity and the peace of the world.

. . . . .

The preparation of these notes has extended over several years, which will in some measure account for their disjointed character. I intended to conclude them at the close of 1900, but as important events occurred subsequently I briefly recorded them as they arose, and I think it better to place them before the reader in the same order.

JUBILEE OF RESPONSIBLE GOVERNMENT IN TASMANIA

ITS POLITICAL HISTORY *

THE political and social history of Tasmania dates from the formal assumption of the southern part of the island by Lieutenant Bowen and his small company on September 9, 1803. It was truly an insignificant genesis, but it contained a germ of marvellous expansion. The period that has since elapsed may be conveniently divided into two fairly equal epochs, viz., that of personal—and to some extent tyrannical—control ; and that of responsible, or parliamentary, government. In the conditions that existed in Bowen's time, and with modifying elements later, for the ensuing half-century, it was inevitable that those who voluntarily made their homes in this island would have to surrender many of the privileges, social and political, which they enjoyed and prized in their native land. Yet, looking back to that distant time from our present standpoint, the conviction cannot be resisted that those sacrifices were greatly and unnecessarily aggravated by the ignorance of remote British statesmen and the servile obedience of their local instruments.

The annexation and settlement of Tasmania had long been a favorite project of Governor King, but New South Wales itself was only a Crown colony, and, owing to the disturbed state of affairs in Europe, received but scant attention at the hands of his Majesty's advisers. What share of consideration, then, could this newly-acquired foundling expect ? Indeed, for several years no change of importance was desired, until the increasing number of emigrants from the old country, bringing with them notions of individual and collective liberty as antipodean as themselves, gradually awakened a public opinion, which became discontented with existing conditions. The renascence may be said to have commenced from 1820, though a few warning murmurs were occasionally heard earlier. From the time mentioned, however, and for the following twenty years, at varying intervals, there arrived here, principally from the British Isles, a number of courageous and persevering men, who had resolved to encounter the privations and hardships of a strange and distant part of the world that they might provide for their families a home and competence which seemed denied to them in the land of their fathers' sepulchres. Like the Pilgrims of New England, they were true Empire builders,

* *The Examiner*, November 30—December 6, 1906.

and willingly submitted to enormous sacrifices in defence of principles to which they tenaciously clung. By them bribe and threat were alike disregarded, and they sedulously planted the seeds of that freedom the fruits of which we now enjoy. All honour to their memory!

From the administration of David Collins, the first Lieutenant-Governor (for Bowen was appointed simply as "commandant and superintendent"), until that of Sir William Denison, the government of the colony had been carried on by the autocrat of Downing-street, whose decrees were modified or aggravated as the passing temper or timidity of the Lieut.-Governor might determine. He could, of course, claim advice and assistance from his subordinates, but the ultimate responsibility for his actions remained with himself. For many years there was no Supreme Court here, and offenders charged capitally, with the necessary witnesses, had to proceed to Sydney for trial, or a judge had to come from thence on circuit. But the Criminal Court of New South Wales was limited to islands adjacent to the eastern coast, and the discovery of Bass Strait proved that Tasmania was not included. It was an island, but not on "the eastern coast." In consequence "scrupulous or idle judges for a long time evaded the holding of courts in this island, which was thus surrendered to disorder. In the absence of a legal court, the magistrates set up a jurisdiction of their own. Criminal trials were despatched by the simplest process, and the mixed penalties of a military and civil court inflicted on the assumed offenders." *

A few incidents may be cited to show the social condition of the colony at this period. The *Derwent Star* of February 6, 1810, says:—"Yesterday the bench assembled, when a free man, formerly belonging to Port Dalrymple (Launceston), was found guilty of stealing a silver watch from George Guest, jun., and sentenced to labor for the Government for the term of five years, and, moreover, to receive 500 lashes." One commandant, Col. Geils, fixed a spiked collar on the neck of a free woman; another flogged a female through Hobart for abusive language; and another tied up a free man on the spot for placarding a grievance, when as yet there was no press. A magistrate tied a carter to the wheel of his wagon, and inflicted 300 lashes for cruelty to his bullocks, whilst Dr. Montgarret ordered a blacksmith to be flogged for presenting his bill! The same spirit of caprice and tyranny brooded over all relations and actions in social life. Officials were supreme, and expected, and often exacted, instant obedience to their whims. But the years moved on, carrying forward with them the evolution of humanity, and the coruscations that were beginning to irradiate Europe were soon to be reflected in these southern lands.

* *History of Tasmania.—West.*

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR—1824–1836

Sir George Arthur arrived here as Lieut.-Governor in May, 1824; Sir John Lewes Pedder, Chief Justice, arrived about the same time, bringing with him the charter of the Supreme Court, which was proclaimed at Hobart on the 7th of that month, and opened for business on the 24th. In December, General Sir R. Darling, on his way to Sydney, called at Hobart, and on 3rd December, 1825, proclaimed Tasmania independent of the parent state. These were important changes, indicating an advancing community, and at the same time encouraging the tendency to further progress.

Hitherto the Governor, as the mouthpiece of the Secretary of State, had been the exclusive source of legislation and executive power. His "ordinances" had the force of law until they were disallowed by Downing-street. Now, however, there was to be a new departure: Legislative and Executive Councils were formed, who were to some extent to share the responsibility of the Governor. The first Executive Council consisted of the Colonial Secretary, Captain John Montagu (a nephew of the Governor); Chief Justice, Sir John Lewes Pedder; Chief Police Magistrate, A. W. H. Humphrey; Colonial Treasurer, Jocelyne Thomas. The first Legislative Council comprised the foregoing and three nominees—Edward Abbott, W. H. Hamilton, and Edward Curr. The Governor presided over both. Mr. Curr was the first local manager of the V. D. Land Company, founded in 1825.

In July, 1828, the Imperial Parliament passed a constitutional Act making many important alterations, *inter alia* increasing the number of members of the Legislative Council, and requiring the concurrence of at least two-thirds of the members to the adoption of any law. This statute was to terminate in 1836, but it was extended until 1851. In 1835 the Chief Justice resigned his seat in the Executive Council, the Secretary of State having declared in Parliament that legislative and executive offices were incompatible with the proper functions of a Judge.

Long before this attempts had been made to establish newspapers, but they had been mere records of current events; editorial comments were strictly—and, under the prevailing conditions, perhaps properly—forbidden. But this limitation could not go on indefinitely, and occasionally some more daring writer would transgress, to be immediately brought to book by the Governor. This greatly irritated the inhabitants, who now began to agitate for a larger measure of liberty. In May ("the glorious 23rd"), 1831, a public meeting was held at Hobart to bring under Royal notice the government of the colony, to demand trial by jury, and a Legislative Assembly, the principal promoters and speakers

being the Gellibrands, Crombie, Cartwright, Abbott, F. Smith, Meredith, Lascelles, T. G. Gregson, Dunn, Jennings, Kemp, Hewitt, and Lowes.

The petition was entrusted to private hands for conveyance to England, but whether it ever reached the foot of the throne was never known: it received no acknowledgment. It was repeated the following year, and again with increased earnestness in 1834. Mr. Thomas Horne (some years afterwards Puisne Judge) warned the home Government that they would make "a dissatisfied and turbulent people, ready to use their power and assert their rights, if necessary, by force of arms." The movement was renewed in 1835, when to the previous demands was added that for the discontinuance of transportation to the colony. "These meetings," says West, "preserved the principles of constitutional freedom; and if they did not hasten its possession, reiterated its lessons and prepared for its enjoyment. . . . They were conservative of great interests, and deserve a grateful remembrance." In every case the result was the same: neither importunity nor threatening prevailed. Fresh arrivals from the old country added fuel to the growing flame, and public meetings were held to demand liberty for the press and a representative Parliament. To both demands Arthur was hostile, and he retained this attitude to the close of his administration.

SIR JOHN FRANKLIN—1837–1843

The accession of Sir John Franklin, R.N. (January 6, 1837), was gratifying to the colonists, and he received a hearty welcome to the land he had visited 34 years previously as a companion of Flinders. On his entrance into Launceston he was escorted by 300 horsemen and 70 carriages; the streets were thronged; the windows were crowded by fair spectators, who shared the general enthusiasm. Numerous addresses were presented to him, and "the hearty frankness of his replies contrasted with the official coldness of his predecessor. He reminded the colonists that, although ambitious of their favor, the duties of his station would probably oblige him to disappoint their desires." Notwithstanding his popularity, Franklin had a difficult part to play, and he was a stranger to finesse. The repressive policy of the late Governor, it was said, was perpetuated by relatives still retaining important official positions, who thus harassed the new Governor's movements, and sometimes emasculated, if they did not quite neutralise, his kind intentions. Many of the most prominent colonists publicly expressed the opinion that prosperity could not be expected without an extensive immigration and the discontinuance of transportation.

With these views Franklin in the main coincided. He sanctioned

a system of assisted emigration under which the settlers could select, by themselves or their agents, laborers of various kinds in the old country, who would come to the colony under indenture for a specified period. The intention was to send out these emigrants in small companies by the ordinary trading vessels, so that proper provision might be made for them on arrival, without unduly disorganising the labor market. Mr. Henry Dowling went to England as the agent of a considerable number of settlers, and he was fortunate in obtaining many very desirable emigrants. But the wise precautions taken in the colony were overruled by the Emigration Commissioners at home, who, claiming to know better what was wanted than the colonists themselves, instead of sending laborers in the proportions required, despatched whole families in rapid succession, hundreds together. They arrived at a time of financial depression ; wages declined, and the home Government having resolved to continue transportation, there was no hope of immediate improvement, and many of the new arrivals found their way to the neighboring possessions.

Disastrous as this immigration experiment proved to the colony and to individuals—Mr. Dowling suffered to the extent of over a thousand pounds—it was not an altogether unmixed evil. At least a few of the immigrants were retained, augmenting the element desirous of purifying society and enlarging the political liberties of the people. A petition to the Crown praying for the concession of British institutions, which was almost universally signed, had already been forwarded by the colony during Franklin's administration, and he had opened to the public the doors of the Legislative Council Chamber.

SIR JOHN EARDLEY EARDLEY-WILMOT—1843–1847

Sir John Eardley Eardley-Wilmot assumed the government of this island on August 21, 1843. His administration was troubled and brief, and closed abruptly and pathetically under a stigma that probably was as unjust in its nature as it was un-British in its dissemination. Sympathising with the colonists in many of their grievances, he was sincerely desirous of helping them, but he was under the iron hand of Downing-street. Already paralysed by the effects of transportation, still greater sufferings were in store for the colony from the same source. The influx of convicts was greater than ever, but Lord Stanley, whose name was execrated, aggravated the evil by throwing upon the local Treasury the cost of police and gaols, and demanding payment for every stroke of work performed by prisoner labor. Wilmot felt himself to be helpless : his only resource was to endeavor to reduce expenditure and to increase revenue. He proposed to augment the duty on

sugar, tea, and foreign goods from 5 to 15 per cent., and to raise the license fees for various tradesmen.

Such an arbitrary exercise of prerogative naturally awakened violent hostility. A great public meeting was held at the capital to protest against the project, preceded by a procession of cabs and wagons decorated with flags, bearing the inscription, "No taxation without representation." On this occasion opposition was to some extent triumphant, and the obnoxious licensing scheme was withdrawn. The people, however, now saw clearly that there could be no effective bulwark against the abuse of authority but the possession of parliamentary government, and the imposition of taxation only by their own elected representatives. This was made still more obvious by the inane and servile utterances of the Colonial Secretary, Mr. Bicheno, who told the Legislative Council that the doctrine of concurrent representation and taxation was a wild, revolutionary idea that had been exploded by American independence! The revenues he called the Queen's, and thought it monstrous that any should dispute her right to her own! It is interesting, and it may be useful, to note that the *ad valorem* duties, which had been raised to 15 per cent., realised less than when they were only 5.

When the estimates for the year were presented in the Legislative Council (August 20, 1845), the country party insisted on enquiry, and Mr. Dry (afterwards Sir Richard) proposed a committee to ascertain the proportionate burdens imposed by transportation. This motion, and another for adjournment to give the members time to investigate the items, were rejected by the Governor's casting vote. When the estimates were read, however, it was discovered that they differed from the copy in the hands of members. Another motion for adjournment to enable the Colonial Secretary to correct the discrepancies was carried, the Chief Justice supporting it. Five days later, on reassembling, the Council was prorogued by the Governor, who said that, as the members had determined to refuse all items of convict expenditure, and considering the state of popular feeling, he had resolved to await the arrival of expected despatches from Lord Stanley, in reply to his own in reference to the matters in dispute.

The Council re-assembled on October 21, but, the expected despatches not having been received in the meantime, the Governor had recourse to several expedients to meet the exigencies of the moment. Unauthorised by the Council, he had borrowed money from a bank: he now proposed to stop forage allowance to the clergy, and to retain 12½ per cent. of the salaries of the officials. Both these measures were withstood—the latter effectively, the Chief Justice denying the power of the Council to interfere with his income. When new estimates were offered, they were found

to be unintelligible, and Mr. Dry proposed an adjournment to enable the Colonial Secretary to afford the necessary information. This reasonable request was lost by the Governor's casting vote, as were several other motions for a similar purpose.

At the next sitting of the Council, Wilmot proposed to pass the estimates. All efforts to postpone their consideration having proved ineffectual, Mr. Dry moved that the Appropriation Act be read that day six months, stating his reasons for this step. He was supported by Mr. Gregson. An adjournment of the debate having been negatived by the Governor's casting vote, the Appropriation Act would have gone to its third reading, but at this stage the unofficial members quitted the Chamber, and thus reduced the number below the legal quorum. On the following day Mr. Gregson appeared at the table and apologised for the absence of his honorable friends, who were preparing a protest for presentation on the morrow.

The Governor was incensed, and employed language not calculated to heal differences. In an angry temper the Council met on October 3, when the Colonial Secretary moved the third reading of the obnoxious bill. Mr. Dry rose to read a minute, signed by the members in opposition, objecting to the proceedings. This having been rejected as irregular, Mr. Gregson proposed that the third reading should be delayed that the dissenting members might bring forward other estimates. As probably was anticipated, this motion was lost, but before the Appropriation Act could be carried, the Opposition again quitted the Council Chamber, and the remaining members not constituting a quorum, the legislative session was abruptly terminated. The *Gazette* of November 4 announced that Charles Swanston, Michael Fenton, John Kerr, William Kermode, Thomas George Gregson, and Richard Dry, esquires, had resigned their seats.

These were the gentlemen, associated under such conditions, who constituted the historic "Patriotic Six," and their action on this occasion contributed probably more than anything else to confirm the belief of the colonists that their only hope for regaining political freedom lay in maintaining a determined struggle for the institutions they had left behind in the mother country. The Rubicon was crossed; henceforth self-government must be their goal.

The cause of the retiring Councillors was enthusiastically adopted by the people throughout the colony. On the return of Mr. Dry to Launceston, the place of his birth, on December 6, he was received with every mark of unbounded confidence and esteem. A number of gentlemen met him on the road seven or eight miles from town, and soon the party was joined by a body of horsemen and carriages. The cavalcade increased as it advanced until at the Sandhill there was a crowd of 3000 persons, who then formed a procession with flags and a band. On entering the town there

was a halt for a few minutes, during which J. W. Gleadow, Esq., delivered a short address, gratefully acknowledging, on behalf of the colonists, the services of Mr. Dry and his colleagues. The march was about to be resumed when, apparently moved by a sudden impulse, a score of men sprang to Mr. Dry's carriage ; in a moment the horses were removed, and, in spite of stern remonstrance, fifty willing men took their places, and with cheers that continued unabated for half a mile the living mass moved slowly on. The procession passed through the principal streets to the Cornwall Hotel, from the balcony of which Mr. Dry addressed the crowd, explaining the action he and his colleagues had been compelled to take, expressing gratification that it was approved by the people, and thanking the assemblage for the honor they had conferred on him. At the close of the proceedings a salute was fired from the shipping in the harbor. In the evening a party of gentlemen dined with Mr. Dry at his hotel, and arranged for the preparation of a petition to Parliament, praying for the immediate cessation of transportation and the establishment of legislation by representation.

To popular feeling so thoroughly aroused, there could be but one result. Considerable difficulty was experienced by the Governor in filling the vacated seats, and though this was eventually accomplished, two of the new members, Messrs. Reed and Hopkins, soon retired, being unable to approve of the measures submitted to the Council.

Near the close of 1845 Wilmot received notice of his recall, but he was not relieved of duty until October of the following year, when Charles Joseph La Trobe, Esq., Superintendent of the Port Phillip District, took his place as Administrator. Mr. La Trobe landed at Launceston. His official career in this island lasted only a little over three months, but the enquiries he energetically pursued during that time convinced him that in the main the attitude assumed by the colonists in regard to convictism was justifiable.

On his supersession, Sir Eardley Wilmot continued to reside in Hobart for a short time, receiving the complimentary distinctions of his position ; but the worries of office, and more particularly his cruel treatment by the Secretary of State, had irremediably impaired his health, and he died on February 3, 1847. He was interred in St. David's Cemetery, near to the tomb of David Collins, the first Lieut.-Governor of Tasmania.

SIR WILLIAM THOMAS DENISON—1847–1854

Another and important stage in the evolution of Parliamentary government in this island was reached during the administration

of Sir W. T. Denison, a captain of the Royal Engineers. He assumed the government on January 26, 1847, and one of his first duties, as prescribed by the Secretary of State, was to arrange the dispute with the late Councillors, and the claims of their successors. Suffice it to say that the " Patriotic Six " were re-appointed, but only for a short time, as legal complications arose in connection with the nomination of some of the other gentlemen, and the Governor ended the difficulty by dismissing the Council and waiting instructions from Downing-street. It thus happened that during 1847 there was no sitting of the Legislature, but in the following year it was officially announced that the Queen had been pleased to reinstate the " Patriotic Six."

Denison soon came into conflict with the Judges by endeavoring to enforce a local statute which they had declared invalid. This was the Dog Act, passed in Wilmot's time. The Imperial Act (9 George IV., Cap. 83) from which the Legislative Council derived its authority, provided that a tax should be levied only for local purposes " to be distinctly and particularly stated in the body of the bill." This the Dog Act did not do, and the amount of licenses was carried to the general revenue. The same objection applied to the Differential Duties Act, passed at the same time. Unquestionably the Government was in an awkward position ; dog licenses were ridiculed, and the 15 per cent. *ad valorem* duties in many cases were paid under protest. To vindicate the law, appeal would have to be made to the Supreme Court, but with both Judges adverse that course would have been futile. With the decision born of military experience, Denison determined to remove the Judges and appoint others whose opinions were known to coincide with those of the Executive. On the plea that, by reason of his office, Justice Montagu had evaded an action for debt, he was " removed," and Chief Justice Pedder was requested to ask for leave of absence. This his Honor peremptorily refused to do, saying, " Were I to accept your Excellency's proposal I should, it appears to me, be for ever after degraded, and, *ipso facto*, render myself unworthy of holding the lowest office or employment which it is in her Majesty's power to bestow on a subject." At this stage the warrant appointing the Legislative Councillors reached the Governor, and the contest with the Chief Justice was allowed to lapse.

A Legislative Council being now established, Denison lost no time in introducing a bill to cure the defects of previous legislation. This was the Doubts Bill, which declared that an ordinance once enrolled, whatever its provisions, or however repugnant to common law or acts of Parliament, should be held binding on the court. The bill was passed though opposed by the Chief Justice and five other members of the Council. It may very well be doubted

whether the Doubts Act itself was not *ultra vires*, and that its opponents had reasonable ground for believing that it was inconsistent with the limitations of the Council is shown by the fact that the later Imperial Constitutional Act (August, 1850) contained a retrospective provision to meet the case. It may be remarked that the removal of Mr. Montagu and the appointment of Mr. Horne were approved by the Crown, but the attempted coercion of the Chief Justice was reprimanded.

The agitation for representative institutions, which had been carried on with more or less vigor for more than twenty years, was renewed with increasing hope of success from 1846 to 1850 The subject occupied some of the thought of Ministers and occasionally the attention of Parliament. Under normal conditions the advantages conferred by free institutions were admitted, but the great preponderance of the convict element was held to be an insuperable obstacle. Various compromising schemes were submitted, amongst them one by Sir John Franklin, in 1839. He suggested a Council of 21 members, one-third to be nominated by the Crown, the remainder to be elected by persons qualified as common jurors. The composite character thus outlined was that adopted for New South Wales in 1843, and eight years later extended to this island.

By direction of Earl Grey, in 1848, Denison gave his views in reference to an elective Legislature for Tasmania, recommending in the main that of New South Wales, with the addition of a second Chamber, "to check," as he said, "the development of an essentially democratic spirit, which actuates a large mass of the community." He suggested that bishops and certain officials might be members of an Upper House, the rest, whether nominated by the Crown or elected by the people, to hold their seats for life. His recommendations, however, were not adopted. The Ministerial bill for amending or bestowing constitutions for Australia, introduced in the early part of 1850, was favorably received in this part of the Empire—not, indeed, as a perfect measure, but as calculated to hasten some favorite object. Thus it was hailed at Port Phillip, because it secured separation from New South Wales; in Tasmania it was welcomed as the inevitable doom of transportation.

It is worthy of remark that this bill made provision for the federation of the Australasian colonies, though that portion was eliminated before it left Parliament. Amongst other alterations, the most important was the reduction of the franchise from £20 to £10. The bill received the Royal assent on August 5, and as "An Act for the Better Government of Her Majesty's Australian Colonies" it arrived here in the barque *Olinda* on January 31, 1851, and was quickly proclaimed. The inhabitants were almost frantic

with delight. Demonstration committees were appointed to arrange for a great public rejoicing throughout the island. The day set apart for this purpose at Launceston was Thursday, February 13, and, though the weather was unpropitious, everything passed off with the utmost enthusiasm. Flags and banners decorated the buildings ; a procession promenaded the town ; a huge pavilion was erected in St. John Square, in which several hundred persons dined, and at night the town was brilliantly illuminated. On the following afternoon the children attending the various Sunday schools assembled at the Horticultural Gardens, and marched to St. John Square, where they were regaled in the pavilion, after which they sang the National Anthem, and then dispersed.

The new act provided for a Council of 24, of whom 16 were to be elected by the people, and eight nominated by the Crown. Here, then, the element of popular representation was for the first time recognised in the government of this colony. Considerable delay occurred in providing the necessary machinery for bringing the new constitution into force ; but an Electoral Act having been passed by the existing Council, the elections under it commenced in October and extended into December ! There were 27 candidates, of whom 19 were members of the Australasian League, and 15 of these were elected. Only four were known to be in favor of the continuance of transportation, and all were rejected at the poll. Could any stronger evidence be adduced or needed in support of the assertion that the colony was resolved to get rid of the system ? It is due to the memory of those who participated in the initiation of free institutions that their names should be recalled on the present occasion. They represented the districts mentioned :—

Brighton—John Walker.
Buckingham—Robert William Nutt.
Campbell Town—Robert Quayle Kermode.
Cornwall—John Ward Gleadow.
Cumberland—William Stanley Sharland.
Hobart—Thomas Daniel Chapman, John Dunn.
Huon—Richard Cleburne.
Launceston—Richard Dry.
Longford—Joseph Archer.
Morven—James Cox.
New Norfolk—Michael Fenton.
Oatlands—Henry Frampton Anstey.
Richmond—Thomas George Gregson.
Sorell—Askin Morrison.
Westbury—William Archer, jun.

The nominee members proclaimed on December 16 were :—

Peter Gordon Fraser, Colonial Secretary.
Adam Turnbull, Colonial Treasurer.
Valentine Fleming, Attorney-General.
Francis Smith, Solicitor-General.
William Race Allison.
Edward Bisdee.
John Leake.
Hon. Richard Gilbert Talbot.

THE AUSTRALASIAN LEAGUE

Reference has been made to the Australasian League : it may be well to explain the objects of an association to a generation living more than half a century after it has ceased to exist. Indeed, it would be impossible to give anything like an intelligible and fairly complete account of the introduction and evolution of free institutions in this island without such an explanation, because the two subjects are closely interwoven.

The colonists had long seen that material prosperity—to say nothing of moral improvement—could never be secured while the island remained a penal settlement. Many thousands of convicts were gathered here, and their number was recruited by additional thousands every year. The evil was not restricted to Tasmania, for as they acquired a measure of freedom—and many even without that passport—they drifted across Bass Strait, and mingled with the residents of the provinces on the mainland. Frequent and urgent protests and petitions were alike useless. Sometimes, indeed, it seemed as if relief was at hand, when distinct promises were made of mitigation and even of cessation ; but the occurrence of some unexpected difficulty or a change in the Ministry shattered the fondest hopes. Instead of cessation or diminution, the number of convicts poured annually upon our shores increased,* including the worst offenders from every portion of the Empire, until this

* In four years—1840–44—fifteen thousand convicts were landed in this island. In 1849 twenty vessels arrived at Hobart bringing 1860 prisoners of all sorts and from all parts of the Empire, even from India. Probably in the desire to somewhat relieve this convict-saturated community one ship-load (the *Neptune*) was sent to the Cape of Good Hope, but the inhabitants would not allow them to be landed, nor would they supply the vessel with stores. All hands were compelled to remain afloat until the Home Government could be communicated with, and then the *Neptune* was ordered to Hobart. A similar experiment was tried with the *Hashemy* to N. S. Wales, and the *Randolph* to Port Phillip, with practically the same result.

fair land was held up to the ridicule and execration of the world as "the dust-hole," and visitors to other countries were fain to conceal whence they came! The position was intolerable. Anti-transportation associations were formed in all the colonies, and they vigorously prosecuted the object at heart, but the labor seemed hopeless. Distance from the source of authority, red-tapeism, and the power of a mighty nation appeared to impose insuperable obstacles to success. Then, as if by inspiration, the idea occurred to the Rev. John West, of Launceston (the historian of Tasmania), that if all the Australian colonies could be combined in one great and sustained effort to repel a common foe, their voice must prevail.

At the request of northern colonists Mr. West proceeded to Hobart (September 9, 1850), and discussed the matter with friends there, the result being the drafting of a constitution for the League to be submitted for the approval of the other colonies. Mr. West for Hobart, and W. P. Weston, Esq., for Launceston, were appointed delegates to a general conference held at Melbourne on February 1, 1851, presided over by the Mayor of that city.

At this meeting the constitution of the League and an address to the colonists of Australasia were adopted, also the flag of the association—a blue ensign, with Union Jack in the upper hoist quarter, and in the centre five white stars—the Southern Cross, the familiar constellation of southern skies, emblematic of the five colonies (Queensland had not then been separated from New South Wales). Similar meetings were held at Sydney and Adelaide, where branches of the League were formed. Everywhere the people entered upon the struggle with immense enthusiasm and renewed hope, the motto of the League being, "The Australias are one," and that of its banner, "Under this sign we conquer." A fund of £20,000 was quickly provided as sinews of war, dozens of individuals and firms subscribing one hundred guineas each. The people of Victoria presented to their brothers of Tasmania a beautiful silk banner which floated proudly from the mast-head of the schooner *Swift* as she brought the returning delegates to Launceston on 6th March, 1851. Captain Bell, of the *Raven*, had a copy of the flag in bunting made in Melbourne, which flew from the brig's peak as she left that city; but Captain Irving, of the *Swift*, had the honor of being the first to fly it in Tasmanian waters.

The fate of the system of transportation to any part of Australasia was unquestionably sealed when the League had united all the provinces in determined opposition to it. How soon it would cease would, under any circumstances, be only a question of months; but the discovery in Australia of gold in marvellous quantities at the same period was an immediate and irresistible ally. The determination of the Derby Cabinet to put an end to the accursed

system was confirmed by its successors (Aberdeen's Administration). It was conveyed to the Governor in a despatch of Sir John Pakington, dated December 14, 1852. The Secretary of State observed:—"But whatever may be their value (*i.e.*, considerations that had been urged in favor of continuance), taken in themselves, we find, as I have above stated, that there is a general expression of a strong repugnance in Tasmania and in the adjacent colonies to the further reception of convicts in either of them. Whatever may be the private opinions of individuals who have not come forward on this question, numerous public meetings, and all the legislative authorities in these colonies, have declared themselves strongly against transportation; and her Majesty's Government have felt it their duty to take such steps as may enable her Majesty, with the assent of Parliament, to comply with a wish so generally and so forcibly expressed by her subjects in these colonies. The propriety of this decision is supported by the effects of the discovery of gold. It would appear a solecism to convey offenders at the public expense, with the intention at no distant time of setting them free, to the immediate vicinity of those very goldfields which thousands of honest laborers are in vain striving to reach."

The gratifying news of the decision of Her Majesty's Government was conveyed to Melbourne by the steamer *Harbinger*, of auspicious name, and reached Launceston by the *Yarra Yarra* on 27th April, 1853. The steamer was decorated with flags as she came up the river, and she had not been moored many minutes before it was announced by the bellman that Tasmania was a free colony! On 22nd February, 1853, the Duke of Newcastle (who had succeeded Sir J. Pakington at the Colonial Office) informed Sir William Denison that "no more convicts would be sent out."

The 10th of August, the jubilee of the colony, was set apart for public rejoicings, and they were enthusiastic: at Launceston unprecedented. The formal part of the proceedings of the day commenced by a religious service at all the places of worship. A beautiful arch of native shrubs was erected across St. John-street, at its intersection with Elizabeth-street; the Mayor invited the members of the Legislative Council and others to luncheon in the municipal chamber, to meet the member for Launceston (Mr. Dry), at which an address and a purse of 250 sovereigns were presented to Mr. Henry Dowling in recognition of his services for four years as the unpaid secretary of the London Agency Association, and for two years of the northern branch of the Australasian League. At noon, preceded by the Town Clerk in his gown, the Mayor and Aldermen escorted Mr. Dry to St. John Square, where the latter gentleman delivered an oration, after which the assembly sang a jubilee anthem. A procession then formed, and, headed by a band, paraded the town, returning to the Square, where each of

the children received a Demonstration cake and a ticket entitling the holder to a commemorative medal, a supply of which had been ordered from England. These medals were distributed at the Franklin Lodge on 10th August, 1855. At 3 o'clock a public meeting was held in the Square, at which an address to the Queen was adopted, expressing the gratitude and joy of the colonists at the cessation of transportation; resolutions conveying thanks were also passed to those who had assisted in the cause. This was followed by a dinner given by the native-born colonists, of whom one hundred were present, and presided over by Mr. Dry. The day closed with a general illumination, fireworks, and bonfires on the hills. It may be truly said that the people were delirious with joy. Probably the only person in the island who did not share in these feelings was the Lieutenant-Governor, who was weak enough to manifest his annoyance by issuing a circular forbidding all Government officers and clerks to leave their offices on the occasion!

Early in 1854 intelligence reached the colony that so much of the odious Order-in-Council of 4th September, 1848, as still remained in force was revoked at a Cabinet meeting held on 29th December, 1853. Australasia was now entirely free from the taint and obloquy of convictism. The object of the League had been accomplished, and it was formally dissolved in April, 1854. Immediately afterwards the executive board of the New South Wales branch forwarded £100 to Rev. J. West, with a request that he would prepare for publication a history of the League. "Our founder," they said, "it is meet you should become our historian, and your 'History of Tasmania' abundantly attests your competency." Acknowledging receipt of the remittance and a box of papers, Mr. West undertook the task. He said:—"I desire at the close of this long and arduous conflict to offer my congratulations on the prudence, zeal, and energy displayed by the various officers of the Australasian League, and especially the labors of the President and Secretary of the board; and I may add that the example afforded of a peaceable and moral agitation, without one stain upon its career or its triumph, is calculated to affect the tone of political affairs for ages to come."

Charles Cowper, Esq., was president, and Gilbert Wright, Esq., was secretary of the New South Wales branch.

ELECTIVE AND NOMINEE LEGISLATURE

No sooner had the partially elective Legislative Council assembled than, as was to be expected, the members put every possible constitutional obstacle in the way of carrying out the Imperial Govern-

ment's system of transportation. They were in frequent conflict with the Governor, in whose hands the official members were simply puppets. Mr. Bicheno, at one time Colonial Secretary, had even ventured to enunciate the doctrine, dear to Charles I., that it was the prerogative of the Crown to tax the people!

The Council met on December 30, 1851, when, after the usual formalities, including the election of Mr. Dry as Speaker, it adjourned until January 1, 1852. On the latter date the opening speech was delivered by the Governor, and the attitude the Council was likely to assume was shown in its procedure with regard to the address in reply. As is customary in such cases, the address was in most respects an echo of the speech, but it took exception to the statement that the new constitution gave all the powers that were desirable, and expressed regret that his Excellency had not considered it necessary to allude to the subject of transportation, had not remonstrated with the Home Government on its continued breach of faith, and made no reference to the necessity of an appropriation of the land fund for the purposes of immigration. Several amendments were proposed by the Attorney-General and Colonial Treasurer to eliminate these references, but without avail; the address was adopted on a division by fourteen to eight, one of the elective members having left the Chamber. On the 14th a long series of resolutions, moved by Mr. Sharland, was adopted by thirteen votes to eight, showing that the Home Government, as represented by Earl Grey, had broken faith with the colony in regard to the promised discontinuance of transportation. And on 5th March Mr. Gregson's resolutions were passed by twelve to seven, declaring that if it were continued, the Council would not vote more than one-thirteenth of the cost of police and gaols. Other resolutions were proposed in connection with the continuance of transportation, and declaring that "it is our duty, as colonists and as British subjects, to exert to the utmost all the power with which this Council is invested to oppose, and if possible to defeat, every measure which may be suggested or attempted for the introduction of criminals into this country, at any time, or under any circumstances." These resolutions were stoutly opposed by the official members, but they were carried by thirteen to five; and still later a motion censuring the Governor for the delay that had occurred in bringing the constitution into effect was carried by thirteen to nine. Other defeats were sustained by the Government, showing that the members elected by the people were alive to their duty, and resolved to discharge it. The session was closed on March 19, but even this formal matter could not be accomplished by Sir William Denison without an unmerited and offensive reflection upon the action of the people's representatives. After promising to forward to the Secretary of State the resolutions in reference to

transportation, his Excellency went on to say, "but I deem it a duty I owe her Majesty and her Majesty's loyal and faithful subjects of this colony to express the deep sorrow I feel at the language of the resolutions embodied in that address."

The prorogation of the Council prevented any action being taken at the time by the aspersed members to vindicate themselves, but they did not lose a moment in doing so on assembling for the second session on June 15. Directly the Governor had retired after delivering his opening speech, Mr. Nutt gave notice of an address to the Queen repelling "the charge of disloyalty and unfaithfulness which has been so improperly preferred against us by your Majesty's representative."

It should be stated that in the interval between closing the two sessions, there had been a change in the highest official under the Government. On April 14, by appointment from home, Henry Samuel Chapman, Esq., arrived at Hobart to take up the position of Colonial Secretary, rendered vacant by the death of Mr. Bicheno. Mr. Chapman had been a Judge of the Supreme Court of New Zealand (June, 1843), an office which he relinquished to take up the other. He was clever, experienced, and conciliatory—indeed, in every respect one of the best officers the colony ever had.

When Mr. Nutt brought on his motion, the Colonial Secretary raised a technical objection of procedure, which, however, was overruled by the Chair. Mr. Sharland moved an amendment to the effect that his Excellency be asked to explain what he intended by the offensive passage. This was carried by twelve votes to nine, and the Council adjourned until three o'clock the following day. On re-assembling, his Excellency's reply was read, in which he stated that had he believed the members to be faithless or disloyal he should have said so in plain and simple terms. He also transmitted copy of his despatch on the subject to the Secretary of State, at the same time intimating that it could not be printed until its receipt had been acknowledged from home. In substance, the despatch referred to one part of Mr. Sharland's resolution being inconsistent with the other, but also expressed his Excellency's opinion that the Council, as well as the great majority of colonists, were loyal and faithful subjects.

On September 9 the Colonial Secretary, having moved that the House go into committee on the estimates, Mr. T. D. Chapman proposed as an amendment that their consideration "be deferred until December 28th next, or until the determination of her Majesty's Government shall have been received relative to the seventh resolution" adopted by the Council on March 5 declaring that if transportation were continued the Council would not vote more "for police and gaols, or any other expenditure connected with the control or management of criminals, than this country would be

subjected to if it were a free colony." This was carried by fourteen votes to seven, the minority being officials and nominees. A little later, on September 14, on the motion of Mr. Gleadow, an address to the Queen, asking her Majesty to revoke the Order-in-Council making Tasmania a penal colony, was adopted by sixteen to four. On this occasion two officials voted with the ayes—Mr. Francis Smith, Solicitor-General, and Dr. Adam Turnbull, Chairman of the Land Board, whilst the Colonial Secretary left the chamber before the division. In consequence the Governor required the Colonial Secretary and Dr. Turnbull to accept leave of absence—the latter immediately, the former as soon as a sufficiently tractable successor could be secured. Dr. Turnbull resigned his seat in the Legislative Council (October 11), his place being filled by Lieut. Andrew Clarke, his Excellency's Private Secretary.

The *Gazette* of November 2 notified that Mr. Thomas Napier Champ had on the previous day been appointed Colonial Secretary in place of Mr. Chapman, "who had received leave of absence." On accepting the position of Solicitor-General Mr. Smith had stipulated for liberty in regard to the transportation question, and it was conceded to secure his services. Mr. Chapman proceeded to England to lay his case before the Secretary of State, but the action of Denison was upheld, it having long been laid down as a rule by the Colonial Office that the official members of the Council were required to vote with the Governor. He returned to Australia, and practised his profession in Melbourne, and having been elected to the Legislative Assembly, became Attorney-General in 1857, and the following year Premier. Subsequently he acted as Judge during the absence of Sir Redmond Barry, and in 1865 he left for New Zealand, having again accepted an appointment as Judge of the Supreme Court of that colony. In 1870 he retired on a pension, and died in 1882. On his way to Melbourne he called at Hobart, where he was entertained at a public dinner on September 27, 1854. About 200 gentlemen were present, and he received quite an ovation. Dr. Turnbull's dismissal as clerk of Executive Council was confirmed, but it was ordered that he should be reinstated as Chairman of the Land Board.

Consequent upon this arbitrary and despotic procedure of the Governor, and as might have been expected in a Legislature composed of Englishmen, though only partially elective, on September 24 Captain Fenton gave notice that he would move an address to the Queen declaring "want of confidence in Sir William Denison, and our conviction that during his administration it will be impossible to preserve that harmony and good understanding which should exist between the Legislature and the Executive." The motion was made on September 28, and a long and heated debate ensued, at the close of which it was carried by twelve votes to nine. A

motion was also adopted asking his Excellency to forward the address to the Secretary of State, to be laid before Her Majesty. The Speaker was requested to send copies of the resolution to *The Times* and *Daily News*.

The Council, having refused to pass the estimates for 1853 until the decision of Her Majesty's Government was known in reference to transportation, adjourned on October 19 until December 28, to give time for despatches to arrive; but prior to adjournment the Governor intimated his intention not to comply with several requests of the Council.

It was during this session that the conflict was entered upon with Dr. Hampton, the Comptroller of Convicts, who, under the ægis of his Excellency, refused to give evidence before a select committee on grievances.

On the re-assembling of the Council on December 28, Mr. Champ took his place as Colonial Secretary, and moved that the House go into committee on the estimates. Mr. T. D. Chapman enquired if any despatch on the subject had been received from the Secretary of State. The Private Secretary replied in the negative, when Mr. Chapman said in face of the resolution of September 9, it was impossible to proceed with the estimates, and he moved the further adjournment of the House until December 30, which was carried.

On the latter date the estimates were proceeded with; and on January 3, 1853, after several items had been passed, the Colonial Secretary moved the sum of £52,000 5*s.* 5*d.* for police and gaols. Upon this, Mr. Gleadow said that only one-thirteenth of that sum was required for strictly colonial purposes, and he moved accordingly. Mr. Gleadow's motion was carried by thirteen to six, and the Council was prorogued on January 6 to March 5, the Governor expressing regret that supplies for police and gaols had been voted for only three months, and he was of opinion that if at the expiration of that time any material reduction were insisted upon it would operate most injuriously.

So far the first instalment of political freedom, though exceedingly circumscribed, had imposed a check on arbitrary personal rule, and made it possible for the popular will to find effective expression. Succeeding years would witness the expansion of the germ, until it attained a development which possibly some may consider too luxuriant. A beginning had, however, been made in ameliorating the criminal law, and for the prosecution of public works essential to the progress of the community, including an act for supplying Launceston with water. An act was passed establishing municipal management, a phase of free institutions only second in importance to general legislation. Hobart and Launceston were each required to elect a municipal council, consisting of seven aldermen (subsequently increased to nine), one

of whom to be annually appointed Mayor. The inaugural election was fixed for January 1, 1853. The first Aldermen for Hobart (I was present at the election) were :—William Watchorn, I. G. Reeves, Peter Oldham, William Carter, W. G. Elliston, James Bonney, R. Worley. Mr. Carter was elected Mayor. At Launceston the Aldermen were :—Thomas Button, Charles James Weedon, William Stammers Button, Adye Douglas, Henry Dowling, John Crookes, Francis Evans. Mr. W. S. Button was elected Mayor, an honor which was repeated the two succeeding years.

When opening the Council on 8th March, 1853, the Governor said he had not received any further despatch in reference to transportation, but he was desirous that provision should be made for maintaining the efficiency of the police and gaols for the remainder of the year. On the following day the Colonial Secretary moved to that effect, when Mr. Gleadow proposed an amendment limiting supplies to four months. During the debate Mr. Gregson exclaimed, "The efficiency of the police! It was an insult to the community. Why, the police force of this colony was made up of convicts pressed into the service from the ships! He would give them an illustration. A convict just arrived—perhaps a highwayman—was sworn in as a constable, furnished with a musket, and sent upon the road; and what did he do? Why, what might naturally have been expected: he stops the first man he meets, robs him of a watch and £20, is convicted, and sentenced to fifteen years. There's your police efficiency!" The amendment was carried by eleven votes to nine. An address to the Queen gratefully acknowledging an allusion in her Majesty's speech in opening Parliament which furnished the colony "with a well founded confidence that the great evil which has exercised so disastrous an influence upon its highest interests is about to cease," was adopted, and the Council adjourned to 12th July.

On re-assembling, Denison, by message, referred to the expressed determination of the Home Government to put an end to transportation. He assured the Council that "in advocating the continuance of the system he was actuated solely by a conscientious conviction that the prosperity of the colony was dependent in a great measure upon the supply of labor thus annually placed at the disposal of the colonists; and it had been to him a subject of regret that in adopting such a course he should have found himself placed in opposition to the feelings and wishes of the majority of the Council. He could not, therefore, but rejoice that by the decision of her Majesty's Government a cause, and, he trusted, the only cause, of variance between the Executive and the Legislature had been removed." The altered tone of his Excellency's communication made but little impression upon the bulk of the people, as they utterly discredited his professions, and saw, or

fancied that they saw, in his latest utterance only a veiled and unwilling confession of defeat.

During the session of 1853 (which closed on October 6) a bill was passed to amend the Municipal Act, and a draft amended Constitution was agreed to and transmitted to the Secretary of State. The latter provided for two Chambers—a Legislative Council of twelve members, elected for six years on a freehold suffrage of £25 per annum, the whole colony to form one electoral district ; and a House of Assembly, consisting of thirty members, returnable by districts to be declared by the existing Legislative Council on the franchise fixed by 13 and 14 Vict., cap. 59, with the alterations suggested in the 14th section of the New South Wales Constitutional Act. The duration of the House of Assembly was not stated ; possibly it was intended to be similar to the other Chamber. The Governor was to be appointed by the Crown, but removable on an address carried by two-thirds of both Houses. Mr. Allison moved a resolution extending the existing Council to thirty-six before the altered Constitution was debated, but it was rejected on the casting vote of the Speaker, who said that it would have involved a delay of two years, which was to be deprecated, as all the other colonies were engaged in amending their Constitutions.

In less than two years several changes had occurred on the elective side of the Chamber. Longford had lost its first member, who was succeeded by Mr. Alexander Clerke ; Mr. Cox unexpectedly resigned for Morven, Mr. John Sinclair taking his place ; and Mr. Nutt resigned for Buckingham, and was succeeded by Dr. Officer. These changes tended to weaken the popular party, especially on questions on which the peculiar views of the Governor were known or understood.

During the session of 1854 a good many useful measures were carried through ; also a bill for increasing the Legislative Council by the addition of nine members—six elective and three nominee, and a bill to amend the Constitution. The former bill was brought forward by Mr. Clerke on the specious plea that the House should be enlarged before a change was made in the Constitution. It was resisted by most of the elected members as unnecessary, and as certain to delay Parliamentary Government for at least two years—which, indeed, was suspected to be the real object of the bill. Mr. Clerke's bill was read the first time on April 20, but by leave he withdrew it on 26th. The House adjourned on April 28 to July 25, and then to August 15.

On September 19 Mr. Clerke gave notice of motion that the bill for extending the Council be laid on the table, and next day he moved the first reading. Objection was taken that the bill had already been disposed of, and by the standing orders could

not be dealt with again that session. A long and acrimonious debate ensued, and five amendments were submitted. The Speaker ruled the motion out of order, but noses had been counted, and on a final division it was carried by twelve to nine, Messrs. Clerke, Langdon, Officer, Sharland, and Sinclair voting with the ayes.

On April 25 Mr. Chapman moved a select committee to consider the draft of a new Constitution, and the report was brought up, with proposed bill, early in October. It provided that Parliament should consist of the Governor; a Legislative Council of fifteen members, thirty years of age, and qualified to vote as electors; and a House of Assembly of thirty members, any person (a Judge of the Supreme Court or a minister of religion could not be elected to either Chamber) capable of being elected thereto who shall be a natural-born or naturalised subject of her Majesty, both Chambers to be elective. Qualification of electors for the Legislative Council: Every male twenty-one years of age, being a natural-born or naturalised subject of her Majesty, and having a freehold in the district for which he votes of £25 clear annual value in possession at least six months before date of writ, or being a graduate of any British University, barrister or solicitor of Supreme Court, medical practitioner, officiating minister of religion, officer of her Majesty's land or sea forces, except on actual service, and resident in the district for at least twelve months before date of writ; members elected for six years, three retiring annually. Qualification electors House of Assembly: Every male of twenty-one years, natural-born or naturalised subject of her Majesty, having freehold in district of £100 value, or householder or lessee of Crown land of annual value of £10 in possession at least two months before date of writ, or holding educational or professional qualification similar to that required for Legislative Council—provided that no person convicted of treason, &c., be entitled to vote unless pardoned or sentence expired; Parliament to meet at least once in every year; Judges to hold office during good behaviour, removable only by Governor on addresses from both Houses. The land fund was placed at the disposal of the local Legislatures, and within certain limits each was empowered to alter its Constitution when and how it deemed fit. An attempt was made to constitute Judges of the Supreme Court *ex officio* members of the Legislative Council, but it failed; the draft bill passed as amended, and on May 1, 1855, the Queen gave her assent to the "Act to Establish a Parliament in Van Diemen's Land, and to Grant a Civil List to her Majesty."

Meanwhile the Legislative Council was prorogued on November 6 by Sir William Denison, who, in closing it for the last time, assured hon. members "of the deep interest with which I shall ever regard this colony, and that it is my earnest prayer that the blessings of Divine Providence may rest upon your labors and prosper your

deliberations to the welfare of the community whose interests are entrusted to your charge."

Above are given, very briefly, the points of the proposed Constitution for this colony of most direct interest to the public. It has been altered in various ways since, for "Constitution tinkering" has been a favorite pastime with our legislators—now increasing the number of members, and then reducing it, but almost invariably lowering the qualifications of electors, and then introducing the system of payment of members with very doubtful real advantage to the people; yet in its main features the original carefully-thought-out scheme has been adhered to.

Sir William Denison's commission as Governor-General of New South Wales reached him in December, 1854, and after receiving many farewell addresses and a testimonial of £2000, he left Hobart on 13th January, 1855.

SIR H. E. F. YOUNG—1855–1856 *

Sir Henry Edward Fox Young arrived at Hobart on January 6, 1855. He had been transferred from South Australia, where he acquired a good measure of popularity, which preceded him to this colony. He was received with becoming respect and some enthusiasm, but the people had learned by experience that it was not prudent to scatter plaudits in advance. Sir Henry took the oaths of office on 8th, and then swore in the Colonial Secretary, Colonial Treasurer, and Chief Police Magistrate as members of the Executive Council. His Excellency lost no time in acquainting himself with the island and its people. On a tour through the northern districts, he arrived in Launceston on the evening of February 16, and took up his abode at the Cornwall Hotel. A few carriages and horsemen accompanied the viceregal party. As it arrived an hour earlier than was expected, there was not a large assembly, but when his Excellency and Lady Young presented themselves on the balcony they were greeted with cheers. Next morning a Governor's salute of 19 guns was fired from the ship *Flora Macdonald*, in accordance with naval etiquette, which interdicted salute-firing after sundown the previous evening. Later in the day there was a levee, at which an address of welcome from the Mayor and Aldermen of Launceston was presented. Very appropriately, the Town Council, though representing the inhabitants under a very defective Constitution, expressed the "earnest hope that your Excellency's administration may be distinguished, amongst other things, by a liberal extension of municipal authority

* Governor Young's term of office did not expire until the end of 1861, though Parliamentary Government in Tasmania was accomplished in 1856.

to the colonists. The distance of their town and port from headquarters has caused the inhabitants of Launceston especially to mark the evil effects of centralised government upon local interests and local progress."

Evidently gratified at the tone of the address, his Excellency took the opportunity to sketch the policy by which he proposed to be guided. "I shall try," he said, "to obtain the adoption, as opportunities offer, of the constitutional principle that the Central Executive should not attempt to engross to itself all the powers of the state, great and small, but that they should be distributed among local authorities. I have neither the folly nor the presumption to attempt to exercise the superhuman qualities of ubiquity, omniscience, and infallibility. I do not desire to keep the people, as it were, in the leading strings of the Executive, and to undertake for them the performance of those works which are best done by local exertions and private enterprise. . . . I shall be glad to see municipal and district elective councils, exercising full control over their own local affairs; the burthen of expenditure locally felt, its application locally controlled, and its amount kept within economical bounds prescribed by local experience. I shall rejoice to see in healthy activity all those popular and local interests, and attachments, that invigorating yet amicable rivalry, that diffusion of control and authority which prevents central power from becoming capricious and despotic; in fact, all those habits of local self-government which are the natural accompaniments of a general representative Legislature, and which, there is experience to prove, constitute together the perfection of civil polity." Such sentiments, so novel in the circumstances, could not be otherwise than pleasing to the townspeople, and, indeed, to the colony, and justified the hopes built upon them—hopes which were not entirely disappointed.

The legislature sustained a severe loss by the resignation (January 17, 1855) of Mr. Gleadow, the member for Cornwall. Before the close of the last session he had intimated that such a step was contemplated, and it was considerately timed that the vacancy might be filled during the elections under the Extension Act.

Six months later (July 9) Mr. Dry was compelled to resign through ill health. After a complete rest of several months he was well enough to undertake the voyage to England, and whilst there he received the honor of knighthood at the hands of the Queen. When at length he returned to the Colony it was in the belief that his health had been thoroughly restored, and he was induced to again enter political life. In November, 1866, he formed a Ministry, and was Premier and Colonial Secretary until his death, 1st August, 1869.

The new and extended Legislative Council met on July 17, 1855, and Captain Fenton was elected Speaker. There were now thirty-three members—twenty-two elective and eleven nominee, but several of the most useful members of the former Chamber were absent, greatly to the loss of the House and the country. It was scarcely possible that there could be more than a single session before the new Constitution took effect, so that the previous extension of the Council was altogether unnecessary. Its principal effect was to deluge the House with talking, notices of motion, and calls for returns which were scarcely ever turned to practical account.

The session was, however, noteworthy by reason of a renewed conflict with the Convict Department, and through it, to some extent with the Executive, who deemed it proper in a measure to shield the delinquents. In response to an address from the Council, the Governor had caused an enquiry to be made into some alleged irregularities in the Convict Department, and it was announced to the House that certain officials were seriously at fault, and that even Dr. Hampton, the Comptroller-General, was not free from blame. The Council was not satisfied, and appointed a select committee to prosecute the enquiry further. This was resisted by the Executive on the plea that the department in question was strictly Imperial, and that the local Legislature had no control. The Council was now incensed, and nearly all the unofficial members on this occasion united in maintaining its dignity and efficiency. The Speaker was directed to issue his warrant for Hampton's arrest, but the Serjeant-at-Arms reported his inability to execute it, and that Hampton was prepared for violent resistance. Then the Chief Police Magistrate was requested to furnish a body of constables to enable the Serjeant-at-Arms to execute the warrant; but he required time to consult the law officers; moreover, he had no police available for the purpose. The embroglio had now become very serious: popular excitement was intense. Hampton consented to be taken into custody, and remain so in his own house until the legality or otherwise of the proceedings should be decided by the Supreme Court. But the Council would accept no compromise, and whilst it was discussing the next step, the Governor unexpectedly entered, and prorogued the House. Released from custody by the prorogation, Hampton immediately and quietly came over to Launceston, caught the Melbourne steamer, and left the island, never to return. When his presence in Melbourne became known, the *Argus* described him as "an offender illegally at large." When the case was heard before the Supreme Court, both Judges pronounced against the Council, but on different grounds. The Chief Justice almost ridiculed its claim to compel Hampton's attendance as a witness; the Puisne Judge said the

power was inherent in the Legislature, but the Speaker's warrant was defective. On appeal to the Privy Council, the decision of the local court was upheld.

Such is a very brief outline of an important incident in connection with Tasmanian legislation. To give more of the details would occupy too much space here. Thus much, however, it was necessary to state if only to show that under full Parliamentary institutions like those we now enjoy, such a case could not have arisen.

ESTABLISHMENT OF PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT

James Warrington Rogers, Esq., had been appointed Solicitor-General on March 14, 1855. He arrived in the colony on August 4, and was the bearer of a despatch containing the Royal assent to the new Constitution, which was communicated to the Council on August 7, the Constitutional Act itself being proclaimed on October 24, and thenceforth being the law of the land.

The Electoral Bill was passed on February 4, 1856. It divided the island into 12 districts for the Council, returning 15 members—three for Hobart, two for Launceston, and one each for the others. There were 2979 electors. Writs were to be issued on or before October 1. For the Assembly there were 24 districts, returning 30 members—five for Hobart, three for Launceston, and one each for the other districts: 10,859 electors. The existing Legislative Council was finally prorogued on February 7, 1856, on which occasion the Governor uttered a few timely remarks on the altered conditions about to be inaugurated, which would require tact and patience for their proper development. Following were the newly-elected members:—

Legislative Council

Buckingham—T. Y. Lowes.
Cambridge—F. Burgess.
Derwent—Capt. Langdon.
Hobart—Justice Horne, J. Walker, E. S. P. Bedford.
Huon—T. J. Knight.
Jordan—E. Bisdee.
Longford—R. Q. Kermode.
Meander—W. E. Nairn.
North Esk—J. H. Wedge.
Pembroke—Jas. Whyte.
South Esk—P. T. Smith.
Tamar—Wm. Henty, W. S. Button.

House of Assembly

Brighton—H. Butler.
Campbell Town—W. R. Allison.
Clarence—E. Abbott.
Cumberland—T. L. Gellibrand.
Deloraine—A. F. Rooke.
Devon—J. A. Gibson.
Fingal—F. L. Stieglitz.
Franklin—W. Crooke.
George Town—C. S. Henty.
Glamorgan—C. Meredith.
Glenorchy—Dr. Officer.
Hobart Town—T. D. Chapman, M. Miller, F. Smith, R. W. Nutt, J. A. Dunn.
Kingborough—A. Nicholas.
Launceston—J. W. Rogers, A. Douglas, W. T. N. Champ.
Morven—F. M. Innes.
New Norfolk—M. Fenton.
Norfolk Plains—J. C. Gregson.
Oatlands—H. F. Anstey.
Queenborough—D. Macpherson.
Richmond—T. G. Gregson.
Ringwood—W. P. Weston.
Selby—R. C. Gunn.
Sorell—A. Morrison.
Westbury—T. W. Field.

On November 1, 1856, the first responsible Ministry was sworn in, and consisted of the following members :—

W. T. N. Champ, Esq., Colonial Secretary.
Francis Smith, Esq., Attorney-General.
T. D. Chapman, Esq., Colonial Treasurer.
H. F. Anstey, Esq., Secretary Lands and Works.
W. E. Nairn, Esq.

The *Gazette* of November 21 contained a proclamation summoning Parliament to meet for business on December 2, 1856, from which dates the Jubilee. One of the conditions on which the constitution was granted was that compensation should be provided for those officers who would be liable to lose their positions under responsible government ; the option given to them was a pension or a bonus. Messrs. Champ (Colonial Secretary) and Smith (Attorney-General) accepted a bonus—the former £6000, the latter £4500 ; Mr. P. G. Fraser preferred a pension of £600 a year whilst he lived.

An Order-in-Council was immediately issued in harmony with the already established practice requiring that Government officers elected to either House should not only abstain from any adverse action to the Government, but should afford it unqualified support.

Simultaneously with the inauguration of responsible government, the colony dropped its penal designation, and thenceforth, by Royal warrant, took its place amongst the Australian sisterhood as Tasmania.

On the day appointed, Parliament was opened by commission, the commissioners being Mr. Justice Horne and Messrs. Henty and Kermode. After the usual formalities, Mr. Horne was elected President of the Council, and Captain Fenton Speaker of the Assembly. Both Houses then adjourned to the following day, when the Governor delivered his opening speech. He said—"At the first meeting of an entirely elected Parliament, I perform a very gratifying duty in congratulating you, and through you, the colonists at large, that Tasmanian freedom has passed from a name into a reality, since it is now guaranteed not by positive laws merely, but by the enduring bulwark of free popular institutions. I congratulate you also on the system of voting by ballot having proved economical and convenient."

Amongst the measures mentioned in the speech was one for preventing the removal of the Judges except on an address from both Houses of the Legislature; one enabling persons having claims against the local Government to obtain redress according to law; stating that the lines of electric telegraph between George Town and Launceston, and between Mount Lewis and Hobart (provided by the late Council), were to be connected by a through line from the latter to Launceston; and intimating that Victoria had agreed to pay half the expense of a submarine cable across the Strait. His Excellency concluded with the following words:—"To the discharge of the public business of the colony your best and most attentive consideration will, I feel assured, be given. Chosen by your fellow-colonists to represent their interests, it seems not unreasonable to anticipate that, under the blessing of Divine Providence, the measures you will adopt will be such as to promote the prosperity and welfare of the colony; and I desire to assure you of my earnest wish to co-operate with the Parliament in the maintenance of such a Government as will be most effective in sustaining and advancing the public interest."

My task is completed. I proposed to sketch the various political phases through which society in this colony passed up to the time that Parliamentary government was bestowed; and this has been done as far as space would permit. I have endeavored to confine

myself to the subject in hand, though it necessarily had to stray rather frequently into that of transportation, from which it was inseparable.

It may be useful to append a list of successive Tasmanian Ministries to the time of preparing this book :—

Mr. Champ (November 1, 1856, to February 26, 1857), Premier and Colonial Secretary; Mr. T. D. Chapman, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. F. Smith, Attorney-General; Mr. J. W. Rogers, Solicitor-General; Mr. Anstey, Secretary Lands and Works; Mr. W. E. Nairn, without office.

Mr. Gregson (February 26 to April 25, 1857), Premier and Colonial Secretary; Mr. C. Meredith, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. J. C. Gregson, Attorney-General; Mr. James Whyte, without office.

Mr. Weston (April 25 to May 12, 1857), Premier, without office; Mr. F. Smith, Attorney-General; Mr. T. J. Knight, Solicitor-General; Mr. F. M. Innes, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. W. Henty, Colonial Secretary; Mr. R. Q. Kermode, without office.

Mr. Smith (May 12, 1857, to November 1, 1860), Premier and Attorney-General; Mr. Innes, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. Knight, Solicitor-General; Mr. Henty, Colonial Secretary; Messrs. Kermode, Weston, and Walker, without office.

Mr. Weston (November 1, 1860, to August 2, 1861), Premier, without office to July 22, 1861, when he resigned; Mr. Henty, Colonial Secretary; Mr. Innes, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. Knight, Attorney-General to February 4, 1861; Mr. W. L. Dobson, Attorney-General from February 5, 1861; Mr. Wm. Archer, without office from November 2, 1860.

Mr. Chapman (August 2, 1861, to January 20, 1863), Premier and Colonial Treasurer to January 20, 1863; Mr. Henty, Colonial Secretary to November 1, 1862; Mr. Innes, Colonial Treasurer to November 1, 1862, then Colonial Secretary to January 20, 1863; Mr. Dobson, Attorney-General.

Mr. Whyte (January 20, 1863, to November 24, 1866), Premier and Colonial Secretary; Mr. C. Meredith, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. R. B. Miller, Attorney-General; Mr. J. M. Wilson, without office.

Sir Richard Dry (November 24, 1866, to August 4, 1869), Premier and Colonial Secretary to August 1, 1869, when he died; Mr. Chapman, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. Dobson, Attorney-General.

Mr. Wilson (August 4, 1869, to November 4, 1872), Premier and Colonial Secretary; Mr. Chapman, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. Dobson, Attorney-General till February 5, 1870, when appointed Puisne Judge; Mr. W. R. Giblin, Attorney-General from February 5, 1870; Mr. H. Butler, without office from August 5 to October 27, 1869, then Minister of Lands and Works; Mr. J. A. Dunn, without office from August 5, 1869.

Mr. Innes (November 4, 1872, to August 4, 1873), Premier and Colonial Treasurer; Mr. J. R. Scott, Colonial Secretary; Mr. J. A. Jackson, Attorney-General; Mr. C. Meredith, Minister Lands and Works.

Mr. Kennerley (August 4, 1873, to July 20, 1876), Premier, without office; Mr. Chapman, Colonial Secretary to April 1, 1876, when he resigned; Mr. G. Gilmore, Colonial Secretary from April 10, 1876; Mr. P. O. Fysh, Colonial Treasurer to March 12, 1875, then without office;

Mr. F. M. Innes, Colonial Treasurer from March 13, 1875; Mr. Giblin, Attorney-General; Mr. W. Moore, Minister Lands and Works.

Mr. Reibey (July 20, 1876, to August 9, 1877), Premier and Colonial Secretary; Mr. C. Meredith, Colonial Treasurer and Minister Lands and Works to August 21, then Treasurer only; Mr. C. H. Bromby, Attorney-General; Mr. C. O'Reilly, Minister Lands and Works from August 21; Mr. W. L. Crowther, without office.

Mr. Fysh (August 9, 1877, to March 5, 1878), Premier, without office; Mr. Moore, Minister Lands and Works to August 11, and then Colonial Secretary; Mr. W. R. Giblin, Attorney-General to August 13, then Colonial Treasurer; Mr. N. J. Brown, Minister Lands and Works from August 11; Mr. Alfred Dobson, Attorney-General from August 13; Dr. Agnew, without office.

Mr. W. R. Giblin (March 5 to December 20, 1878), Premier and Colonial Treasurer; Mr. Moore, Colonial Secretary; Mr. A. Dobson, Attorney-General; Mr. N. J. Brown, Minister Lands and Works; Dr. Agnew and Mr. Fysh, without office.

Mr. Crowther (December 20, 1878, to October 30, 1879), Premier, without office; Mr. T. Reibey, Colonial Secretary; Mr. D. Lewis, Colonial Treasurer; Mr. J. S. Dodds, Attorney-General; Mr. O'Reilly, Minister Lands and Works.

Mr. W. R. Giblin (October 30, 1879, to August 15, 1884), Premier and Colonial Treasurer to December 1, 1881, then Attorney-General; Mr. Moore, Colonial Secretary; Mr. Dodds, Attorney-General to December 1, 1881, then Colonial Treasurer; Mr. O'Reilly, Minister Lands and Works to December 1, 1882, when he resigned; Mr. Brown, Minister Lands and Works from December 1, 1882; Dr. Agnew, without office to February 5, 1881, when he resigned; Dr. T. C. Smart, without office from December 1, 1882.

Mr. Douglas (August 15, 1884, to March 8, 1886), Premier and Chief Secretary; Mr. Dodds, Attorney-General; Mr. W. H. Burgess, Treasurer; Mr. Brown, Minister Lands and Works.

Mr. J. W. Agnew (March 8, 1886, to March 29, 1887), Premier and Chief Secretary to March 1, 1887, then Premier to March 29, 1887; Mr. H. I. J. R. Rooke, Chief Secretary from March 1, 1887; Mr. Dodds, Attorney-General to February 15, 1887; Mr. R. J. Lucas, Attorney-General from February 25, 1887; Mr. Burgess, Treasurer; Mr. Brown, Minister Lands and Works.

Mr. P. O. Fysh (March 29, 1887, to August 17, 1892), Premier and Chief Secretary; Mr. A. I. Clark, Attorney-General; Mr. B. S. Bird, Treasurer; Mr. E. N. C. Braddon, Minister Lands and Works to October 29, 1888; Mr. A. T. Pillinger, Minister Lands and Works from October 29, 1888; Mr. G. P. Fitzgerald, without office from October 29, 1888, to May 22, 1891.

Mr. Henry Dobson (August 17, 1892, to April 14, 1894), Premier, without office; Mr. Douglas, Chief Secretary; Mr. N. E. Lewis, Attorney-General; Mr. John Henry, Treasurer; Mr. William Hartnoll, Minister Lands; Mr. C. H. Grant, without office.

Sir Edward N. C. Braddon, P.C., K.C.M.G. (April 14, 1894, to October 12, 1899), Premier, without office to January 1, 1899, then Premier and Treasurer; Mr. William Moore, Chief Secretary; Mr. A. I. Clark, Attorney-

General to October 22, 1897; Mr. D. C. Urquhart, Attorney-General from November 10, 1897; Sir P. O. Fysh, Treasurer to January 1, 1899; Mr. A. T. Pillinger, Minister of Lands and Works to May 6, 1899, when he died; Mr. E. T. Miles, Minister of Lands and Works from May 10 to October 1, 1899, when he resigned; Mr. T. Reibey, without office.

Sir N. E. Lewis (October 12, 1899, to April 9, 1903), Premier and Attorney-General; Mr. G. T. Collins, Chief Secretary; Mr. B. S. Bird, Treasurer; Mr. E. Mulcahy, Minister of Lands and Works; Mr. F. W. Piesse, without office to May, 1901.

Mr. W. B. Propsting (April 9, 1903, to July 11, 1904), Premier and Treasurer; Mr. J. M'Call, Chief Secretary; Mr. H. Nicholls, Attorney-General; Mr. C. Lyne, Minister of Lands and Works; Mr. A. Morrisby, without office from July 31, 1903.

Mr. J. W. Evans (July 11, 1904), Premier and Minister for Education without portfolio to October 10, 1905, then also Treasurer; Mr. W. Moore, Chief Secretary; Mr. G. C. Gilmore, Attorney-General; Mr. C. L. Stewart, Treasurer and Minister for Mines to October 10, 1905, when he resigned; Mr. A. Hean, Minister of Lands and Works to October 10, 1905, then also of Mines. At present (1908) the Evans Ministry is thus constituted:—Mr. Evans, Premier and Chief Secretary; Mr. D. C. Urquhart, Treasurer and Minister of Mines Mr. A. Hean, Minister of Lands and Works; Mr. W. B. Propsting, Attorney-General.

INDEX

Aborigines, 172
Acclimatisation, 264, 268
Ackerman, E., 85
Addresses, employees' and public, 362, 363
Adelaide repaired, 198
Advertiser, Launceston, the, 100, 107
Agricultural and Pastoral Association, 336
Alderman, am elected, 328
Aldermen, first, 327
Alfred, Prince, Duke of Edinburgh, 164, 259, 284
Allport, H., 190
American Fleet, 440
Amusements at sea, 29
Anderson, Rev. John, 149
Andromeda, the, 24
Animals, collection of, 167, 333
Apprenticed, 91
Archer, Joseph, 314
Area of Tasmania, 422
Argus, The, 108
Art Gallery, 316
Arthur, Governor, 401, 409, 443
A spill, 184
Attorney-General *v. The Examiner*, 261
Australasian Congregational Union, 384
—— Anti-transportation League, 42, 314, 452

Baby, our first, 209
Backhouse's visit, 121
Badgers, 230
Baker, Rev. S. J., 385
Baldcoot, 81
Balloon, Rea's, 79
Bank of Australasia, 15
—— Commercial, 155
—— National, of Tasmania, 156
—— Savings, 156
—— Union, of Australia, 155
Bar, the, 111
Barff, Rev. C., 92
Barnes, W., leases Cataract Gorge, 346
—— Mrs., gives land, 349
Bartley, T. B., 409, 410
Batman, John, 121, 126
Beaver-rat, 266, 267
Beazley, Rev. Joseph, 58, 189
Beckford, Mrs., saved by Brady, 174
Beecher, Rev. H. M., 236
Bell, J. W., 76, 392
Benevolent Asylum, my wife visits, 325
Benjamin Heape, the, 134
Bent, A., 99, 105
Bible class, 115, 381
—— Society deputation, 236
Binney, Rev. Thomas, 12, 24
Birchall, Mr. A. W., 209
Birds of Tasmania, 429–31
Birth at Sudbury, 5
Birthday, my, 224, 377
—— verses to my wife, 324
Bishop Nixon, 186
Black swan caught, 224
—— —— steamer, 144
—— Thursday, 192
—— War, 175, 176
Bonney, Joseph, selects emigrants, 237
Bottle-nose whale, 96
Brady, bushranger, 174, 409
Brankenmoor, the, 74
Brentani buys gold, 297

Breton, Lieut. W. H., 146, 275
Brewery, at the, 80, 236
Bribes, 114
Bridge, King's, 252
—— Tamar-street, 131
Brisbane visit, 335, 368
British and Tasmanian Charcoal Iron Co., 304
Browne, Archdeacon, 148, 168
Brutal treatment of prisoners, 48
Buckley, William, 125
Bullocks, 66, 67, 78
Buoy-boat, 197
Bush adventures, 183
Bushrangers at Bifrons, 168; at Braemar, 405
—— Brady's party, 409; Britton's party, 406; Cash, Kavanagh, and Jones, 415; Dalton and Kelly, 170; Dido and King, 418; Jeffs and Conway, 416; Priest, 417; John Quigley, 419; Rocky Whelan, 417

Cameron, murder of, 138
Campbell Town meeting, 184, 273
Canine sagacity, 79
Cannel coal, 306, 309, 310
Cape of Good Hope, at the, 37
—— Verde Islands, at the, 32
Careless, Miles, murder of, 168
Castle building, 30
Cataract Gorge, 344
Cataraqui, wreck of, 201
Centenaries, 342
Chalmers, Rev. James and Mrs., 385
Chamber of Commerce, 145
Chapman, H. S., 457
Charles, Dr., 236
—— Street Cemetery, 63
Chartists, 116
Christ Church, 62, 384
—— College anniversary, 186
Church member, 187, 382
Circular Head, call at, 9, 215, 227
City of Hobart, 23, 210
—— *of Launceston*, 144, 199
—— *of Melbourne*, 197
—— Park, 166
Civic fête at Sydney, 333
Claney's men, 83
Clarence, 144, 198
Clarke, Grandmother, 4, 23
Clarke, Dr. Edward, 16, 235, 248
—— Dr. William Barnard, 15, 18
—— Rev. George, 208
—— Rev. W. B., 297
Clayton, H. W., 150, 152, 276
Cleopatra repaired, 198
Climate of Tasmania, 424, 425
Coal, 306
Collecting eggs, 16
Collins, Governor, 442
Colonial Times, the, 105, 205
Comet, 90
Conflict with Convict Department, 459, 465
Cong. Union of Tasmania, 370, 382
Convict constables, 48
Cooper, James ("Chequers"), 84
Copper discovered, 303
Cornwall Chronicle, the, 100
—— *Press*, the, 107
Cotham, Rev., 151
Court House, the, 152
Cow, an enquiring, 252
Cowper, Charles, social to, 314
Cox, Mrs., 40, 157
—— (or Jervis), Sammy, 128
Creole wrecked, 199
Crossing the Line, 35
Curr, Charles, 96, 108

Dalgarno, Mrs., 89
Dalrymple, Port, 399–402, 404
Day-dreams, 71
Death, inroads by, 293
—— thoughts on, 363
De Little, R., gives drinking fountains, 163
Dell, John, 86
Deloraine & Mersey Tramway Co., 261
D'Emden, Rev., 204
Denison, Sir W. T., 150, 152, 212, 448–450
D'Entrecasteaux Channel, 210
Devil, Tasmanian, 251
Diary, my diggings, 193
—— West Coast, 216
Diggings, off to, 192
—— return from, 196
"Dion," letters of, 286
Ditcham, Captain, 111, 287
"Divil, you little," 212
Don, the, 69, 227, 306

Double bereavement, my wife's, 246
Douglas, Sir Adye, 160, 163, 438
Dowling, H., 80, 103, 156, 237, 238
Dowsett, Mr., 106
Doyne, W. T., 253, 259
Drake, Rev. Benjamin, 12, 237
Drive bullocks, 67
Droll characters, 83
—— companions, 103
Dry, Sir Richard, 160, 279–85, 446, 464
Dudley, Earl, Governor-General, 440
Duff captured by French, 270
Duke of Edinburgh arrives, 164
Dunbar, wreck of, 244
Duthie, Alexander, 313

Early social condition, 48, 421
Earth tremors, 384
Edgell, Mrs., 163
Edward VII., accession, 436; coronation, 438
Elective and nominee Chamber, 455
Electric lighting of Launceston, 350
—— telegraph, 289; with England, 292
Emigrate to Tasmania, 7
"Engaged," 109, 125
Ewing, Rev. R. K., 276
Examiner, the, 61, 88–101, 236, 241, 243, 245, 261
—— Jubilee, 369–71
Executions, horror of, 82

Family gatherings, 368, 372
Father, my, 1, 9, 162, 242
"*Favorite*, Wreck of the," 15
Fawkner, John Pascoe, 99, 105, 125, 397
Federal Parliament, 437
Federation of Australasia, 390, 450
—— British Empire, 390
Female factory, 155
Fenton's History of Tasmania, 63
Fereday, Rev. John, 149
First communion, my, 188
—— Elected Parliament, 466–8
—— Municipal elections, 460
—— Partially elected Council, 451
—— Ship in Tamar direct from England, 392–6
Fish in Cataract, 71
—— of Tasmania, 431–3
Flemington Cup Day, 74
Floods extraordinary, 203, 225
Florence Nightingale, 111
Fogs, 135
Food at sea, 27
Forth, at the, 70, 214
Fountains, drinking, 163
Franklin, Governor, 233, 444
Frederick-street Chapel, 57
Friend, Lieut. M. C., 94, 401
Frost, John (Chartist), 116

Galatea, H.M.S., 164
Gas Company, 144
Gazette, Government, 106, 107
George Marshall wrecked, 199
—— Town, 49, 149, 362, 395, 397, 400, 401, 407
Giant's Grave, 54
Gibbet Hill, 44
Gibbon, Rev. W. L., 151
Glover, John, artist, 119–23
—— Mrs., 122, 209
Gold discovered, 298
"Good night," 362
Goodwin, W. L., 100, 136
Gordon river, 217
Gorge path, 346
Government Cottage, 166
Governors under whom I have lived, 388
Grant, Dr. James, 147
Green's dock, 136
Greenwood re-visited, 212, 380
Griffiths, John, 131
Grummet Island, 232
Guardian, The, 101
Gun, my first, 76
Gunn, R. C., 233, 426, 429

Hainsworth, Thomas, 307
Hales, Archdeacon, 151
Hargreaves, E. H., 296, 298
Harpley built, 117
Harris massacred at Erromanga, 57
Havelock, Sir A., 437, 438
Havilah steamer, 144
Haygarth, Dr., 146
Health, public, 329
Hobart, arrive at, 39, 205; leave, 211
—— *Town Gazette*, 106, 107
Holiday excursions, 317
"Home," 44

"Home," from Macquarie Harbor, 228
Homœopath, become a, 246
Horticultural Society, 166
Hospital, the, 155, 293
Hottentots, 38
Hoyle, W., gold digger, 298

Ilfracombe iron works, 304
Illness, my, 357; wife's, 372
Immigration, 237
Income tax proposed, 272
Infant School, 89, 151
Insects of Tasmania, 433
Ipswich, life at, 8, 10
Irish exiles, 286
Iron discovered, 303

Johnston, R. M., on Mersey coal, 307
John Williams, the, 92
Jones, William (Chartist), 116
Joubert, M., 339
Jubilee Responsible Government, 441

Kaines, the, 136
Kennedy, M., 114
Kent's Group, 188
Kenworthy, Dr., 244
Keyes family, 189
Kicked by a bullock, 67
King Billy, death of, 178
King's Bridge, 252
Knight, John, 100
Krakatoa, eruption of, 288

Lady Bird, steamer, 144
Lallah Rookh, death of, 178
"Land, O," 39
Last words, 436
La Trobe, Administrator, 448
Launceston Advertiser, 100, 107
—— a city, 336
—— and Suburban Improvement Association, 346
—— arrival at, 44, 211
—— Immigration Aid Society, 238
—— in 1885, 331
—— population, 167, 332, 402
—— progress of, 331, 402
—— Shipbuilding Company, 144
—— Steam Navigation Company, 144, 198–9
—— Then and Now, 399–404
—— *Times*, 101
Launceston Town Hall, 288
—— & Western Railway, 144, 166, 257, 261, 262–4
Law, Rev. William, 61, 62, 384
Lawrence, W. E., 392–6
Lead discovered, 303
Libel action against *Examiner*, 261
Library, my, 64
Licensing Bench, 336
Little Nell, 318, 319
Livingstone, Dr., 92, 93
Lob's Hole, 54
Loch-na-gar, the, 89
London, arrive at, 24; adventures in, 24, 25
Long Melford, 4
Lost cork, 360

Macdougall, Mrs., 205, 209
Macquarie, Governor, 400, 401, 404
—— Harbor, 216, 231–4
Magistrate, enrolled a, 336
M'Gowan, W., 167, 333, 348
Main Line Railway, 260
Mammals of Tasmania, 426–9
Man-traps, 113
Marble Cliffs, 220
Married, 205
Marsupial wolf, 222, 301, 311, 333
Mary, wreck of, 200
Massie, Rev. Mearns, 62, 384
Mathison, Rev. W., 238
Mechanics' Institute, 23, 60, 152, 275–8
Melbourne, 126, 193, 363
Mercer, Bishop, 151
Mersey, the, 70, 306
—— Coal Company, 307
Meteor, brilliant, 192
Microscopy, 250
Military, 170
Mill burnt, 242
Miller, Rev. F., 41, 237
Mills, Rev. W., 92
Mineral discoveries, 296, 435
Ministries under Responsible Government, 467, 469–71
Missionaries, 92
Mole Creek Prospecting Association, 309
Monds, William, 105
Moonlight encounter, 183

Morison, Rev. A., 56
Morrisson, W., 51, 81
Mother, my, 3, 5, 9
Mount Bischoff Company, 301, 302
Mulgrave, P. A., 117
Municipal Government, 327
Museum, Victoria, 316
"My Quiet Moments Note-book," 375
My "Wife," 205, 322

Narrow escapes, 14, 229, 318–9
Neptune's visit, 35
Neville, Thomas, 139
Newspaper piracy, 113
New Zealand proclaimed a Dominion, 439
Nile gang, 169
Nixon, Rev. Dr., 186
Northcote, Lord, 439, 440
Now and Then, 399–404

Off to the diggings, 192
One Hundred Years Ago, 396, 399
Opossum mouse, 220
Orton, Rev. J., 126
Outfit for voyage, 19
Overend & Robb, 259
Overland journey, 40, 43
Owl, great, 54

Pacific cable, 292
Parliamentary Government established, 466
Partridge introduced, 269
Paterson, Lieut.-Colonel, 399, 400
Patriotic Fund, 110
—— Six, 279
Patterdale, 120–3, 321, 378
Penitentiary, 155
Penola sinks *City of Launceston*, 199
Peri, brig, 117
Perrin, Lal, 84
Perry, Commodore, 240
Perth Bridge, 43
Philip Oakden, barque, 144
Photography, 248
Physical features of Tasmania, 422
Picnic at Beams's Ford, 365, 368; at Nile, 378–81
Pieman River, 213, 226, 234
Pious fraud, 358
Pirate, a, 34
Pitcairn Islanders removed, 244
Pitcher, Josiah, 114, 158
Poimena, 369, 372
Police office, 152; control, 330
Population of colony, 167, 402
Port Arthur coal, 306
Portrait, my wife's, 234–5, 319, 357
Port Sorell, 69
Presbyterian Kirk, 149
President M'Kinley assassinated, 437
Press work, 98
Price, Rev. Charles, 50, 51
Primitive Launceston, 131, 163
Prince's Square, 160, 164
Prisoner servants, 45
Productions of colony, 423
Proprietor of *Examiner*, 245
Providential leadings, 376
Public-houses, old, 157–9
Pugh, Dr., 145–7

Quarry road, 332

Railway riots, 260, 318
Rainfall of Tasmania, 425, 426
Rajah Wallie, steamer, 210
Ramsbottom, W., 264–8
Raven, brig, 117
—— James, 117
Rea, gunsmith, 77, 79
Ready for sea, 25
Reclamation work, 135
Regattas, 72
Reibey, Rev. Thomas, 151
Reporter, appointed, 109, 236
—— *The*, 101
Reporting rivalry, 110; incident, 272
Reptiles of Tasmania, 433–5
Responsible Government introduced, 441–71
—— Ministries, 469–71
Revocation of Order-in-Council, 455
Robinson, G. A., captures the natives, 177.
Roman Catholic Church, 151
Royal Shepherd, steamer, 144
—— Society, branch of, 315
Ruins at Macquarie Harbor, 230
Russell, Rev. R., 59
Russia, war with, 110

St. Andrew's Church, 152

St. John Square Chapel, 58, 384
St. John's Church, 148
St. Patrick's River, 142, 337–9
Salmon, introduction of, 264–8
Salvation Army, 370
Santiago, at, 32
Sea, at, 25
—— water good for boys, 30
Settlement Island, 222, 230
Shamrock, quick trip of, 198
Shipping fifty years ago, 134
Signal stations, 132
Silver discovered, 303
—— wedding, 322
Simon's Bay, 37
Smith, "Philosopher," 300
Smuggling, 72
Snakes of Tasmania, 433–5
Snow-storm, caught in, 204
Soldiers, 170
South African War, 391, 437
Sovereigns and their representatives I have lived under, 388–90, 436–40
Spill, a, 184
Steam, *Examiner* printed by, 243
Stocks, 153
Stow, Rev. T. Q., 12
Strickland, Sir G., 438–40
Strzelecki, Count, 297
Stutzer, lecture by, 277
Styx, adventure at the, 320
Submarine cables, 290, 291
Sudbury, 4, 7, 23
Sunset glows, 288
Susan, the, 40
Suspension bridges, 348, 354
Sutton, S. J., 342, 355
Swan, brig, 117
—— River Cottage, 139
"Sweethearts," 109, 123, 376
Swing at Macquarie Harbor, 230
Sydney, first visit, 188
—— Municipal fête, 333–5
—— return from, 191
Synagogue, 117

Table Cape fossils, 308
Tahiti, missionaries for, 270
Tamar river, 395, 399, 402
—— street Chapel, 51
T.S.N. Company formed, 210
Tasmania a free colony, 455
Tasmania steamer, 210
Tasmanian, The, 316
Tasmanian Agricultural and Pastoral Association, 336–7
—— Goldmining Co., 299
—— International Exhibition, 339–42
—— devil, 251
Tea meeting, 186
Teetotalism, 89, 143, 151
Teetotal pun, 94
—— *Advocate*, 102
Temperature of Tasmania, 425
Tender memories, 317
Tetrarhynchus in flathead, 250
Theatres, 159
"The Celibate's Wife," 361
Tiger, native, 222, 301, 311, 333
Tin discovered, 300
Toadfish, 71
Tolls abolished, 254, 256
Town Mission, 145
Transportation abolished, 42, 49, 454
Trawling, 287
Treadmill, 154
Trifler, The, 101
Trinity Church, 151
Trout, introduction of, 265
Trumpeter, The, 205
Typhoid fever, 356

Unsettled districts, 212

Vegetable products of Tasmania, 423
Victoria Museum, 316
—— Queen, 26, 436
"Virginius," 286
Visit, first, to north-west coast, 68
"Visitation," diaconal, 187
Visits to the Nile, 181

Waddell, J. S., 42, 91, 242, 245; Mrs., 51, 91, 245
—— Joseph, 74
Waghorn, Lieutenant; 291
Wakefield, Felix, 140
Wales, F. A., 107
Wallace, wreck of, 69
Waller, lost in *Dunbar*, 244
Waller's Grove, 18
War with Russia, 110
Watchhouse, the, 152
Water supply of Launceston, 139, 337

Waterwitch, the, 69, 213
Wedding presents, 206
Weekly Courier, 316
Weir at St. Patrick's River, 337–9
Wellman, Major, 83
Wesleyan churches, 149
West coast, trip to, 213
—— Rev. John, 55–61, 204–5
—— History of Tasmania, 60, 63
—— Rev. A. E., 382
Whale, Bottle-nose, 96
Wharf, the, 131
What *might* have been, 377
Whirlwind shipmates' jubilee, 241
White Squall, wreck of, 189
Whyte, James, Premier, 272
Wife's birthday, 324, 376; illness and death, 372–5
Wild bullocks, 67
William, brig, launched, 131
—— IV., death of, 26
Williams, Rev. John, massacred, 57
—— Thomas, death of, 145
—— Zephaniah (Chartist), 116
Wilmot, Governor, 445–8
Wombat, 230–1
Woodcock, J. ("Pegleg"), 85

Yarker, Rev. J., 151
Yates, J. G., 141–3
York Town, 396, 399, 400
Youl, Miss, 272
—— Rev. John, 63, 148
—— Sir James A., 264, 270–2
Young, Governor, 463–5
—— Lady, sent stereos to, 250
—— Men's Mutual Improvement Society, 313
—— Sydney Mayor's fête, 333

Zigzag, the, 346
Zimraim Youram murdered, 118

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

University of California
SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
305 De Neve Drive - Parking Lot 17 • Box 951388
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA 90095-1388
Return this material to the library from which it was borrowed.

Fo1

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 001 240 061 0

DU
452
B96A2
1909